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Finland Fights

Herbert Elliston, Financial Editor of the *Christian Science Monitor*, had been in Europe for some months studying neutrality problems. But his attention was diverted. With characteristic foresight he went to Finland, and was there as the Soviet hordes came pouring over the frontier. He has been in close touch with members of the Finnish Government. He has travelled the country, knows the people, and was at Mainila, where the incident was supposed to have happened that made the Russian excuse, just *eighteen hours before the Red* armies marched in. He tells how he was caught in Helsinki; he tells of the Swedes and Norwegians he has been meeting in their own countries. His final chapter he calls "Observations from Stockholm," and because Herbert Elliston is a first-rate economist, a trained observer, and a journalist of international repute his book throws valuable light on the whole Scandinavian-Finnish-Russian question.

FINLAND FIGHTS



FIELD-MARSHAL MANNERHEIM

FINLAND FIGHTS

By

H. B. ELLISTON



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TO
ELIZABETH ELLISTON

PREFACE

TEMPTATIONS to write a book out of my journalistic travels have been frequent. They have come most urgently after I have been only a week in a strange country. So tumultuous are my impressions that within a month I could have written down enough words to go into a book.

Three things have restrained me : first, a feeling that I might perhaps be ashamed of my product after a lapse of time ; second, an incurable inability to do sustained work—call it laziness if you like ; and third, the clamant demands of daily journalism. Accordingly the temptation which has come to me in various parts of the world has been put aside with voluminous notes. And the notes have been either lost or stowed away in disorder in the basement of successive establishments.

This time I have succumbed to the temptation at the expense of Finland. There is enough—shall we say?—journalistic warrant for it. Professionally I was fortunate enough to be in Finland just before, and for a little while after, Soviet Russia launched war on Finland. I was standing on the frontier of Eastern Karelia just eighteen hours before the Russian hordes came pouring over. I arrived back in Helsinki exactly eight hours before the Russian airmen swooped down on the city with their bombs and machine-guns. That same night I told the story in a broadcast to America. In all I stayed in Finland ten days, when I was relieved by the arrival in Finland of the correspondent in the Baltic for my newspaper.

Waiting for an outgoing aeroplane in the former and repeatedly bombed Finnish capital of Aabo, or Turku, I was encouraged (by others) to think that it might be worth while to begin to put down the complete story of my ten days in Finland within the compass of a book.

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Finnish 'aggression' in Eastern Karelia was the *casus belli* of the Soviet descent on Finland. While I was eating in an officers' mess at the frontier I heard the raucous voice of a Moscow broadcaster telling the world of Finnish bombardments on precisely that spot. I could not see the slightest evidence of Finnish trouble-making, let alone of bombardments. The frontier, it is true, was dispositionally like a front. I mean the Finnish as well as the Russian side was guarded behind barricades, and there was no inter-communication. But only a white silence suffused the winter scene—on the Finnish side at least.

Nor was the attitude of the Finns at all belligerent. Officers and men of the Finnish frontier forces, who were freed from their regimental posts for this job, all spoke of the dreary routine of frontier work. They are not good actors, the Finns. They are too honest for that. It was clear to me that these outposts were so bored with their lonely job at the frontier that they would rather have been back with their regiments. They were bored, but—is it necessary to say so now?—they were alert and ready to defend their beloved country against the invader.

There were three of us foreign journalists in the party that went to the Karelian front to inquire into alleged Finnish aggression. The others were Dr Gösta Attorps, distinguished writer and critic for the *Svenska Dagbladet* of Stockholm, and Mr Norman Deuel, of the United Press. Such was the press of events that only Dr Attorps wrote a complete story of our inspection tour. Deuel is now at the front, but on my return to Stockholm I had the opportunity of renewing my acquaintance with Dr Attorps. He bore out the conviction that I gained from my trip, that all the circumstances point to Lilliput's innocence of aggression against Brobdingnag.

As to the Helsinki horrors, the facts speak for themselves, and the wave of indignation that swept over the civilized world did not leave out the foreign community in Helsinki. I will give only three illustrations. A British consul promptly resigned from the service and asked the Finnish Government for permission to form a Foreign Legion. A German

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newspaper-man, in order to join the Finnish Army, threw up a task assigned to him of shepherding all the Germans in Helsinki on to a German boat in harbour. A Press *attaché* at the Swedish Legation decided to leave his service and hurry home and do his bit in promoting a Swedish Legion.

The machine-gunning of the workers simultaneously with a leaflet appeal to them to throw in their lot with Moscow is amply attested. It was what Talleyrand called "a blunder worse than a crime." And the grim irony of it all touched even our shaken risibilities. It was apparent that Colossus had now become bully under the Soviet *régime*. But it was the savagery of this kind of 'diplomacy' that made the deepest impression—an episode of savagery in a chapter of unprovoked aggression.

St Paul speaks of "spiritual wickedness in high places." It is sickening to see it manifested at the expense of Finland. This was my second visit to Finland, and I went a second time in order to report upon the progress in the art and business of living together which I encountered upon first acquaintance.

In this respect Finland's development in the last ten years has been an eye-opener. Most Americans knew Finland at the time of the Soviet's attack only as a nation which retained a singular habit of paying its 'War' debts. For the rest they thought of the Finns as a sort of Eskimo *intelligentsia* living in a land inhabited mainly by polar bears and wolves. But Finland has many, many attributes besides financial integrity. At a time when so many other countries have been fooling with one expedient after another Finland has enjoyed economic statesmanship of a high order, and has demonstrated a social and political resiliency in giving scope to that statesmanship. At a time when faith in political and economic liberty has been waning the Finns have shown that a cure for political ills is more democracy, not less. President Roosevelt spoke truly when, on the heels of the Soviet bombing, he said that "the Government and the people of Finland have a record to be proud of." That record has won, as he further said, "the respect and

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warm regard of the people and the Government of the United States."

My own respect and warm regard for Finland comes from actual acquaintanceship with a people who met adversity unflinchingly because of a quality which prosperity had not marred in the slightest. It was this quality, by the way, that gave courage to the Finnish politicians when at first shock they seemed to quail at the fifty-to-one odds against them.

The trouble with the "spiritual wickedness" manifested at the expense of Finland should be understood as well as condemned. The feeling arising from my war-time wanderings is that Fear is King in present-day Europe. It is taking hope away from the admirable Scandinavians. It is depriving their Governments of constructive policies.¹ It is eating into what remains of the civilization of Europe in Europe, and reducing its society to a madhouse. Everybody seems to be waiting for a *deus ex machina*, preferably Uncle Sam.

America must share in the responsibility for the chaos reigning in the world to-day, and one day must contribute to the restoration of world organization. Yet the salvation of Europe can come only within Europe. Only by realizing that Europe is a moral entity can it cease to be a madhouse. Finland found that out for Finland. Twenty-one-year-old Finland has been an example in many respects for Europe, but in none has she been a better example than in the way she has welded her factions together—welded them together, spiritually as well as economically and politically, into a nation within one short decade. Nobody who knew Finland ten years ago could have imagined the Finland which became David to the Soviet Goliath. One is for ever reminded of the early days of the United States when one thinks of the leaders of the new Finland and the spirit of her people. Maybe Europe sooner than we expect will find a common ground to work towards unity and organization in the Finnish way.

¹ Witness the following New Year's message to the harassed Danes from their Grand Old Man, Premier Stauning: "I am personally more depressed than I ever have been before. Among all my friends and colleagues there is an uncomfortable feeling which creates a most unhappy atmosphere."

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This book, I know, is discursive. The reason is that it was written at odd intervals in a war-time newspaper assignment while impressions were still hot, the situation so fluid that one could get only momentary glimpses of it as a situation, and time for either style or reflection slight.

I thank the *Christian Science Monitor* for the assignment, and the *Atlantic Monthly Press* for its help and encouragement in putting the result of it in book form. To Miss Cherry Ekman I must extend my high appreciation for her secretarial assistance.

H. B. E.

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CHAPTER I

MEETING THE SCANDINAVIANS

I AM told that an excellent way of expediting acquaintance is to be washed up with somebody on a desert island. But that sort of introduction is difficult to arrange. A more practicable way is to be fellow-passengers on a neutral boat on the high seas which the British—through what our State Department drily calls ‘some form of duress’—have hauled into a harbour ‘somewhere in Britain’ for a protracted ‘visit and search.’ That is how I got to know the Scandinavians. To that I owe my introduction to Finland at war. I was on a Scandinavian boat full of Scandinavian passengers and a solitary Finn on the New York-Gothenburg run, when a British man-o’-war spotted our vessel in Icelandic waters and took us into the Orkneys for an eight-day stay. And as I look back on the event it was almost equally effective in speeding up acquaintanceship as being washed up on a desert island in company.

Methods, of course, are different. When you are washed up together on a desert island presumably you must have lost your boat, and certainly you have to fend for yourselves for shelter and provisions. And that promotes the sort of acquaintance gained from common toil. In our case the British spared us all labour when, as they euphemistically call it, they ‘deviated’ our liner into a British harbour. They left us with our boat ; indeed, they refused to let us get off. Moreover, the shipping line owning the vessel had thoughtfully stocked up with enough victuals to make any foraging on our part quite unnecessary. The combination of the two circumstances made for a sharing of idleness rather than of toil.

I am not sure, however, but what acquaintanceship can be fostered quite as quickly by common idleness as by common toil.

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Acquaintanceship in my case was rendered easier by the fact that I am an American. For an American on the high seas in war-time is a rare specimen, and in course of time might become as extinct as the Great Auk. This is due to the neutrality legislation forbidding travel abroad except for 'pressing and excellent' reasons. It is a human characteristic to seek the acquaintance of privileged persons.

My 'pressing and excellent reason' had to do with a newspaper assignment as a special correspondent in war-time. I wasn't going to stay. It was intended that I should visit half a dozen countries in Europe and pick up enough background to enable me to write more knowledgeably when I got back to America.

It is an 'excellent' reason, I think, which impelled my newspaper so to supplement the work of resident correspondents cramped—more than newspaper readers realize—by European censorships. Whether the reason was equally pressing is another matter, and not for me to say. When I applied for a passport I personally missed out the participial ending of 'pressing,' and just contented myself with 'press.'

The State Department is taking great care to keep an eye even on Americans privileged enough to go abroad. Passports are all short-dated. Mine was applied for in October, and expired at the end of the year, when I was told I must present myself at the nearest American consulate for renewal. You might be sure I obeyed the injunction. My passport was my title to get home, and an invalid passport is only a little less desolating than no passport at all.

I felt quite distressed when I had to part with that passport before I got aboard the liner. But they allayed my doubts with an assurance that the passport would be returned at the end of the voyage. William James says you remember what you wish to remember, and, though I'm absent-minded as a rule, nevertheless I was on hand for the passport-returning ceremony at Gothenburg.

Particular care, moreover, is taken nowadays to relate a passport to the privileged owner. The Dies Committee has shown that American passports can be forged, and, of course, no committee at all is necessary to demonstrate that

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they can be lost or stolen. Accordingly the State Department seeks precisely to describe the holder on his passport. They asked me, for example, to specify all my physical peculiarities. I found a mole on my chin, and the official himself detected a faint scar on my nose. They are both noted on my passport. The mole I've lived with these many years; but the scar was new to me, and in the mirror I saw that it was so thin that, going across the ocean, I got to worrying lest it vanish completely before another official checked on it.

When I renewed my passport I found that an extra precaution had been added in the form of the traveller's fingerprints.

Now, if you could get everybody to agree with the State Department that you have 'pressing and excellent' reasons for going abroad, your lot would be that much easier in getting there. But they don't. I was going to half a dozen countries or more, and in Washington I had to get visas for all of them except the Netherlands. In Washington the Dutch, as a matter of fact, behaved as if a war wasn't in progress. Yet they were then probably the most exposed of all the neutrals, and their exposure came glaringly to light when I was on the high seas. The Netherlands, fearing a German invasion, had to flood part of their countryside. But at Washington they were so serene as to waive aside my assumption that a visa was necessary. The others made a fuss, and sought to put time limits on my stay in their country. This, to say the least, was inconvenient—that and the State Department time limit. Very quickly after my arrival in Europe I had to go through the whole round of applications again, with more questions, more doubts, more fees, and more waste of time. Neutrals used to like newspaper publicity, but in this war they fear newspaper zeal.

Eventually in Washington the legations all decorated my passport with the necessary permits. Those permits added to the privileges I enjoyed by having a passport at all. Never having had any aura before, I found it difficult to keep from feeling, like Lord Curzon, really a very superior person. I

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got over that feeling, I hasten to say, when I was given the run-around in the countries I visited. They put me in my place again.

But on the boat I made the most of my singularity—rather, the Scandinavians did. The Scandinavians, reading of the passage of the Neutrality Bill, at first looked at me as if I were on a very secret mission or something. All because I had a title to distinction in a war-racked world as an American with a passport.

But, as I say, the title helped to expedite acquaintance-ship.

The 300-mile 'safety belt' which the Panama conferees laid down with such pious resolution on the outbreak of war doesn't prevent you from running into the war as soon as you get outside the three-mile limit. On leaving New York I wanted to send a message to my newspaper. But the captain of the *Drottningholm*, the Swedish American liner which carried me to Europe, told me that the line had forbidden all communications with the outside world. To be held incommunicado is a dire punishment for a newspaper-man! I essayed this facetious protest to our ruddy-faced skipper as he dispensed hospitality at his initial get-together. But I thought he greeted my sally rather bleakly.

And well he might. It was the skipper's aim (which he didn't succeed in achieving) to keep his boat out of this piratical war of blockade and counter-blockade: that is, he wished to avoid any interception by either belligerent. He meant, of course, the British, for the British control the Atlantic Ocean to the virtual exclusion of the Germans. And even if the Germans had been able to stay in the Atlantic they wouldn't have intercepted neutral commerce on the eastward run, since they want to see some of that trade get through to Germany.

Indeed, this is the reason that the British are investing the neutrals as well as Germany. And it is certainly a far-flung 'blockade' that the British are trying to enforce. A couple of weeks before we sailed, on November 2, they had put in position a chain of intercommunicating cruisers

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all the way from Greenland south to French West Africa. The men-o'-war communicate with each other by signals. In addition, they are kept under single control by radio.

It's a tighter control, I believe, than the World War control. More ships, for one thing, are available. In addition, the blockaders are kept under single control by means of radio messages which can't be picked up by other craft.

In the World War radio communications gave away the cruisers' position to merchantmen anxious to elude them, as well as to enemy vessels anxious to sink them. This isn't the case to-day. As a result of the post-War development of short-wave communication the men-o'-war are able to maintain exclusive contact with one another by using short-wave lengths as low as five metres. Their signalling, in other words, cannot be picked up by any kind of direction-finder. This, at any rate, is what the officers told me on the *Drottningholm*.

A Norwegian skipper I met later boasted of having outwitted the British patrol in the World War no fewer than fourteen times. It's doubtful whether he could repeat his success. The only possibility of doing so, according to shipping men, would be a combination of hazy weather north of the Orkneys and a blacked-out ship. Hazy weather, not foggy weather. For fog would necessitate the use of an advertising foghorn. As a matter of fact, the Norwegian skipper said he employed the blacked-out device, and with all lights out used to cut through the Northern seas, even through the Pentland Firth, between the Scottish mainland and the Orkneys. But he was at the helm of a cargo boat. No captain responsible for passengers as well as freight would dream of blacking out his ship.

Nevertheless our captain since the war started had already guided his 10,000-tonner twice to its Swedish destination unmolested. Of course, he had had a lucky break with the weather. But it was apparent to all of us as soon as we left New York that he was bent upon trying to run the 'blockade' a third time.

The shutting off of the radio, we discovered, wasn't his

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only ruse. Not only did we keep our whereabouts a secret; we proceeded along a new course, 'way north of the regular route. Not a word of explanation was given to the passengers. The cold weather only told us that we came very close to Iceland. Many were the times in the vicinity of Iceland that I thanked heaven and a feminine inspiration for my heavy woollen undies! And in case we ran into anything unpleasant, such as a mine, we had had the canvas taken off the lifeboats, and later, in the North Sea crossing, the lifeboats were kept parallel with our living quarters. New rafts, full of food, hung over the sides, too.

However, don't think we slipped through the high seas surreptitiously. At night we even blazoned in light—the Swedish flag illuminated and searchlights playing on even bigger emblems painted on both our port and starboard sides. That was just to advertise our neutrality in case we happened to cross a belligerent path in the night. In the daytime, however, we kept very quiet. In time of peace ships that pass in the day or night greet each other with maritime courtesy. But we went by our fellow-travellers without making any nautical signs of recognition at all.

We passengers could appreciate well enough the skipper's reason for trying to run the British blockade. Time means money to skippers and shipping lines. Quite apart from the cost of a tie-up of cargo, the crews get double pay when they enter combat zones, and passengers still have to be fed. Consequently the neutrals try to dodge the British patrol whether they have a dubious or a clear cargo. Moreover, they protest they have a perfect right as neutrals to sail the high seas without molestation even in war-time.

That is, of course, merely a skipper's way of putting it. 'Visit and search' is the technical term applied to the war-time practice of belligerents who intercept neutral vessels at sea. The interceptor is out to stop whatever is definable as contraband from getting to his enemy either directly or in roundabout fashion. That, I believe, is good international law. Only the manner of visiting and searching is regarded by neutral Governments as subject to question and protest.

In the old days visiting and searching was done on the

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high seas. Nowadays neutral ships may be ordered into the interceptor's harbour. Till this war there wasn't the same body of agreement behind *that* practice. But nowadays the neutrals seem to have tacitly agreed with a British argument submitted in 1915 that 'deviation' into a port for examination is rendered necessary by the growth in the size of steamships. It isn't practicable to take the time necessary to examine the cargo of a modern steamship when the seas are running high.

Rather the arguments nowadays have turned on the definition of contraband, the delays incurred in the interceptor's harbour, the extension of interception to boats on the westward as well as the eastward passage, and the extension of examination to include mail. The British feel that many of the complaints are nullified by the 'navicert' system. This is a system whereby British examiners in New York equip neutral ships leaving American ports with passports allowing them uninterrupted passage.

This system, however, doesn't settle the neutrals' problem by any manner of means. Germany has let it be known that a neutral boat so equipped is regarded as subject to either seizure or sinking. Seizure or sinking is threatened even after neutrals come out of a British harbour, voluntarily or involuntarily.

To the trading Scandinavians, accordingly, the war means life between hammer and anvil. They must trade or perish. They can't and won't fight for their neutral rights. The only thing left is to get along as best they can. So the Scandinavian Governments leave the decision up to the shipping companies whether they apply for 'navicerts' in New York, make a voluntary call at Kirkwall, or have a run for it. When I was travelling the skippers, in general, preferred to try to run the blockade, and still try to, I am told.

Eight days out the *Drottningholm* was pitching heavily in a head sea between Iceland and the Danish group of islands called the Faroe Islands. It was around noon. Suddenly somebody called out, "En annan båt!"

That's Swedish for "Another boat!" and we all dashed to the rails. We had run plumb into the British patrol!

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Coming over the horizon on our port bow was a warship, and no sooner had we spotted her than she began to twinkle with signals. She had spotted us first apparently.

I was able to recall enough of my War-time Morse to read some of the cruiser's signals. The actions on our boat filled in the lacunæ. The Britisher apparently flashed our captain to slow down, and he, with becoming celerity, relayed this peremptory command to our engine-room, for the engines began to make a commotion. Meantime an exchange of signals went on rapidly. Judging from the boarding tackle we dropped on deck, our captain wanted the Britisher to lower a boat, and visit and search us on the high seas in time-honoured fashion. But no boat could have been launched in that swell. We were rocking twenty-seven degrees, and the less comfortable cruiser must have been rocking even more. Accordingly the policeman declined the invitation. Instead he told us to proceed south under the lee of the Faroe Islands and there await an armed escort.

A recurrent message from the man-o'-war which I was able to figure out was, "Don't use your radio!"

The reason was that any use of the radio would have given away the position to any German war-vessel lurking in those seas. Our captain heeded the warning. But we understood later that immediately on sighting the man-o'-war he had sent a forewarning of his impending capture to his employers.

It was all very exciting to us passengers. Fascinated, we watched the *Drottningholm* change course obediently. The cruiser then moved across to our starboard bow, keeping us in view all the way. She kept well aft so as not to give the impression to any hidden German submarine that we were under convoy. Otherwise we should have risked being sunk on sight under the new policy laid down by the German Government to destroy convoyed merchantmen.¹

Night had come on by the time we arrived at the Danish outpost. Strain our eyes as we might, the accompanying

¹ On January 16 a German submarine in these waters sank without warning a Swedish 7000-tonner, *Pajala*, as she was being deviated into Kirkwall by a British warship. The ship sank in ten minutes.

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cruiser couldn't be seen, but we knew from occasional signalling that she was still on our tail. For an hour or so we stayed still. Then out of the blackness a seven-oared gig came into the zone of our starboard searchlight. It was the British escort. The men had on sou'westers and lifebelts and were armed. We dropped a rope-ladder for them, and they came swarming up the side, led by a lieutenant-commander shouting to the passengers crowded at the rails, "Don't take pictures!"

Arrived on deck, the officer paid his respects to our captain, and then left the *Drottningholm* in charge of a midshipman of about twenty summers and a few British tars.

In olden time the respectful mode of addressing the ruler of the seas was 'Their High Mightinesses.' Well, their high mightinesses were now in charge of our 10,000-tonner in the persons of a middy and half a dozen seamen. I suppose you wouldn't call them in charge. They simply had the job of seeing that the Swedes 'deviated' the boat southward to Britain's Orkney base at Kirkwall for examination of passengers and cargo by the contraband authorities.

This our escort did with all imaginable politeness. The bluejackets had two days' rations with them, which they threw overboard when they discovered that we knew how to return politeness with hospitality, and the officers were under instructions to pay for their food. Our captain, inwardly fuming the while, offered his bridge to the boarding party. But with many 'pleases' they insisted that the Swedes were still in navigational authority. All they were instructed to do was to see that we steered ourselves south for 'visit and search.'

"We are just guests," they kept saying, "and if we aren't well behaved you can turn us out of your reception-rooms. This artillery [pointing to their revolvers] is just for show, you know. Of course, you didn't invite us on board, and you can't kick us off the ship, but we know our place."

Short in stature these sailor lads were, but wiry as monkeys. Not one of them seemed to be over twenty. We were all interested in talking to them. And they were talkative, though diplomatic.

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What struck me most about the sailors was their almost religious belief in the rightness of their cause. Each of them strove to impress upon the Scandinavians that "you will be next" if they didn't stop Hitler. Somebody has said that the British are ignorant of politics but have a profound political sense. The sailors seemed to be in that tradition. To a Dane: "They're out again for Schleswig-Holstein!" To a Swede: "They'll get you too—at Gotland!"

Neither the middy nor the tars would tell the name of their cruiser. On the caps they wore only the sign H.M.S. All His Majesty's ships are similarly nameless in war-time, but the name is only erased, not forgotten. What's in a name you may ask. A great deal to these lads—just as much as there is in the name of a regiment in the junior service.

"Nobody can slip through the patrol now," one of them said to me proudly. However, I later found that a Norwegian boat which followed us out of New York had, in fact, slipped through—probably in hazy weather over the Faroes.

"You were trying to dodge us," he continued, "but we knew you were coming two days ago. Even if we'd missed you, H.M.S. *Calypso*—I can tell you the name, because now she's 'way down the Scottish coast—the *Calypso* would have got you."

In fact, we had sighted this second cruiser within an hour of being pulled up by the first. We acknowledged that, and the bluejacket beamed. I am giving his views in English. Actually they were rendered in such authentic Cockney that I almost heard the sound of Bow Bells as he was talking.

They were proud of the success of their vigil, these sailors.

"Few neutrals have escaped us, and no Germans. We know of two Germans that left Vigo two days ago. You see, we are flashing to each other all the way from Iceland to Cape Verde. And we're waiting for 'em. They'll never get by. Last week we caught one Jerry, scuttled her, and we put out and brought in the crew. They were mostly Chinese."

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Even in regard to the Germans the patrol of the North Atlantic isn't 100 per cent. hole-proof. Later I found that German boats slip through to Iceland along with neutral vessels. In one case I heard of a German who actually stopped off at Reykjavik, filled with British coal, and then got to its home port after sailing due east to Norway's territorial waters and hugging the Scandinavian coast all the way into the Baltic.

Patrol work is the most monotonous job on active service, though perhaps, in a war that's based upon the blockade, the most important. These lads were thirsting for action.

"If only Jerry would come out!" they sighed.

In default of action the only relief they had was to be one of a boarding party on a neutral ship. This is a lucky job, assigned to the watch that happens to spot the boat. The relief is more than a change of boats. The men come into port. They see other people, and if they are so lucky as to board a passenger boat they are fussed over. Yes, even by the inconvenienced Scandinavians, who, as one of them put it, "can stand a lot from the British in this war!"

Next day we arrived at the Orkneys. A cocky little pilot-boat had been waiting at the entrance to the harbour to conduct our transatlantic liner to anchorage for contraband examination.

Their high mightinesses, indeed! All the time we languished at Kirkwall these little boats were puffing around all day. And to see them lead into harbour one merchantman after another was to gain some notion of Britain's naval power. We could almost see the skippers fretting on their bridges as the vessels came in shamefacedly from the high seas like small boys caught playing hookey.

The harbour when I was there was crowded with about twenty-five craft belonging to half a dozen neutrals, including Americans. (I wondered what would happen when the already passed neutrality law came into effect, since this was a combat zone and a half, which American ships were forbidden to enter, involuntarily (presumably) as well as voluntarily.) Most of them were said to have

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tried to avoid the Allied net. And most of them, I gathered, would try again when they got back to the high seas. I never heard of one skipper who intended to accept the British invitation voluntarily to come to Kirkwall for examination.

Passengers came first in the examination procedure. The examiners first looked at every passport, questioned the passengers, and tried to be thorough without being impolite. They asked me whether I had any letters to Germans. I happened to have such letters, and in producing them said I had letters to Swedes, Danes, Dutch, Belgians, French, and British as well. They glanced cursorily over them—to my disgust, because I wanted to dally with the examiners. But they soon satisfied themselves that I was a harmless newspaper-man, and went to the next cabin.

It was only when there was anything odd that the officials delayed their examinations. Women travelling alone seemed to make them particularly curious. Probably E. Phillips Oppenheim was responsible for their curiosity. For there was nothing odd or spy-like about our women fellow-passengers. There was a woman going to join a husband who happened to be an American consul-general in Europe. A Swedish woman also was without her husband.

"Why do you travel alone?" she was asked. "Isn't it curious that you should have visited all these countries by yourself?"

It so happened that this lady's husband was a scientist who had been engaged in attending some international congress or other and that she was rejoining him. Our Swedish officer remarked to me, "The British don't seem to realize that many of our womenfolk are used to travelling alone, and even get a lot of fun out of it."

The shore authorities showed an anxiety not to be too burdensome to the neutral incarcerated; for they asked the officers of our Swedish boat whether they made a practice of talking to the Press when they got home.

In these circumstances they might be well advised to

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make some schematic effort to render such enforced stays a little less irksome. At Kirkwall I could think of several services that wouldn't have caused much trouble and yet would have brightened our incarceration. For instance, a little apology for the delay. It would be becoming of the British to assemble the passengers in the reception-rooms and offer them His Majesty's apologies for any inconvenience they might have been caused. After all, they are neutrals, pursuing their lawful occasions on what used to be called free seas, and held and inconvenienced for they know not how long. Couldn't the shore authorities, in addition, arrange for a regular supply of newspapers to be delivered on board the detained passenger boats? Now I am at it, couldn't they offer to facilitate communication—subject to censorship, of course—instead of accepting wires and then (as we discovered subsequently) throwing them away and keeping the telegraph fees? Couldn't they facilitate small purchases in the town? These amenities would make the passengers, I suggest, a little less bothered by detention.

As it was, there is an overworked consul who couldn't think of the passengers' troubles in his preoccupation with those of the shipping line. I managed to persuade the captain to take some wires (undelivered) to the local telegraph office. For other services, such as the delivery of a newspaper, I had to trench upon the kindness of one of the British guards aboard. He brought me the venerable *Scotsman* for a couple of days, and then I never saw him again. What is more, he wouldn't accept any payment.

"You'll embarrass me," I said.

"That's nothing," he said. "We're only too anxious to help you here."

If the authorities had the same imagination as this lad, and made their courtesy somewhat more schematic, they would keep the neutral detainees in a better frame of mind.

All told we were held at Kirkwall eight days. We were all blacked out at night save in the reception-rooms. It is a miracle of deception to stumble out on deck at night and

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feel oneself in a harbour wrapped in total blackness which in the daytime is alive with craft of all kinds and nationalities. They were strict about the black-out too. For it's dangerous living at Kirkwall. Here we were in the Scapa Flow zone, and had an occasional British cruiser for company. Indeed, an occasional aerial bombardment in our vicinity was the only noisy evidence of the war in Britain, France, or Germany while we were 'somewhere in Britain.'

Cargo and mail came after the passengers for British examination. The going over was pretty thorough too. In the old days the belligerents were content to look at the ship's papers for the details of cargo and consignee. Now they are far more thorough. In the last war Scandinavians and the Dutch got rich on transit trade with Germany, and, quite understandably, Britain is determined that there shall be no such wealth-making, no such trade, in this war. I once heard of a Dutch importer who bought copper for his own use and then tore down his own factory and sent the copper in it to Germany. In Scandinavia, where Gothenburg really took the place of Hamburg as a German port, even linen paper used to be imported, and then re-exported to Germany for the starch in it. In the last war neutrals certainly got away with murder from the British standpoint.

Accordingly the names of consignees and consignors must nowadays be stated explicitly on the ship's manifest. The British then compare the manifest with their black list of firms with whom trade is forbidden. Moreover, if there is a large consignment of any commodity in which Germany is deficient, and of which the neutral country of destination has already imported its normal figures, then there is considered to be an *a priori* ground for suspicion that the cargo is destined for Germany.

As it happened, neither our manifest nor our cargo was clear, I gathered. That is one reason why we were detained eight days. We had the kind of freight aboard that the British are keeping an eye on : copper, linseed oil, and lard. Some of the stuff was going 'on order' to trading concerns in Gothenburg, and, possibly, might be re-routed

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at Gothenburg for Germany. At least that was what the British thought. I don't know how inquiries turned out. But when we sailed our cargo was still intact, though the contraband authorities sometimes allow a boat to sail on a pledge that the cargo will be returned if information comes later that some of it is going to Germany.

Another reason for the eight-day delay was the justifiable fuss that the Swedish-American Line made when the British tried to seize and censor the mail. Complaints were frequent when I left America about the delays in postal communication with Europe. At Kirkwall I encountered the reason. The British take off all the American mail from the neutral boats which they catch and deviate to British ports on their eastbound crossing to neutral ports in Scandinavia. It's an interference at which the neutrals protest most strongly.¹

On the *Drottningholm* we carried 933 bags and eighteen diplomatic pouches of mail. It was in charge of officials appointed by the Swedish Government. *En route*, by arrangement with the American Government, they sort the mail and facilitate its expeditious delivery throughout Europe by rebagging it. This work had all been done by the time we ran into the arms of the British cruiser eight days out.

We flew a Swedish flag only till we sighted the British man-o'-war. Then, as if to warn the contraband folk, we hoisted two more flags: first a flag bearing the letters U.S.M. (United States Mail), and the other, below it, a smaller royal Swedish mail flag. I suppose this was done by arrangement with Washington. But the flags didn't prevent us from being ordered into a British harbour. Nor, when we arrived there, did they deter the British examiners from trying to take off the mail-bags, despite the royal Swedish seals.

It was at this point that the postal officials on board stood on their rights, not to say their personal dignity. They refused to allow the British examiners to enter the mail-room without permission from the Swedish Government. They told the British that there was no mail for Germany

¹ And at last the United States joined in, in a Note dated December 20.

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aboard. They showed their manifests to prove it. To no avail. The British said they must have the mail.

It was rumoured on board that the Swedish postal men said that they would physically resist any forceful measures. Probably the rumour was spread in an effort to produce some excitement out of our monotony! Be that as it may, the British examiners didn't use forceful measures. Indeed, they invited their opposite numbers on the *Drottningholm* to have a whisky and soda, and said they would leave the problem for the Governments to argue about. Thereupon they retired. And there ensued a diplomatic talkee-talkie, presumably between the British Foreign Office and the Swedish Legation in London.

We were caught on a Friday, arrived at Kirkwall Sunday, and on the next Thursday the British mail authorities returned with Swedish official permission to take off our mails. They cleaned out the mail-room (except for the diplomatic pouches) so thoroughly that they also took three sacks of hard tack which had been kept in the mail-room. And when we sailed two days later only three bags had been returned. Presumably the mail was all censored by the British Censor, and sent on by a succeeding boat. I never got to know what happened to the hard tack, but we all tried to imagine the Censor's face when he looked inside those bags!

Here again is an example of how the practices of the last war have been resumed exactly where they left off. Over a year passed in the World War before the British Naval authorities tampered with neutral mail proceeding between neutral ports. The date was the end of 1915.

There was no more vigorous protester against this novel and high-handed practice than the American Government. Before then the British had done their censoring on the high seas whenever they had intercepted a neutral vessel. Even this was contrary to international practice, said the American Government. It was just as illegal to do it in port. It was casuistically argued in reply that censorship was justified when the vessel was pulled into a British port. For a British port was in British jurisdiction! But the

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American Government didn't recognize the practice of hauling in neutral boats anyway. And in respect of the justification for tampering with neutral mail in port they labelled the excuse 'a subterfuge.' Secretary Bryan told Ambassador Page to protest vigorously and press for "discontinuance of these unwarranted interferences with inviolable mails."

Neither the American nor the other neutral protests seem to have got anywhere, however, except to speed up the censorship, which was something. Then the protests were soft-pedalled when Lansing replaced the more neutral-minded Bryan as American Secretary of State. Indeed, Lansing seems to have acquiesced in the censorship of American mail. All he seemed to do was to press for the appointment of American supervisors at the various British censorates. But even this suggestion fell on deaf ears. Then the United States entered the war. As a belligerent it now accepted the practice as it accepted many more which it had so vigorously opposed as a neutral, and, moreover, did the same thing.

Accordingly the British—and, I presume, the Germans, for they took mail-bags off neutral boats in the World War—are following precisely the precedent which they all established in the last war. Then they all walked like Agag over neutral rights. We are now paying for this disregard of rights which within reason it is necessary to uphold if we are ever to live again in a law-abiding world.

Still, the neutrals, as the attitude of our postal officials testified, don't allow the practice to be exercised without protest. And I assume the Swedish Legation protested in London.

But there is nothing that can be done about it, now that Uncle Sam has withdrawn from the high seas, if not from the upholding of international law. I believe the British practice has been dictated by American apathy, as a matter of fact. For the practice on the *Kungsholm*, which came to Kirkwall only two weeks before the *Drottningholm*, was simply to glance over the mail in the mail-room. As the Swedish postal official, who happened to have been on the

Kingsholm. put it to me, "The British said, 'Would you let us look at some of the mail in your mail-room, provided we don't open the letters?' I said, 'Yes.' Then they broke the royal Swedish seal on sixty bags out of about nine hundred. They didn't open the letters at all. All they did was to glance over the addresses—apparently to see whether any of the mail was addressed to Germany."

On the *Drottningholm*, by contrast, the British took all the mail off, and didn't return it. It might not be without significance that in the meantime Congress had passed the neutrality law.

The Swedes looked their humiliation when they talked about this high-handed manner of treating the mails which Uncle Sam had entrusted to them.

It was only the episode with the mails, however, that seriously affected the feelings of the passengers.

"It is better to be detained than sunk," remarked a Swede to me philosophically, after we had at last got our sailing orders, and were picking our way gingerly across the North Sea, with lifeboats still lowered. "In the last war we were pro-German, but nowadays we are pro-Ally, almost as much as the Norwegians are."

I afterwards discovered that this Swede was representative. Hitlerism, and especially its pact with Stalinism, has given them a rather decorously expressed pro-Ally feeling. Much less disturbed by the British hold-up than the passengers, certainly than our skipper, was the Swedish Foreign Office. What bothered them most of all was not so much that the British were exercising their power in a high and mighty way, but that they hadn't more power—in the North Sea, I mean—to exercise, and so help the Swedes keep up their trade!

Most passengers who are incarcerated in the great contraband base of Kirkwall see only the outlines of this ancient Orcadian city. The town is generally disguised behind a curtain of Scots mist. That's a pity—I mean both the incarceration and the mist, for Kirkwall must be a most interesting place, and on a clear day (how many times does one use this expression through the entire British Isles!)

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you could see several evidences of an early Norse occupation. The cathedral is one, and the bishop's house, where the Norwegian King Hakon Hakonsson died in 1263, is another.

Even the name suggests the Norseman. 'Kirk' sounds as Scots as 'haggis,' but originally it comes from the old Norse *kirkja*, and survives to-day in the Norwegian and Danish *kirke* and the Swedish *kyrka* ('church'). The Norsemen gradually improved their toehold on the islands, till they incorporated them in the Norwegian kingdom. Jacob III ruled here in the fifteenth century. Then a woman came to the aid of the Scots, married Jacob, and the Orkneys became Scotitized with Jacob, I believe. This old Scottish custom has persisted even to the present day!

Kirkwall is the only town (cathedral city, I mean) in one of the Orkney group called Pomona. It sounded Italian to me. Probably one of the old viking raiders named it after an Italian sweetheart. I have a vague idea that this was an old marine custom. Captain John Smith, at any rate, had such a marine habit when he littered Cape Ann with the names of his girl friends. However that may be, Pomona has two basins, north and south. North is Kirkwall Harbour; south is Scapa Flow, the famous naval base. It didn't make us passengers any the more pleased with our situation to know that Scapa Flow was just around the corner.

I was told that there are not more than 4000 people on the whole of this Orkney island. It *would* have been interesting to look around. But in war-time this islet is sacred to naval (and Orcadian) feet. Even our captain was escorted whenever he got permission to go ashore for the purpose of pleading with the Naval authorities to hurry up with their examination of his cargo. Under the regulations, moreover, he was not allowed to speak to a soul except his escort. All we luckless passengers were permitted to do was to stand at the rails and feast our eyes on the gorgeous sunsets. These are the only sights in the Orkneys that are not camouflaged.

And in what high relief did those Northern sunsets defy the neutral landscape! My favourite colours are blue and

yellow, and in the Orkney skies I saw them in their manifestations, and ever changing too. It was time for the black-out on the place beneath, but you could not hurry up a Northern sunset. It occupied the space between light and dark with the leisureliness of a stately procession—to official annoyance, no doubt.

My fellow-passengers were equally enchanted when twilight came. I came across one of them who'd found a book in the ship's library called *Orkney: the Magnetic North*, by J. Gunn. He was absorbed in it. All of a sudden he chuckled aloud.

"Look at this passage," he said. And I read:

Many whose first visit was made not by choice, but for business reasons, have also yielded to the Northern charm, and would now consider that summer wasted in which they could not return thither for their annual holiday.

We had yielded to two authorities: the contraband folk below and the firmament above.

The people aboard were the descendants of those same vikings¹ who had roamed this main many centuries ago. How different, however, the moderns were. They wanted to keep out of war, even out of war's way; whereas those old vikings were always trying to get into trouble, just for the adventure. The memories of them in the Orkneys, it was pleasant to see, stirred only the historical sense among the Scandinavians.

Scandinavians—and one Finn! One of a nation who in the last decade have been taken to the Scandinavian bosom. This Finnish passenger was a wisp of a girl named Rütta Parkkali. If I as an American with a Passport were privileged, she as a Finn with a Cause was even more privileged. It was a Cause very close to Scandinavian thought as we languished in that British harbour. The war between Britain and Germany bothered them not half so much as the rumbling menace of the Muscovite Bear.

Every evening in Kirkwall Harbour we used to gather in

¹ Probably so called, I read, because the vikings hid their ships in *vikar*, or bays, of the sea; not, as in our case, having them hauled in!

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the music-room to listen to the radio news of the Soviet-Finnish negotiations. I used to watch Rütta's face as I inclined my ear uncomprehendingly to the Swedish broadcast. Her face wore the expressionlessness that I came later to associate with the truly Finnish physiognomy. She kept her thin lips for ever compressed. Only once did I see her features relax while we were hearing the day's happenings. It was when the Swedish broadcaster announced that the Finnish novelist Sillanpää had been awarded the Nobel prize. Immediately the music-room resounded with hand-clapping. Rütta's face brightened with pleasure. Any tribute to her country she treasured as personally as if it had been a gift. But only for a few seconds did a personality come through her taut mask.

Among the books I had brought for shipboard reading was a monograph on the Finns. The author quoted a summing up of Finnish character by a Finnish author. "The Finn is recognized," he said, "by his close, distant, reserved attitude."

I was reading the description one day when Rütta came along for her morning constitutional. Her reserve had almost a chill about it, her face gave one not the slightest key to her reaction to anybody she met or anything she saw, and her compressed lips seemed physically to be keeping an inner life locked up. Yet she walked with the grace of a ballet dancer. I noted the grace, and I couldn't help thinking how odd to see a girlish face grim.

She passed me, and I turned to the book again :

The general traits of their character are resignation ; hardened, patient, passive strength ; perseverance, allied to a certain obstinacy ; a slow, contemplative way of thinking ; a tendency when anger has been aroused to indulge in unmeasured wrath ; a taciturn reticency.

Not an admirable picture of woman *qua* woman, at least on shipboard ! And as the days passed I came to think of Rütta as really Finland herself.

Out on deck every morning she brought herself and this aloofness which she wore like a garment. One day we fell

to talking. And I discovered that she was employed in the Legation at Washington, and was going home on courier work. The voyage took precious little of her conversation, however. It was a subject, I found, that was merely boring. Everything was boring—except Finland. In this respect Rütta, I subsequently discovered in Finland, was Finnish womanhood. Like Rosalind, Finnish women old and young have “forsover the full stream of the world,” though not for “a life merely monastic.”

Patriotism is so often the last refuge of the scoundrel that this quality of Finnish patriotism seemed somehow unreal. On shipboard I couldn't quite appreciate the quality of Rütta's zeal. She wanted to get home, home. If there were to be any trouble her place was at home, home. In a masculine sort of way I asked her chaffingly why women—especially such slight creatures as herself—should want to get mixed up in war. I wondered, but didn't say, what on earth she could do that would be helpful.

Then she told me about Lotta Svärd (Sword), the heroine of one of Runeberg's songs of the Russian war in Finland a century and a quarter ago. It was in that war that Russia wrested Finland from Sweden. The Finns suffered such fearful losses that the victorious Alexander I granted a petition absolving them from further military service. In talking about the war and Lotta Svärd's share in it Rütta now “alternated with a great flow of words,” as my author put it.

Runeberg I didn't know of then, but in Scandinavia I read all his heroic tales, and imbibed something of an inspiration which even I obtained out of a poor translation. Runeberg was a great poet that Finland gave to all Scandinavia, as the British gave Shakespeare to the world. Even in Sweden I heard him described as “without doubt our greatest poet.” He was one of a select band who lighted the flame of Finnish nationalism a century ago. *Lotta Svärd* is one of his tales in verse of a camp-follower who continued to tend the menfolk at the wars after her husband had been shot down. The poem breathes a sense of lofty duty.

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Finnish women have taken their cue from Runeberg's poem. Even in peace-time they are banded together in Lotta Svärd associations for "awakening and strengthening the idea of the Civil Guard and assisting the Civil Guard in defending the faith, the home, and the country." To this end, I was told, they run 'drives' for the Civil Guard, a kind of National Guard in Finland, and do the 'catering' at their functions. Meantime they keep up their own training for service in war-time as nurses and helpers of all kinds.

It all sounded very interesting to me as told by a Finnish wisp of a girl on a transatlantic liner. How could I possibly have envisaged the Lottas in such circumstances! In Finland itself I came across these Lottas in person. And then I had an awakening! Just as wispy they were as Rütta, but every whit as lion-hearted as the soldiers, taking their places alongside their menfolk wherever they were needed.

Runeberg little knew what he was inspiring when he wrote *Lotta Svärd*. He little knew that a hundred years after, in a war against the same Tartar hosts, there would be thousands of Lottas—girlish Amazons spotting for enemy 'planes all day at the top of ski jumps in the Arctic north; mounting guard in the trenches while their menfolk were stealing up on Russian bivouacs in the snow, and smiting the invader hip and thigh; and doing the countless other jobs that women do in a country in arms with an ease and an efficiency and an endurance which encouraged their menfolk to fight and fight again. No, Runeberg couldn't have dreamed of what I saw in Finland. He, and Finland, have made Finnish women *sui generis*.

But for our incarceration 'somewhere in Britain' I should never have gained any measure of Rütta's calibre. I think we should have got to Gothenburg without a peep at her real self. But the enforced idleness of a common life on a boat which is just languishing in harbour brought her out. Her frustrated impatience to get home drove her at last into the Scandinavian circle in almost sheer desperation. In lieu of action she enlisted in the after-dinner dances and conversations, and made the family complete.

She opened up so zestfully that at the captain's dinner this tense daughter of Finland became the belle of the ball !

There's nothing like a sense of humour for uniting peoples of different nationality but of the same international group. One such is composed of the peoples of the British Isles—English, Scots, Welsh, and Irish. Another is the Scandinavian group, the group consisting of Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, and, latterly, Finns. Their natural characteristics are something to tell stories about, not to goad them into belligerency.

A group like this generally has a focal point for its humour. In the British Isles it's the parsimony of the Scots. In Scandinavia it is an alleged lack of humour among the Swedes. The basic good humour of the jests at Scots expense is demonstrated by the pretty well-grounded suspicion that the Scots themselves invent most of the best Scots stories. Similarly the Swedes seem to be the best storytellers of Swedish stories. At any rate, I've heard most of them from the Swedes themselves.

The Swedes, to be sure, are as reserved as the Scots are thrifty. I had a foretaste of Swedish reserve on the *Drottningholm*. One evening I referred pleasantly to the captain in his presence as "of course, His Majesty on this ship," a facetious reference to the totalitarian rule of all the skippers. The Swedish captain, however, argued with the assumption as if I were implying an undue discipline. Perhaps the cares of guiding a boat across an ocean in war-time accounted for his seriousness. However that may be, a Swedish passenger warned me, "Beware, the Swedes are serious folk."

Still, as I say, it was among the Swedes that I heard most of the stories of their lack of humour. The jests I've heard from them are legion. For instance : when you tell a joke to a group of Scandinavians the Dane is supposed to laugh before you come to the point, and the Swede a week later. Inferentially the Norwegians see the point at once.

The Swede, moreover, is alleged particularly to abhor practical jokes. One that I heard of told how a host substituted water for the *akvavit*, the potato spirit the Swedes drink, in order, as they put it, without a smile, to keep

warm. The joke was too much for the guest, and, outraged, he left in a huff. He kept on departing, too. Not only did he leave the house, but he sold up his home and took up residence in a far country !

When a people tell you such stories of their own lack of a sense of humour you may be sure that they are not altogether lacking it. In Sweden it is rather delayed, that's all—or, rather, has to be lubricated with sundry libations which first thaw the Swedes into speech-making, and eventually leave a mark on their funny-bones !

What is mistaken for a lack of humour among the Swedes is a unique correctness of behaviour. There is so much formality and ceremony in Swedish life that I found myself asking the Swedes who was their Confucius. I felt there must be a Book of Rites governing Swedish conduct. Even the health-drinking, or *skaaling*, to all and sundry at dinner-parties is governed by a rigid etiquette. Then, when the meal is over, there is more ceremony. Everybody must shake hands with the hostess and say, "Tack för maten," or, "Thank you for the food." When I first saw this at a dinner-party given aboard I was constrained to say, "What ! Going so soon !"

At first I used to think that the Swedes were the politest people in the world. But for natural politeness commend me still to the Viennese, whose civilization is now so rudely overlaid by Nazi barbarism.

A Dane, the most mercurial people among the Scandinavians, told me a story illustrative of Swedish gentlemanliness. He said that a foreigner locked a Norwegian, Swede, and a Dane in a room. He opened the door six hours after and found that the Swede was still waiting to be introduced.¹ A Swede capped the joke by saying very gravely that a Swede who happened to be drowning managed with

¹ Here is a true story which illustrates Swedish reserve even more fantastically. In the Finnish town of Tornio, on the Swedish-Finnish frontier, a British mission arrived one day with some 'planes for Finland. They met the Finnish frontier officer called General Ignatius and the commander of the Swedish volunteers, General Linder. Linder had been in Tornio a whole month. He and Ignatius all that time had been eating in the same hotel, but had never spoken to each other, because, as Linder put it, they hadn't been introduced. The Britons supplied the introduction.

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what seemed to be his last breath to get to a boat. Still he didn't forget his manners, and gasped, "Would you be so kind as to rescue me?"

There are other subjects for intra-Scandinavian humour, of course. Swedes twit the Norwegians for their big talk about Norway—how the Norwegians pride themselves on having the biggest country, a calculation which is made by measuring the mountains vertically as well as by measuring the country horizontally. It's an idiosyncrasy among these honest John Blunts among the Scandinavians. The Danes think the Norwegians are pretty scatter-brained, too. But the Norwegians turn the tables by getting boundless fun out of the Danish language. It is so soft and so lacking in the musical ups and downs of the other Scandinavian tongues that it seems constantly to tickle Norwegian risibilities. This lack of *nuances* in Danish is rather surprising, since the Danes are much the most comradely among the Scandinavians, and the gayest.

They told me how alike and yet how different are the Scandinavian languages. The languages invite, apparently, the same mix-up as the American language sometimes does when spoken in British company. One of the stories I heard was of a wire being dispatched in Danish telling a Swedish husband in Stockholm that his wife in Copenhagen had just had a baby son and had passed a quiet night. 'Quiet' in Swedish may be read as 'amusing' in Danish, and 'baby son' as 'manservant'; and the wire, I was told, could therefore have been understood as saying that the wife had just had an amusing night with the manservant!

To such conversational fare was one reduced when the only external divertisement in a community life lasting eight days was the daily visit of a seal!

Life among the Scandinavians in our harbour prison gave me several opportunities of testing my observations about Scandinavian diversity. One such opportunity—really a sort of microcosm—came when the shipping line was protesting vigorously against the hold-up. It occurred to a Swedish professor aboard that the Swedish passengers

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ought to register a protest too. It might help the line perhaps. This is the story of what happened to it.

The protest as passed round was couched in very professorial English. One night at dinner it was read to the assembled passengers. The Swedes were so serious about it that, fearing I should make this use of it, they refused to let me see the final product.

However, I have a pretty good memory, and the protest, addressed to the Swedish Legation in London, ran something like this :

Swedish passengers on board the T.S. *Drottningholm* respectfully invoke your aid in obtaining the release of the *Drottningholm* from Kirkwall Harbour. They beg to remind you that in their present detention they are subject to peril as to their persons and to the greatest inconvenience as to their professional and personal interests in Sweden.

The protest was read amid cheers from the diners, and, as far as I know, the pilot-boat took it ashore, and entrusted it to the Orkney telegraph office. (Probably, however, it shared the fate of the other telegrams, and was consigned to the Censor's wastepaper-basket.)

Immediately the professor had sat down, a Norwegian—a respected banker from Oslo—hurriedly canvassed his fellow-nationals, and then got up and asked the captain to transmit this telegram to the Swedish Legation :

Norwegian passengers on board the Swedish liner *Drottningholm* beg to express to your Excellency our sincere appreciation of the grand time we are having on this Swedish ship. Please express this to the Swedish Government, saying that we are as happy as possible, and feel safe and confident under Commander Ericson's care.

The other nationals were not so ready with their views in the matter, but promised another protest meeting for the next evening.

The next evening a representative Dane jumped up, and read off the following :

“Danish passengers on board *Drottningholm* beg your Excellency respectfully to submit to the British Government

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their sincere appreciation of H.M. Government's efforts to break the monotony of their rolling voyage from New York to Gothenburg. We should be very grateful to your Excellency, however, if you would point out to H.M. Government that we are confident that the British Empire has some more exciting places than Kirkwall, and we should therefore like to suggest that H.M. Government in the future co-operate with the British Tourist Association in picking out another port of detention. At the same time it is our sincere pleasure to be able to inform your Excellency that the Danes' traditional rights to have a good time under all circumstances are properly respected and recognized by the Swedish American Line."

This was too much for Rütta. By this time she was keeping the end up for Finland in noble style. In her I had already come across the Finnish trait in my book on the Finns of "a disposition for satire which mercilessly ridicules their own follies and those of others" when their introversion has been eradicated. Accordingly she got up and entered this protest :

"Finnish passengers on board *Drottningholm* hereby ask your Excellency to communicate with the British Government and wholeheartedly express their sincere indignation and disappointment that intercommunication between the various ships at present incarcerated in Kirkwall has not been made possible, thus preventing the Finnish people from arranging a few of their world-famous knife-fighting matches for the entertainment of the passengers now held at Kirkwall Harbour. We must request your Excellency to make H.M. Government understand that the rights and privileges of neutral countries must be respected."

There was nothing left for any other national to add amid the roar of laughter which greeted this make-believe. The Swedes, I felt, thought that their own seriousness had been somewhat degraded. But to me diversion was beginning to take the place of boredom. After dinner I asked Rütta to tell me something about the Finnish knife-fighting she had mentioned in her 'protest.' She then told me about the knife, or *puukka*. It appeared that this was a dirk-like

MEETING THE SCANDINAVIANS

implement which is carried by men only (I hope) for purposes of self-defence. I was to hear much more of the *puukka* in later weeks, but then it sounded only like a useful thing to buy for a souvenir.

There were only two Americans aboard. The other was the wife of an American consul-general. And, bearing in mind the President's admonitions, we held our peace, though we couldn't hold our sides. But it was American night the next evening. Our movies had run out, dancing had become too routine, and so the Swedish purser asked me to give what he called a 'lecture.' I suggested a *causerie* in which all nationalities should join. Indeed, I made this a condition *sine qua non*, not being addicted to public speaking, especially of the impromptu variety. The purser agreed. Judge of my surprise when I found myself on the programme without a Norwegian or a Finnish participant.

This was a good opportunity for a little facetiousness. And so I began, very gravely :

"Protests are in the air, and before I begin my talk I should like to enter a vigorous, emphatic, vehement, and indignant protest ; and I am sure my fellow-American will join in it. And I am thinking at the same time of preferring a charge against the responsible officer of this line. My protest is against the Norwegians and the Finns on this boat for their unwillingness to participate in this *causerie*, and I charge the purser with false pretences in assuring me that they would join in."

The Swedes were so impressed by my grave demeanour that they forgot to laugh, and I hurried on to my talk, which was on a very serious subject. And I had made all the arrangements beforehand with a friendly Swede to act as *claque* and lead the laughter !

Even Rütta had taken my 'protest' as a challenge. By this time life aboard the *Drottningholm* had taken on a sort of houseboat jollity. And there had been some kidding of 'Suomi' (the Finnish name for Finland) that she was unmindful of Finland's honour. So she was bantered into making a speech as she had been bantered into entering a public protest. Her speech took the form of a Finnish story.

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Here it is :

"In my country a little boy once lived who grew up to seven years without once opening his mouth to speak. His parents thought he was dumb. One day the family went as usual to work in the fields, and took their midday meal out with them. Around noon they thought it was time to eat, and so they quit work, sat down, and opened their basket of food. The father was thirsty, and began to drink a bottle of sour milk, when the child suddenly called out, 'Let me drink too !' The mother and father looked at the child in astonishment.

" 'We thought you couldn't speak,' said the father. 'Why haven't you spoken before ?' "

" 'Because there has been nothing to say up to now,' said the child."

Again Rütta scored the greatest success, and later nobody remembered my serious effort, but sought to impress upon me how typical was Rütta's story.

These reciprocal jests over national characteristics enhance the joy of living together. And they add savour, I must say, to a sea voyage in Scandinavian company. I was reminded so much of the British and their esoteric pleasantries when those islanders are thrown together. Together—that is the nexus of all these particularisms, as Lord Balfour used to call such differences in local make-up.

There is a Scots guide at Edinburgh Castle who tells a gaping group of tourists in the great banquetting-hall how the Scots and English nobles one day sat down alternately in that hall, one Scotsman, then one Englishman. Then he said they got up all 'thegither,' and they've been "thegither ivver since." The Scandinavians are equally adept at this 'thegitherness.' Blessed be the unity that flows from diversity !

CHAPTER II

FENNOSCANDIA

INTO this Scandinavian family about a decade ago came Finland. The nexus which brought in the Finns was a common desire to seek shelter together when the world showed signs of splitting asunder. Hitherto the Finns had stayed suspiciously aloof. After all, they have no blood attachment to the Scandinavians, except in the case of the Swedo-Finns, descendants of the Swedish families who settled in Finland when, from the thirteenth to the nineteenth centuries, Finland was part of the Swedish crown. The Finns themselves are one of the mystery races. Nobody seems to have been able to trace them, and when I subsequently asked academicians in Finland whether there was any definitive work on Finnish ethnology they replied, "No, we are still working on it."

The popular explanation of the Finns is that they belong to a Fenno-Ugric race which emerged in the dark past out of the borderland between Europe and Asia. I put that down from the guide-books. It will probably mean as little to readers as it does to me. More informative is the statement that the Finns with their Baltic neighbours in Esthonia are related to the Magyars of Hungary. I always thought that Magyar stemmed from Mongol. But if you value your skin don't say in Finland that the Finns came from the Asiatic side of the continental dividing-line.

Unlike the Magyars, who are rather proud of their ancestors from the Mongolian steppes, the Finns are pretty touchy on the subject of race. All the guide-books 'protest too much' that the Finns haven't an Asiatic origin. For some time I never understood exactly why, especially in these years of disgraceful European civilization. Now I know. In Finland I got cumulative evidence that, apart altogether from any social consideration, the Finns con-

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sider themselves the European or Western bastion against the 'barbarous Asiatics.'

Anyhow, the Finns are commonly said to have been the northern dispersion from the source that produced the Magyars. Certainly the difficult Finnish language does have the same lilt as the Hungarian tongue, though it reminded this old Far Eastern wanderer of phonetized Chinese, with its *pankki* for 'bank,' *posti* for 'post-office,' *Suomi* for 'Finland,' and so on. But the likeness with the Magyar doesn't seem to extend any further than language. In their sturdy characteristics, it seems to me, the Finns are more akin to the worthy Basques, who sprang out of the same Nowhere.

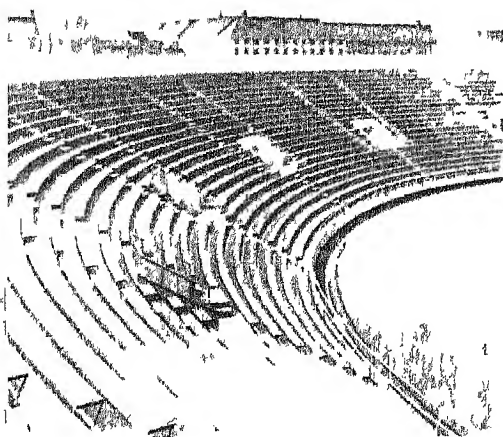
H. A. L. Fisher, in his *History of Europe*, writes of the "poison of suppressed nationality." It can be a poison, I suppose, as well as an inspiration and an insurance of survival. Actually the Norwegians are industriously digging out an old language markedly different from the Danish. They overlook schoolboy mistakes in spelling because they consider the patriotic intent pure! In the same case are the Irish. In Finland one rather thinks of the blessings which have come to the Finns from their sense of nationality. But they have had a share of the poison too.

However, there was considerable excuse for the Finnish poison of suppressed nationality.

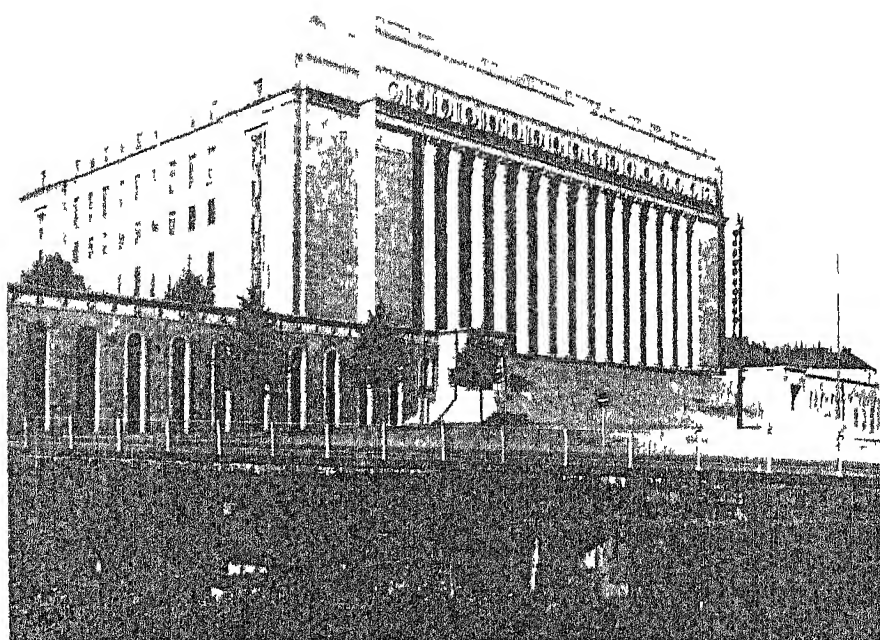
Here was a nation whose country for centuries had been the cockpit between Swede and Russian. At last in 1809 the Russians threw out the Swedes. To the Finns that meant more than a change of masters. Not only were the Vasas exchanged for the Romanoffs; the victorious Alexander I left the old Swedish bureaucracy in control of the administration of Finland. Said a Finnish publicist at the time, in disgust, "We are squatters in a mangy province governed by stupid asses and sly bosses." It was in this last century that the Finns brought to the surface a passionate sense of national unity. It burned to white heat when, in violation of all the safeguards for Finnish laws and customs and autonomy which the liberal-minded Alexander had carried over from the Swedish crown and

THE STADIUM AT HELSINKI

Where the 1952 Olympic Games
were to be held



THE OLD WINDMILL AT



THE DIET, HELSINKI

had reintroduced in conquered Finland, the Finns were compelled by ukase and knout to submit to Russification.

No wonder, I say, that Finnish nationalism became somewhat poisonous. The poison came out when the Bolshevik took the place of the Romanoff. In 1917 the free Finns at last realized the burning aspirations of many, many generations. Out of the turmoil of war and revolution they emerged an independent nation. And they started to create a Suomi after their hearts' desire, though the building operation was shot through with an intense 'Finland for the Finns' movement destined to eradicate foreign influence. Much quoted at this time was a clarion call from a pioneer leader of the independence movement : "Swedes we are no longer ; Russians we can never be ; therefore we must become Finns."

This wasn't difficult, as the saying implies, in regard to Russia. A century and a quarter of Tsarist rule seems scarcely to have touched Finland. Trade ties, however, were important. And the independent Finns started to loosen those ties by turning elsewhere for their commercial relations. Trade with Bolshevik Russia, exports and imports, languished almost to the vanishing-point. This is how the trade fell, in terms of percentages of Finland's total trade : 1932, 3.2 per cent. ; 1935, 2 per cent. ; 1937-38, 1 per cent. In a commercial sense Finland has been progressively turning her back on Soviet Russia.

As a matter of fact, Russia in commerce always has been competitive rather than complementary with Finland. And the competitiveness of Soviet Russia turned the Russophobia of the country into virulent anti-Communism. Finland depends upon world buying of her enormous forest resources. Soviet Russia sells a lot of timber abroad too. Ten years ago Moscow began to alarm the commercial world by dumping Russian timber and other Russian exports in world markets. None was more alarmed than Finland. The country was then in the throes of the economic crisis, and the irate farmers, fearing the loss of their markets, encouraged a native Fascist movement in Finland. This came to a head in a *putsch*. Happily the

movement went with the wind of economic distress, and when war broke out against Soviet Russia the erstwhile Fascist leaders were peacefully employed in developing Finland's Arctic north. General Wallenius, the Hotspur of the North, for instance, had abandoned terrorism for the managing directorship of a fishery.

The situation is different about the Swedes. Sweden left such a deep mark on Finland that the eradication of Swedish influence became the very stuff of politics in the new Finland. The official languages are Swedish and Finnish. I suppose there are as many as 10 per cent. of the population who are Swedo-Finns. But many more understand Swedish. Even a knowledge of Russian still lingers. I heard a saying in Finland that Finns are trilingual: Finnish for the home, Swedish to make money in, and Russian to listen to what their enemies are up to! It must have been a saying handed down from the old days of Russification. For, according to the census, only two-tenths of 1 per cent. speak Russian.

The Finns seem never to have forgotten the manner in which the Swedo-Finnish gentry a century and a quarter ago entertained their Russian conquerors. Alexander I gave the Swedo-Finns their reward in fastening on Finland a Swedo-Finnish bureaucracy. It was almost Czechoslovakia all over again. The Czechs burned with resentment against the German bureaucrats who ran Bohemia for Austria-Hungary. So when freedom came they put the old official class in the place once occupied by the subservient Czechs. In much the same way the Finns on becoming independent threw out their Swedo-Finnish bureaucracy. And their Swedophobia became so pathological that even Finns who knew the Swedish language refused to speak it.¹

A personal experience will show the extent of this phobia.

¹ I don't wish to give the impression that this minority problem was anything like as politically and socially divisive as the minority problem in Czechoslovakia. There were no such discriminations against the Swedo-Finns as disfigured the Czech attitude towards the Sudeten Germans. The proof is that the Swedo-Finn Mannerheim is leading the Finnish Army, and that Swedo-Finns without exception are united with the Finns in the present struggle.

In 1937 I travelled on the night boat from Sweden to Finland with a Swedish business-man from Gothenburg. He represented a British concern. Being born in South Sweden, he didn't speak Swedish in the Stockholm manner.

"That is very fortunate for me in my business relations with the Finns," he said. "They talk Swedish to me because they think I'm English. On my last trip one of my customers actually complimented me on my excellent Swedish for an Englishman. I daren't disillusion them."

Sometimes Swedophobia went so far that telephone conversations conducted in Swedish between Sweden and Finland would be cut off.

Such an attitude chagrined the Swedes in Sweden. But they seemed to understand it, and nowhere in the world was, and is, there more admiration for the Finns than in Sweden. Now the Finnish prejudice seems to have been uprooted in war-making. But it remains to be seen whether it has really been eradicated. The Swedes hope so. In any discussion in Stockholm of the Finnish War you will hear the burying of Swedophobia mentioned with immense satisfaction.

Nevertheless a Scandinavian orientation was burgeoning even in the midst of this nationalistic prejudice. The impetus wouldn't be denied. It came from the disintegration of world organization with which the fourth decade of the twentieth century opened. No nation could live unto itself in the economic storm that at this time broke over the trading world and threatened complete disintegration.

"Two are better than one, because they have a good reward for their labour," says John Steinbeck in *The Grapes of Wrath*. "For if they fall the one could lift up his fellow. But woe to him that is alone when he falleth, for he hath not another to help him up." It is the same with nations as with individuals. If the world couldn't live and work together, then a smaller group must try to, though they still had to go outside the group for trade wherever they could find it.

The Finns are a very confident people, but the policy-makers couldn't ignore the red signal of general world

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disintegration. It called imperatively for a tightening of neighbourly relations.

Now Finland is situated between the Border States and the Scandinavian. It calls itself the 'pivot' between the two. Of the Baltic peoples, indeed, the Esthonians have blood ties with the Finns. And when the hammer and sickle descended on Esthonia in 1939 the Finns were the first to mourn the loss of Esthonian independence. "Our dear Esthonian sister nation has fallen on evil days," said Prime Minister Cajander, in a speech that infuriated Moscow. However, Josef Beck's Poland had been getting entangled too deeply in European politics to suit Finland. So that Finland on that account had already been sheering away from the Border States when world disintegration set in.

With this help the need for economic self-defensive measures across the borders made Finland look to Scandinavia rather than to the Border States for a more schematic neighbourliness. Accordingly in 1930 Finland took on what is called a 'Scandinavian outline.'

Some of the Baltic States think that Finland has highbatted them in recent years. I come to that conclusion from reading some of the comments in Baltic newspapers. But Finnish geography as well as Finnish economics exerted a gravitational pull towards Scandinavia. Finland, Sweden, and Norway march together in the Arctic north, and there is almost a common frontier between Sweden at the middle and Finland in the shape of the long string of the Aaland Islands.

It was this Scandinavian orientation that in 1937 took me to Finland. I included Finland in a European canvass of the chances of bigger and better and broader reciprocal trade agreements; in short, for the building up again of world economic organization. I happen to believe in a world organization providing for a freer exchange of goods and services without discrimination. I don't mean an organization necessarily equipped with name, habitation, or bureaucracy. In my view Mr Hull's phrase "equality of treatment" makes a league in itself. And in the Northern countries I found equally ardent believers with myself in

Hullism, but, being small nations, they added, "when, as, and if."

The reason for this pro-Hullism is simple. Finland, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark are singularly dependent upon world trade for a tolerable economic existence. Finland is perhaps the most dependent. I have discussed the problem with Northern economists, and they tell me that over 30 per cent. of Finland's production is sold abroad. Premier Ryti once put the ratio as high as a third. That is three times the ratio of American foreign to total trade. Sweden's ratio has been declining, but it still must be about 25 per cent. Moreover, Sweden, but particularly Norway, earns a good deal of living standard from world shipping. As for Denmark she has built up her economy upon the provision of the Britisher's breakfast of bacon and eggs—"our glorious heritage," as G. K. Chesterton called it. No wonder the Northern countries are pro-Hull.

Of them all Finland and Denmark were perhaps the most exposed to the ill effects of the economic depression.

Denmark felt the blow most keenly, because the British when they turned protectionist actually imagined that between them and the Empire they might eventually provide their own 'glorious heritage.' So the Danes one day found themselves put on a quota for their dairy and bacon shipments to Britain. It was a quota well below their normal trade. What saved them from a terrible reaction was the fact that performance in Britain and the Empire has lagged behind determination. More and more the British had to turn back to the Danes to make up their constant bacon deficiencies. Moreover, prices shot up as a result of these efforts of less efficient producers to ignore the economic truism that the best economics is to let the market go to the cheapest or best producers. Denmark made up in better prices her losses in quantity of exports.

While Denmark lives on her piggeries, the Finns live on their forests. Forest products are mainly timber, sawn and unsawn, and paper and pulp. In Finland this group comprises over three-quarters of the total value of her exports. By far the great bulk of them are world products. In the

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twenties demand was plentiful for European reconstruction. An end of the boom came in sight as Finland and the other great timber-exporting countries of Europe pushed up their output excessively. Prices, in consequence, fell, and the bottom dropped out of Finnish prosperity. This was in 1928, a full eighteen months before the world economic crisis set in, and Finland may have been the handwriting on the wall for those with eyes to see.

This was the economic background for the 'Scandinavian outline' for Finland. The economic world became thoroughly eroded by the cumulative struggle of nations to grow or make their own requirements. The Northern countries, at first without Finland, determined to erect a regional organization in place of the destroyed world organization. They asked the Low Countries to join in, and the two groups of countries then met at Oslo in 1930 to take economic counsel together. Out of this conference came the Oslo Pact, to which Finland subscribed later.

The pact was an interim organization only. 'Oslo' continued to look to the Great Powers to unite once again in a world organization in which they could blend their interests. Constantly they prayed that the United States and Great Britain might lead the world back to economic reconstruction. In the meantime Oslo had to adopt the Irish motto : *Sinn Fein* ('Ourselves Alone'). Said Foreign Minister Richard J. Sandler in 1937 in Stockholm : "A more modest plan suits the Swedish Government better than a constructive world policy."

On paper the agreement that came out of the Oslo Convention doesn't look very significant. Even Scandinavian tariffs weren't reduced. Anders Örne, Sweden's perennial delegate to economic conferences in Geneva, once gave me an illustration of how the tariff disease had infected Scandinavia no less than the world at large.

"We had a tariff on dog biscuits," he said. "It was just a revenue measure, limited as to time. But during the life of this item a domestic industry did spring up. The industry was limited to one unemployed baker, who began baking dog biscuits as a whole-time occupation. Eventually

he took in two helpers, and styled himself *Dirrektör*. So when the time limit of the duty expired it was represented that Sweden had a domestic industry to protect, and the duty was confirmed."

Still the Oslo Convention did amount to something. It was a kind of rearguard defence action on a regional scale against the debilitating effects of the economic breakdown. The signatories set up regionalism in place of universalism. They set up a more limited organization of their international economic lives in place of a world-wide organization. Two articles contained the pith of the convention :

1. That each country binds itself to give to its fellow-signatories at least fifteen days' notice of an increase in customs duties.
2. The signatories are given the right to propose modifications of such an increase.

Here at least were nations avowing that there was a qualification upon the sovereign right of a nation to fix its own tariffs. At the time I called it a standstill agreement on economic mobilization. Really the pact may be defined as good neighbourliness in economic relations.

But the convention couldn't withstand the blizzard that broke over the world soon after the agreement was signed. Within a week the world was launched upon its *annus terribilis*, as Arnold Toynbee calls 1931. Oslo was overwhelmed, and only painfully did the Oslo group revive. The impulse to a common organization, however, remained latent. The Northern countries, seeing Denmark driven more and more into totalitarian economics, realized that their political liberties, let alone their economic recovery, depended upon taking shelter together. Accordingly they signed a new accord in 1936.

Before I left America in 1936 I talked with Secretary Hull on the Oslo agreements. I asked how he stood with regard to them. After all, they were regional, whereas his policy is universal. In reply he used a homely illustration. He said, "Suppose I want to go to San Francisco. On the train called the Oslo Convention I should be dropped off

at Chicago. But I want to go to San Francisco, and that is where *my* train would take me."

By which I took it that the Oslo agreements had Mr Hull's qualified blessing. Chicago, after all, is on the way to San Francisco, and much nearer one's goal than New York. And Oslo was intended to be a half-way measure till such time as the Great Powers could rebuild a world organization.

As Secretary Hull's efforts showed later, his blessing of Oslo was more than half-way. He was responsible for a clause in the Pan-American accords signed in 1936 making allowance for regional organizations like the Oslo understanding. In those Pan-American accords the American nations agreed not to insist upon sharing the benefits accorded by the Oslo nations among themselves in cases where their most-favoured-nation treaties would entitle them to those benefits. This was the technical way of putting it. What the Americans meant to say was, "In the storm that's now raging we will let you build your own shelter without insisting on our rights to come in with you." After all, the American nations could take shelter behind the American coastline if need be.

The Oslo Convention again failed to withstand the collapse of the remaining members of the gold bloc in the Low Countries. And it is now moribund. As a whole group, or more recently as a Northern sub-group, the signatories have since met occasionally. The purpose has been mainly to pass pious resolutions in a desperate effort to safeguard their neutrality. The Swedish year-book says the last word on this Scandinavian 'bloc.' With the utmost politeness it likens the Scandinavian meetings to "a quartet playing in perfect concert without any conductor, a simile which brings out the essential points of their relations : intimate friendly co-operation, coupled with complete independence and freedom." For practical purposes the shift in common action for mutual protection passed to Fennoscandia, an old geological term meaning Norway, Sweden, and Finland.

This new grouping arose out of the breakdown of the League of Nations. Political disorganization had come on

the heels of economic disorganization. With that breakdown collapsed the shelter for small nations known as all-in or collective security. The small nations now had to seek their own political security as best they could.

From the start Denmark could be counted out as a partner in any practical Northern (or Nordic, to use another word for the group) understanding. The European war had already broken out so far as little Denmark was concerned. She was already being squeezed in a vice between protectionist Britain and militant Germany. In fact, she could scarcely move of her own volition. Economically she was dependent upon both Britain, her Number 1 customer, and Germany, her Number 2 customer. Geographically also she was located between them. In these circumstances any question of a Scandinavian alliance or 'non-alliance' (as the cautious Swedes preferred to call it) was highly disturbing to Danish statesmen.

How disturbed she felt was obvious to me in 1937 as I listened to Denmark's Grand Old Man, Premier Theodore Stauning. Just before I arrived Stauning had made a speech at Lund, in Southern Sweden. He said, "If there is any trouble we don't want any help from Sweden, nor would we go to Sweden's aid."

Berlin patted Stauning on the back for this speech. He was called a *Realpolitiker*. The young Danes didn't like the speech at all, though a memory still survives in Denmark that Sweden failed to come to Danish aid in the sixties, despite a sort of Scandinavian 'non-alliance,' when Prussia and Austria nipped off Schleswig-Holstein. Swedes were all ready at the border, as they are to-day in respect of Finland, but only Swedish volunteers went to Danish aid, just as only Swedish volunteers are going to Finnish aid to-day.

Sweden was very chagrined over the Stauning blast of 'independence.' A Swedish military expert said to me, after I had come on to Stockholm, "If Germany takes over Denmark, then our backdoor is open, and our south may become another Gallipoli."

Norway, when the Geneva idea of all-in security collapsed,

looked only a little less promising than Denmark in any close Scandinavian *rapprochement*. If Denmark of the entire Scandinavian group is so exposed in European conflict as to be completely enmeshed, Norway is the least exposed. For opposite reasons, then, a close Scandinavian tie-up doesn't appeal to Norway, though Norway must be counted in the new Fennoscandia. Evidently, even if the idea was ventilated, Norway would never discuss a political bond.

It might be different if the day were to come that Britain couldn't control the North Sea. Norway has always been sentimentally pro-British, though 'unconditionally neutral,' officially. But that sentiment, doubtless, is aroused in part by the protecting wing of the British Navy, and in the early months of the war nothing distressed the Norwegians more than the demonstration that the British had less control in the North Sea than they had in the World War.

Denmark's and Norway's situation in the middle thirties left Sweden and Finland closest together in political fellowship. They were like-minded, and in pretty much the same boat. Both still retained a German bias from old associations with Germany. Both were most eager to buttress their neutrality with common action as well as pious resolutions. Both were in danger of being in the path of the belligerents in case of a British-German flare-up. Both had prizes which might arouse the envy at least of a renascent Germany. It was these prizes that provided the impulse to a Fenno-Swedish bond. They are : (a) Sweden's iron ore, (b) the Aalands.

So much contemporary history is located in those prizes and so much remains to be written on them that we might discuss them in some detail, and even get ahead of our story in an effort to see the reasoning behind Fennoscandian anxieties when war began to loom over Europe.

Sweden's iron ore comes from the famous Iron Mountain, situated ninety miles beyond the Arctic Circle on Sweden's roof. It is the richest single range of high-grade iron ore in the entire world. A million tons are shipped out every month. How significant is the figure may be appreciated from the fact that this monthly shipment is more than

all the iron represented in Italy's sizable fleet. Germany buys two-thirds, Britain a fourth ; and no matter how much they want Iron Mountain can supply their requirements. Its resources are tremendous.

That iron means a lot to Sweden. When you think of Sweden as owing her prosperity to social reforms, think again of Iron Mountain, and you will get a better reason for that prosperity. Sweden, it is true, has managed wisely the largesse flowing from Iron Mountain. But one mustn't forget the source of the largesse.

In the early thirties Sweden was in the economic dumps. The shares of the iron companies had fallen from four hundred crowns to fifty. Actually Swedes began to ask themselves anxiously whether the day of iron and steel wasn't over. Then the upturn came, after that rearmament, and Sweden cashed in so tremendously that the business upturn never dipped from then on. The war caught Sweden on the very crest of prosperity—the like of which she had never known in her comfortable history.

"God is on the side of the raw-material countries," said a Swedish economist, pensively and euphemistically.

Providence certainly seemed to favour Sweden. First there was British rehousing, calling for Sweden's chief products, iron and lumber, and then German renaissance, based upon Swedish iron, and finally general rearmament, clamouring for the same iron. Sweden swam in riches, especially as the country did a thriving business in arms too.

To Germany, as I say, Sweden had been sending about two-thirds of her iron ore. Germany had been dependent upon it. For Sweden is not only the source of iron ; it is the source of the best iron. Iron content is as high as 65 per cent. This is so high that Germany has to use two tons of poor grade ore in order to obtain as much iron as could be obtained from one ton of Swedish ore. The saving on the German coal bill alone for smelting is a major item.

Just as Sweden sends two-thirds of her iron ore to Germany, so Germany depends upon Sweden for over one-half of her ore imports. In pure iron the ratio would be higher—perhaps two-thirds. Sweden had thus helped to rearm

Germany, as, for that matter, have such countries as Canada, who filled up the German war coffers with nickel. Iron ore, after all, is as much of a peace-time as a war-time metal,¹ being mainly used for construction purposes. It is not true, I am told, that in war-time you need as much iron as you do in peace-time, at least in Germany. But you certainly need an uninterrupted supply, and Germany in particular does. That is why Sweden and Swedish iron and the way thither and back were factors of considerable importance to war-making Germany.

The two iron towns of Sweden's Iron Mountain are Kiruna and Gällivaara. Kiruna is nearer to the Norwegian coast, and the iron from Kiruna thus goes out of Narvik, in Northern Norway. From Gällivaara, nearer to the Swedish coast, the iron is shipped out of Luleå, at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia. Narvik is the busier port, and, in addition, has the advantage of being ice-free all the year round. Luleå, on the contrary, is frozen up for several months a year, generally from January to April.

Clearly German war-making would depend upon keeping open one or both of these channels of her trade in Swedish iron. The one out of Narvik is the more exposed. German boats would have to leave the shelter of the Baltic, go through the Kattegat, and hug the Swedish and Norwegian coasts up to the Arctic port of Narvik; and come back again. It's a long voyage, and the British in those waters would be on the prowl for Germans. The route to Luleå lies wholly within the shelter of the Baltic and the Gulf of Bothnia. This was the route, therefore, that must be protected.

There used to be a saying in the Kaiser's Germany: "Where iron is there is the Fatherland." Nothing had changed since those days to make the saying any the less appropriate for Nazi Germany—except to put extra force into the saying, for between the Kaiser and Hitler military experts were putting more steel into future war-making, and, moreover, Sweden was putting more iron into German

¹ In Stockholm Professor Ivar Högbom, Swedish member of the League of Nations Committee on raw materials, assured me that in his expert estimate not more than one-fifth of Germany's iron-ore imports from Sweden had gone into rearmament.

steel. There is no need to guess at this. Hitler himself, according to Hermann Rauschning's book *Hitler Speaks*, says of a Hitler conversation in 1935 :

In the conversation already recorded Hitler had said that in a future war there would be no neutrals. And he added that the Northern states belonged to Germany quite as much as did Holland and Belgium. In the next war one of his first measures must be to occupy Sweden. He could not leave the Scandinavian countries either to British or Russian influence. I suggested that the military subjugation of the vast, and to a large extent wild, peninsula must entail a disproportionate drain on our resources. To this Hitler replied that there was no question of occupying the entire country, but only the important ports and industrial centres ; above all, the iron-ore mines.

What, then, of *der Nordische Mensch* ? Hadn't Herr Hitler, though despising the sturdy democracy of Scandinavia, gone to the Nordic *homo* for his racial paragon ? Scratch a Swede and you will find a German, said somebody. I don't know about that, but the Swedes don't think that if you scratch a German you will find a Swede, and they retain a quiet superiority of their own over their monopoly of the Nordic *homo*. The fact is that the Swedes seem to have been less flattered than perturbed even by Hitler's form of flattery. They must have known that 'power' is the synonym for 'race' in the Hitler lexicon. Listen to Rauschning :

I must admit that when I first heard this I refused to take it seriously. But I believe it ought to be so taken. One thing, however, is certain : Hitler is not interested in the pure Aryan blood of the Scandinavians, nor in the Northern myths of viking heroism. He is interested in the iron-mines. The President of the Reichschrifttumskammer, Herr Blunck, and our Swedish friends are playing gratuitous parts in a play, the background of which they have never seen.

So had Iron Mountain gone from economic asset to political liability to Sweden ! It was the Achilles' Heel of her neutrality because it was Germany's jugular vein. So painful became the subject when war did come that the

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inquiring reporter could scarcely get a word about it from academic experts, let alone officials. They wanted to forget all about Iron Mountain. It was making the Swedes regurgitate the champagne and *kräftor* (the Swedish crayfish) which had been consumed out of its profits! One example: I asked a professional Swede, one of the great authorities on Swedish iron, a question about iron. He had written monographs on the subject, and built up his reputation on it. He replied, deprecatingly, "Please, it is really too delicate a subject to talk about. I haven't written a thing about it myself for a long time."

But you can't wish away Iron Mountain. There it stands, full of the world's richest ore, a link with German war-making that must remain at the head and front of all Baltic calculations—a boomerang.

All this was foreseen by the Swedish Government as a threatening shadow calling urgently for a prepared Fenno-scandia.

The Aaland Islands were almost as high up in these pre-war Swedo-Finnish worries. And here Finland came in—not only because the islands stretch between Sweden and Finland like stepping-stones, but because they belong to Finland. The Aalands—all 6500 of them—are strung across the entrance to the Gulf of Bothnia, and together make up the master-key to that Gulf.

Clearly the Aalands are immensely important to other countries besides Sweden and Finland. Germany, for instance. Down the Gulf into the Baltic and on to German ports, as I have said, flows an unceasing line of cargo boats filled with the best Swedish iron. Virtually the only purpose of the German Navy in war-time must be to see that that iron gets to Germany.

Also, as the map shows quite eloquently, the Aalands might be said to be the key to the Gulf of Finland. Helsinki lies along its path. And at the head of it stands Leningrad, which out of one eye sees the Finnish Gulf line and on the opposite side the Estonian. Yes, the Aalands might be called the key to the Gulf of Finland too.

Now the strategic importance of the Aalands had been

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recognized in successive treaties governing fortifications. The first seems to have been in the middle of the nineteenth century after the Crimean War. The Tsar, then sovereign of Finland and the Aalands, undertook in the peace treaty not to fortify them. And the islands stayed unfortified till the World War broke out. In the World War Britain and France waived their objections to fortification by their Russian ally.

The Russian Revolution in 1917 brought the Swedes in. As a matter of fact, the islands are far more Swedish than Finnish. But the Swedes obligingly withdrew when the Germans took up occupation as part of the assistance they rendered the Finns in gaining their independence from Russia. Finland became free in 1917, but the Aalands also wanted to be free from Finland as well as Russia. They wanted to join their brothers in Sweden.

That was the time when the nations were under the spell of the League of Nations. The Aaland question came up consequently as a League problem. And the League, for some reason or other which isn't quite clear, put the province under Finnish rule. However, they safeguarded the Swedish population's rights as to language and other privileges. Aaland gained the right, moreover, to appeal directly to the League of Nations in case Finland didn't carry out her League obligations to the Aalanders.

I have never heard any criticism of the way the Finns carried out the League decision. Even before the League handed down its decision the Finns had granted extensive rights of autonomy within the Finnish framework.

Of even more importance, of course, was the fortification question. The League provided for non-fortification. The convention was signed on January 28, 1922, by all the League Powers, which at that time didn't include Soviet Russia. A subsidiary agreement between Sweden and Finland allowed of joint fortification with the consent of those Powers in case of world trouble. Both Sweden and Finland, naturally enough, thought of the Aalands as soon as another European conflict looked likely.

But it wasn't without significance that the movement to

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refortify the islands had appeared first in the German Press. Already the big Powers were examining their strategic set-up. Ventilation of the problem in Germany had set the Finns thinking, and the Finnish Press had begun to talk refortification. Field-Marshal Mannerheim then went to Germany to find out what the Germans had at the back of their military minds. For the Germans were not only talking; they were acting. Sweden's General staff had heard that the Germans had already sent to Mariehamn a military agent by the name of Grussner. He made a thorough survey of the potentialities of the Aalands which was so comprehensive that he finally married an Aaland woman !

These, then, were the two main items *qua* items in Fennoscandia which in 1935 looked as if they might tempt a violation of Fennoscandian neutrality: Sweden's iron and the Aalands.

In that year, accordingly, Finland seems to have taken a decided initiative in promoting Fennoscandianism. At any rate, Finland this time called the Scandinavian countries together. Out of the meeting, which was held in Helsinki, came a declaration from the Swedish Premier that "those in our Northern countries who don't regard Northern co-operation as axiomatic can soon be counted." There followed a Finnish week in Stockholm in 1936.

Why the Finns should have taken the lead in improving the Fennoscandian *rapprochement* must be the subject of speculation. It seems to me that Finland began to be really disturbed by the 1935 Anglo-German naval agreement. This was the passport to Germany to come back as mistress of the Baltic. And Nazi strengthening of the Baltic position, coupled with their known interest in the Aalands, implied a threat to Fennoscandia's neutrality in case of European war.

It was the prospect of a Nazi-Bolshevik clash, of course, that bothered the Finns. But a Nazi-Bolshevik agreement to divide Baltic spoils was feared as much as Nazi-Bolshevik fighting over Baltic spoils. I think that even around this time the Finns were becoming very worried over the prospect

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of a Russo-German alliance to that end. That fear came to a head in 1939 when Hitler and Stalin signed their pact.

It is often said that only when it was discovered that the Hitler-Stalin pact was an alliance on a military basis were the Finns alarmed. I don't think, as I say elsewhere, that the Finns had any idea of the Soviet-German terms. But any get-together between Moscow and Berlin was in the nature of things an omen of bad cheer to Helsinki, and I know it was somewhere at the back of Finnish minds at the time that Fennoscandia was being created.

I judge this from a note in my 1937 diary made on my trip to Finland. Here it is :

Finland joined the loose confederation because she is afraid of Russia and Germany coming together.

For the life of me I can't recall who made that sagacious remark. At the time, I know, I put it down to Finnish fears. Perhaps the remark came from the present Prime Minister of Finland, Risto Ryti. For of all European leaders I met then Ryti gave me the best conspectus of the shape of European things to come—a tribute both to his prescience and his position at the best ground-floor window in Europe.

What Ryti definitely did say to me was an observation of which the above perhaps was my own interpretation : " Finland's only hope is for Germany and Russia to keep apart. We hope that Britain can stay neutral. That would be our salvation. Let them fight it out if they want to." ¹

Mr Ryti then said, and my next chapter will show the background for his reflection, " You know we Finns prayed in the last war the seemingly impossible prayer that both sides would be defeated, and God answered our prayer. Both sides to us were Germany and Russia, and they were defeated, and the result was that we could become truly independent."

Evidently, therefore, it was to ward off a vague fear at the back of Finnish minds of a Hitler-Stalin pact as well as

¹ I now understand from some one who was in Helsinki at the time that as far back as 1919 Rudolf Holsti, fresh from his diplomatic post in the Allied capitals, warned the Foreign Office of precisely such an alignment in the future.

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a Hitler-Stalin clash that Finland worked with might and main to make Fennoscandia a military alliance.

But in Aaland diplomacy the dominant consideration in Finland was the prospect that one side in a Nazi-Bolshevik conflict might use the Aalands as a base against the other. An end to such a danger would be served by Fenno-Swedish fortification. For in that event neither side in a Nazi-Bolshevik conflict would be afraid of an Aalands acquisition by the other. Finland's anxieties on this score were more than shared by Sweden. Indeed, the islands, which control the entrance to Stockholm, had constantly bemused Swedish statesmanship, and became the special concern of Foreign Minister Sandler of Sweden. Defences on the islands seemed to him a pressing necessity when the collective security of the League of Nations split off into the alliance system symbolized by Munich. It looked to Sandler as if the Nazis would get embroiled with the Bolsheviks.

Accordingly a so-called Stockholm Plan was negotiated with Finland under Sandler's ægis. It was signed on January 7, 1939. Finland was to supply the fortifications, Sweden to join in the defence in case of any challenge to Finland's sovereignty.

But first of all the League Powers' consent to fortification had to be obtained, as provided for under the 1922 League decision. In due course the necessary permissions were granted. Remained Soviet Russia, now a member of the League, but not a party to the 1922 decision. Britain and France suggested that Moscow should be asked to consent to the Stockholm Plan, too.

It is often said that the Swedes pusillanimously backed out of the Stockholm Plan till Soviet consent had been secured. I was given a contrary version in Stockholm. And it came from good authority. I am assured that it was Britain and France, apparently with misgivings themselves about post-Munich Germany, who made the suggestion. So Finland and Sweden turned to Moscow.

In sounding out the Soviet Ambassador in Paris, I am told, both Finland and Sweden had been given to understand that Soviet consent would be *pro forma*. "It

can all be done in the forenoon at Geneva," he told my informant.

But the delaying tactics of Britain and France seem to have scotched Soviet consent. Already Soviet foreign policy was undergoing its own metamorphosis from collective security to *saue qui peut*, and that meant making sure of the Gulf of Finland, with its approach to Leningrad. Litvinoff's dismissal marked the dividing-line. From then on the Kremlin has been concerned only with creating what in succeeding chapters I call its own safety-belt against a possible combination of hostile Powers. The Swedo-Finnish request came to Moscow a month after Litvinoff's dismissal.

"Just a month too late," sighed an informed Swede.

Moscow may suddenly have recalled German interest in the Aalands as well as its new defensive designs. At any rate, it put its foot down on the Stockholm Plan, and has kept that foot down ever since.

The Swedish Parliament waited in vain for the Government to submit the Stockholm Plan for ratification. Time came for adjournment in May 1939. But before breaking up the parliamentarians provided for their own recall in case the Government in the meantime had obtained Soviet consent. The question was important enough to Sweden for that. But all that happened was the Hansson Government's withdrawal of the Bill.

Still Sandler persevered in a policy aimed at Fenno-Swedish defence works in the Aalands. He wanted to go ahead with the Stockholm Plan with or without the Great Powers' consent. Finland was willing. But the Swedish Cabinet continued to hesitate, till the Hitler-Stalin pact was signed and the European war broke out. Then the Hansson Cabinet swung over to the Sandler point of view, but Sandler now found a new stumbling-block in Finland!

Remember that Finnish support of the Stockholm Plan had been based upon a Nazi-Bolshevik clash. Now that a pact instead of a clash had arrived, the need for making sure of Swedish troops in the Aalands in girding up Finnish sovereignty over the islands during a Nazi-Bolshevik clash had disappeared. This is what explained the change in

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Finnish front. Here was a revelation of a blind spot in Finnish statesmanship.

But the Finns changed front again, and very abruptly when the Russians descended upon Finland. Then they suggested an immediate application of the Stockholm Plan. Sandler was still agreeable. But this time neither Premier Hansson nor the Cabinet would agree to Swedish co-operation. Sandler was the "voice of the North" in a Cabinet dominated by Southerners. And the Southerners began to fear that Germany would attack Sweden if any such help to Finland against Germany's ally in Moscow took the form of a Swedish occupation of the Aalands. So Sandler had to resign. This was in mid-December of 1939, and I can vouch for the utter distress of the Finns. Some of whom expressed their chagrin over their Swedish friend's departure in the most bitter terms. They did not, of course, tell me that less than a month before it was the Finns who prevented Sandler's Aalands policy from becoming a reality.

The Aalands had already lived up to their portent as a trouble-maker, and they still remain unfortified.

Sweden apparently joined with Finland in discussions on a common defence policy other than over the Aalands. But the discussions seem to have broken down or tailed off when Finland was haled to Moscow for the conversations that broke down in war.

Here is the Moscow correspondent's testimony in the *New York Times* for October 31, 1939 :

Undeterred by the failure of Sweden and Norway to give them concrete backing, which the Scandinavians first showed an inclination to do, but subsequently hurriedly withdrew, it is apparently considered in Helsinki that if Russia refuses to make a reasonable compromise Finland will be compelled to defend herself, and that the Scandinavian States would be obliged eventually to take steps to prevent Finland being wholly overrun by the Soviet.

Why did Sweden hurriedly withdraw from what seemed to be the logic of Fennoscandia? The tradition in Swedish bones, after all, is that the Swedish frontier is really the

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river Systerbäck, the Karelian frontier river between Russia and Finland. It would seem that the Germans absolutely scared the Swedes out of forthright support of Finland when the Finnish-Soviet crisis came.

In the war Swedish support went to Finland in volume, in money, in guns, in supplies, in overwhelming public sympathy that many times seemed (to those perhaps who didn't know Sweden) destined to overwhelm official restraint, and later in volunteers. But it was always soft-pedalled lest the Germans take umbrage. Every Swede seemed to believe that there was a secret clause in the Hitler-Stalin pact that if Stalin fell on Finland, and if Sweden thereupon went to Finland's aid, then the Germans would fall on Skåne, or the Swedish south.

This fear seems to have proved a decisive turning-point in keeping Sweden from making common cause with Finland at Moscow. At the beginning of the war between Britain and Germany I asked a well-known Swedish banker where Sweden stood. He said, "An American asked me that the other day, and I replied, 'Well, we are still against Russia.'"

That was before the U.S.S.R. had shown its hand in the Baltic. But when the Soviet came rampaging towards the Swedish frontier the chief preoccupation in Sweden became Germany, not this reawakening of the Russian giant, the Swedes' ancient enemy.

It seemed at one time during the Moscow negotiations as if Sweden were bent upon making common cause with Finland. I mean when the Scandinavian Kings and the Finnish President held their historic conference in Stockholm while the Moscow conversations were going on. This was on October 18.

No Swede of whatever age had witnessed anything more memorable than the appearance of the three Kings and President Kallio on the balcony of the Swedish royal palace. The Lejonbacken was jammed so tight that nobody could move. The aged King Gustaf had just stirred all Sweden to the depths by declaring that on the night that the Finnish delegates had gone to Moscow "I did not sleep."

All Scandinavia, indeed, had been losing sleep while the

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Finns were in Moscow. They seemed to see the Russian Bear preparing again to lumber westward. People from all classes of society, from communists to nobles, watched the three Scandinavian kings, so tall, so aristocratic-looking, bring on to the balcony the squat figure of Finland's farmer-President Kallio, and shouted, wept, and sang with most un-Swedish abandon. Kallio was the idol of Stockholm that night. His name and picture covered the front pages of the entire Scandinavian Press.

But Sweden did not join Finland. History had repeated itself. The Scandinavian movement in the middle of the last century collapsed when Austria and Prussia took Schleswig-Holstein from Denmark. Sweden marched up the hill, and then marched down again. In those days there was a Scandinavian movement, but when Sweden failed to make common cause with Denmark it was derisively called *Scandinavismen punsch* (a Swedish drink). Sweden seemed to have marched up the hill for Finland, and then to have marched down again, and out of fear of Germany. In my last chapter I shall inquire whether Fennoscandia will become another *Scandinavismen punsch*.

This was the major reason, evidently, why the Swedes didn't make common cause with the Finns. In Moscow, Sweden made several representations. There was the time on October 12 when the President of the United States had also interceded. Again on November 2 the Swedish Minister, unrecorded by the Press, called with a Note. On the first occasion the plenipotentiary was rebuffed in the worst Ribbentrop manner. On the second occasion the Note, which I am assured was couched in extremely strong terms, was simply returned. Moreover, the other Scandinavians subsequently expressed their concern to Molotoff on November 5. But Stalin seemed to know beforehand that Sweden wouldn't line up with Finland right away. In this he was right, though he miscalculated about Finland herself, and miscalculated badly. In Helsinki I asked one of Finland's delegates to Moscow about Sweden in Moscow, "Didn't Stalin count on Sweden not coming to Finland's help in case of a sudden descent upon Finland?"

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The Finlander replied, "I suppose it would have been a restraint if Sweden had made quite clear that she would make common cause with us."

There are several differences between the Danish experience in 1860 and the Finnish experience in 1939. It was Charles XV who was in favour of intervention in Denmark against Austria and Prussia, and the Government which restrained him. In 1939 the leading cautionist was King Gustaf. Moreover, Finland is much more involved with Sweden than Denmark is, and a hands-off Swedish official policy, in consequence, is no insurance of escape. At the end of 1939, the Swedes were straining their resources to help Finland under the guise of non-intervention, but feeling uncomfortable, withal, that the failure to hang together might mean hanging separately.

The official discomfort was not alleviated by an apparently inspired dispatch appearing from Helsinki in the *London Times* of January 1. After giving the New Year message from Premier Risto Ryti, the correspondent added that the Finns

openly discuss among themselves the course future events must take if sufficiently effective reinforcements do not come betimes from abroad, and if Russia's inexhaustible manpower is allowed finally to succeed in forcing the valiant Finnish army back from what is looked on as the eastern frontier of Scandinavia. For, as seen from here, Scandinavia and Finland are of one piece. In the present conflict the frontier between Finland and Sweden does not exist, so far as the Finns are concerned, any more than the border between two English counties. It is understood here, even by the man in the street, that if sheer weight of numbers is allowed eventually to prevail, and if Finland's incomparable armed forces retreat from their position, there cannot be any thought of yielding. It is clearly understood the Finns will fight as they retire—as they retire into Sweden.

Fennoscandia began, as I say, as a geological term, and might again be brought down to earth amid the harsh realities which are to-day investing all Scandinavia.

CHAPTER III

FINLAND'S BIG THREE

I AM too fervent a democrat to be a 100 per cent. believer in Carlyle's great man theory of history. Great leaders, I believe, are thrown up by great people—a variant of the saying that we get the Government we deserve. Nevertheless one can go along with Carlyle to the extent of saying that, obviously enough, great leaders do focus, channel, and bring to fruition a nation's urge to unity. This was the case with the United States, and it is the case with Finland.

In Finland, in fact, three leaders constantly reminded me of America's Big Three : George Washington, Alexander Hamilton, Thomas Jefferson. It isn't a perfect analogy. My Finnish Jefferson happens to be a man who hasn't Jefferson's prepossessions and prejudices for an agrarian civilization. Still, in everything but his prejudices he is Finland's Jefferson. The other two Finns add up respectively to George Washington and Alexander Hamilton almost to the life.

All three have as a common denominator the consuming ambition to contribute their several talents in making and knitting together an independent and progressive Finland.

My big three are : Gustaf Charles Emil Mannerheim, Commander-in-Chief of Finland's army ; Risto Ryti, Prime Minister ; Väinö Tanner, Minister of Foreign Affairs. In these three, I suggest, Americans will recognize some of the lineaments of their own founding fathers.

In the life and career of Mannerheim one might trace the rise of Finland to statehood. Like Washington, the seventy-two-year-old Mannerheim has become a near-god even in his lifetime. You have only to see him at his hotel at the Grand in Helsinki to notice the veneration with which the Army regards him. Officers obviously try to

come near him just for the purpose of having the supreme honour of making a salute. You feel that they palpitate as they salute. This homage happened even before the outbreak of war. Then he was virtually a private citizen, for, like Washington, he retired from official life after he had served his country by establishing it firmly in its independence.

The Finnish people share this hero-worship with the Finnish Army. Mannerheim, though never President, is nevertheless regarded as above Presidents, and the thorniest problem in Finnish society is involved when Mannerheim and the President happen to be at a party together. The President, of course, has to take precedence. But somehow the Finns feel that Mannerheim shouldn't be Number 2 to anybody.

Mannerheim strikes a figure in other countries besides Finland. He is the sort of man whom it would be an insult to call septuagenarian. Six feet two, handsome, and erect, you *have* to notice him. The Germans realized that several years ago when they planned a joint reception for Mannerheim and the Swedish Crown Prince. There is what somebody has called a 'virile dandyism' about Mannerheim. And when the Germans saw him they immediately realized that Mannerheim would steal the show. So they gave separate receptions.

The Marshal comes naturally by a charm that, as the French say, springs to the eyes. But his presence is an acquirement as well as a gift. It is accounted for in part by such habits as an early morning ride and a studied addiction to the art of being impressive and fascinating.

A lady, meeting him on his seventieth birthday, commented on his youthful appearance.

He replied, "Madam, there is such a thing as artifice even at my age."

Mannerheim, like Washington, was born into the class of landed gentry, the son of a Swedo-Finnish landowner belonging to the Swedish nobility and an official at Villnäs, west of Aabo, or, in Finnish, Turku. It is in this neighbourhood that most of the Swedo-Finns live. Born into a

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household that spoke only Swedish, he didn't learn Finnish till the 1917 Revolution, but now speaks that weird language perfectly. You have only to look into the Finnish language to realize that this was testimony equally to his hardihood as to his patriotism.

You can see from Mannerheim's soldierly bearing that young Mannerheim was brought up to be a cavalry officer. This was in the days when Finland was an autonomous Grand Duchy under the Tsars. Before Russification set in Finland was allowed even to have a tiny army of its own. And so young Mannerheim was sent to a Finnish cadet school at Fredrikshamn, near Viipuri, the place where Swede and Muscovite signed their peace in 1809 transferring Finland from the Swedish to the Romanoff crown.

If stories are true Washington had a share of youthful pranks, and young Mannerheim seems to have had his share too. His escapades, indeed, ensured him expulsion from cadet school. Apparently they had a Russian flavour, for his persevering father sent him to St Petersburg, where he entered the cavalry school. Thus Mannerheim was trained in the army which he subsequently defeated, as was George Washington. Here he found himself in his right *milieu*. Apart from Mannerheim's youthful dash, Finnish officers were very popular in St Petersburg, and Mannerheim quickly made his mark. His superb horsemanship added its own impress. Consequently Mannerheim before long had become a popular figure in Court society, and for a time commanded the Tsar's bodyguard—friend as well as bodyguard of the Imperial family.

The opportunity to show that Court life hadn't softened Mannerheim came in the Russo-Japanese war of 1904-5. Just as George Washington fought for the British in Canada, so Mannerheim fought for the Russians on the Manchurian plains. His service earned him promotion and a decoration for bravery on the field. But the Manchurian campaign did something more for Mannerheim than merely give him his first taste of warfare. It whetted a taste for the Orient.

The call of the East was so clamant, indeed, that on his return to St Petersburg he sought permission to lead a

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reconnaissance expedition through Central Asia. In 1907 he got his authorization.

The expedition was a kind of Tschiffely's ride. With a companion he set off on horseback from Moscow, and rode all the way to Peking, mapping out the route for the general staff. All told the ride was 10,000 miles long. It wasn't a direct journey, but took him through Russian and Chinese Turkestan, along the storied caravan routes travelled by Marco Polo, as far south as Honan Province, then north to the edge of the Mongolian steppe at Kalgan, and south to the imperial city of Peking.

Out of this trip came no travel book, however. In addition to valuable work for the Russian staff he produced in his spare time an ethnographic treatise or two on Central Asia. Mannerheim had begun to show that the life of a courtier was only the lighter side of his career.

Still, his polish and diplomacy were no mean assets either to himself or to his Emperor. They earned him rapid promotion in the Tsar's army no less than his soldierly abilities. He rose to be a full Colonel of a Uhlan regiment in 1910, and Major-General of the Uhlan Guards in 1911. Major-General at forty-four was pretty good going in the Tsar's army, and the Tsar began to look around personally for the rôle that Mannerheim could best fill. He found it at Warsaw.

Russia under the Romanoffs and under the Bolsheviks has always been beset by its centrifugalism no less than by its potential revolutionarism. Centrifugalism was probably worse in Imperial Russia because of the vaster domains of the Tsar. No peripheral stone in the Tsar's crown looked looser than Poland, unless it was Finland; and to Warsaw, therefore, went Mannerheim and his diplomatic gifts. Officially the General appeared at his Polish post as commandant of the Imperial Russian cavalry brigade. Unofficially he shone in the drawing-room and the ballroom, and he did his Tsar's bidding so successfully that his only biographer says that he captivated Polish society.¹ Glittering as the aristocratic Poles can be, Mannerheim seems to have

¹ Kai Donner, *Fältmarskalken Friherre Mannerheim* (Helsinki, 1934).

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outglittered them all, but with a grace and tact that carried no suggestion of the Russian conqueror.

This was in 1914, the year that the World War broke out. The World War took him to the same stern duty to which he had been called by the Russo-Japanese War. From ball-room to battlefield! Mannerheim had the command of a cavalry corps on the Rumanian front. Here he was when the Russian Revolution broke out. Finland was in eruption too, taking advantage of this opportunity to free itself from Russian ties, Imperial or Bolshevik. In the World War the Finns had taken no part except to make money out of the Russians for supplies. Mannerheim decided to go back to the country he had left in 1901 for the Tsar's service.

How he went back was characteristic of the man. This dashing soldier, this accomplished cavalier, had no fear in his bones. He had been hardened in body and spirit by years of Spartan exercise and rough campaigning. When the news of the Revolution came through he put on his best uniform, saw that the tunic bore all his medals, and boarded a train for St Petersburg.

It was an even more exciting ride than the ride from Moscow to Peking. At every stop commissars got on the train and tried to arrest the stalwart Mannerheim. Mannerheim just threw them out, and by some kind of miracle arrived at St Petersburg with his uniform and his medals and himself still intact.

Like all Finns, who are almost Swiss-like in their love and aptitude for shooting, he has the reputation of being a good shot. But his biographer insists that bravery and the power of his impressive eye only were required in that exciting journey.

Here we must leave Mannerheim's biographer. The remainder of the story of Mannerheim has been given to me by friends and associates who then came into his new life as a Finlander.

Finnish independence was declared on December 6, 1917. By that time Mannerheim was back in Helsinki. No Finn of any standing knew him, and his life had been too long

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spent in Russia and in Russian society to earn for him any prestige in Finland. Some even spoke of the repatriated Swede-Finn as a traitor. He waited to see what would happen now that his native country had unshackled itself from foreign bondage.

The times were so chaotic that even this recent history is blurred. The country was an armed camp. With the end of war and war industries had come grievous unemployment. Lenin's Russia promptly recognized the new Finnish Government—indeed, was the first Government to recognize the new Finland. But Russian Red troops still remained in Finland. And they joined or they were joined by malcontents, scum thrown up by disorder, unemployed, and just plain good Social Democrats. Also left in Finland were loyal Russian troops, now called Whites, who had been joined by loyal soldiers fleeing from Russia proper. Between the two foreignized corps were the old armed Finnish patriots. One element was the Civil Guard, then in Finland, and the other was composed of the Finns who had been fighting for Germany against Russia as the best way of fighting for a free Finland. Most of these latter patriots were still in Germany.

Here were the factions who were squaring off against each other when Finland declared her independence and announced elections for the first Diet in independence history.

The tinder set ablaze when the Reds tried to pull off a *coup d'état*. They had got inside the Social Democratic party, and had now blown it up. Civil war promptly broke out. No White leader appeared in sight who could unite the various elements among the Whites and anti-Red patriots. Each of the elements felt a kind of monopoly of leadership. The leader must be a Finn, but from which faction? The Civil Guard had undeniable claims as the nucleus of Finland's first independence Army. The Finns returning from Germany had theirs. They were called Jaegers, taking their name from the regiment which they had formed in the German Army, the 27th Prussian Jaeger Regiment. They had been trained both in German schools

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and with Germans on the battlefield in the modern art of war.

In their jealousy they turned to the unknown Mannerheim, around whom the Whites had logically flocked, and to his banner on the Bothnian coast also came volunteers from other countries, chiefly Sweden and Germany, to extirpate the insurrectionaries. The Jaegers had probably been fighting against Mannerheim's command on the Eastern Front only a short year before.

"Mannerheim's appointment," said one of his closest associates to me, "was one of the accidents of history."

The tact of George Washington is what kept the Revolutionary army together. He had rival generals to appease, he had to bear with generals who wanted his job, he had to weld into his command alien elements, and to look abroad for his staff officers. A man who was more a soldier was needed in those days to lead the liberators.

It was the same problem for Mannerheim. If Mannerheim had needed a combination of tact and generalship in the past he needed it now. As he looked at his hastily formed White Army he must have said with the Duke of Wellington, when he reviewed his troops on the eve of the battle of Waterloo, or as George Washington might have said at Valley Forge, "I don't know whether you'll frighten the enemy, but, begad, you frighten me." It wasn't that the army was tatterdemalion, nondescript. There were so many factional jealousies to assuage, so many international ambitions to stamp out. But Mannerheim healed them all, carried the campaign to a victorious conclusion, and saved Finland for the Finns.

Finland could never be free so long as there were foreign troops remaining in Finland. The Germans were a problem no less than the Russians. I am assured by several of Mannerheim's associates that, contrary to all contemporary accounts, Mannerheim didn't want German help. He had his misgivings right from the start. He feared a German Trojan horse might take the place of the Muscovite Trojan horse which had played such havoc in Helsinki. It was the Government under Svinhufvud, an old Finnish

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patriot with pro-German leanings, who invited the Germans.

There are conflicting accounts of the service that the Germans rendered. The Swedes who made up Mannerheim's general staff think their service to Finland has been grossly overrated. Till the Hitler-Stalin pact the Nazis used to sing the praises of the Finlander *Kämpfer* as the real liberators of Finland from the Soviet yoke. (Since the Hitler-Stalin pact these assertions among others must have been standing up in rebuke against Germany's present 'benevolent neutrality' to Soviet Russia in Finland.) The argument is much like the Wellington-Blücher argument at the battle of Waterloo. The Germans, under the command of von der Goltz, arrived late, as Blücher did. But they seem to have arrived in time to reap all the laurels. From their landing-point at Hangö on April 6 they pushed on to Helsinki, and the Red Government took flight, though Mannerheim had already crushed the enemy at the battle of Tampere on April 6, too. On May 16, 1918, Mannerheim entered Helsinki in triumph.

The Germans helped Mannerheim no less and no more than the French helped Washington, and in no wise dimmed the glory of either's leadership or generalship. What Mannerheim had feared then came to pass. The Finnish Government, back in office, were so grateful to the Germans that they erected a monument on the spot where they landed at Hangö. And they were ready to pay almost any price for German service that might be demanded in Berlin.

Von der Goltz itemized in advance a few of the demands. He insisted upon German instructors remaining in Helsinki to train the Finnish Army. Mannerheim resisted the claim. He wanted the Government to send all the Germans home, and to keep as instructors some Germans and some Swedes. But the civilian Government overruled him. He therefore resigned, together with the Swedish officers.

For the real motivation of Germany's help to Finland there is no need to rely on speculation. It is all in von der Goltz's memoirs. The German object, the writer says quite

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frankly, was to form "the cornerstone of German command of the sea in the Baltic." He writes :

The German troops and ships would threaten Leningrad, and flank the Murmansk railroad, the Entente's road of entry into Russia.

Little here about going to Finland's help for the sake of Finland's blue eyes ! Von der Goltz's memoirs rather spoil the picture that the Nazis were painting right up to the day of the Hitler-Stalin pact.

Even in Mannerheim's brush with the Helsinki politicians you could trace George Washington's troubles with Philadelphia, but both remained loyal to the civilian arm, though Mannerheim at this time shared Washington's gloom when the civilians seemed to be making a hash of things.

"They're going to make Finland a German Grand Duchy," he said privately at this time.

Indeed, the Germans had the Finns in their pockets. The Finnish Government in their gratitude to the Germans elected a German as Regent, and he was even elected King. This was Prince Friedrich Karl of Hesse. But the collapse of Germany saved Finland from exchanging a Hohenzollern for a Romanoff, and Finland was saved almost in spite of herself. Prince Friedrich Karl's candidature was withdrawn, the pro-German Svinhufvud fell from office, and the people turned to Mannerheim to act as Regent, as the American people turned to Washington after his victory in the field.

There seems to be justification for the view that Mannerheim himself entertained extra-Finnish ambitions. He seems to have felt that while he was engaged in extruding the Bolsheviks he might as well take the fight into Russian territory and upset the Bolsheviks in Russia itself. In such an adventure he would have ranged himself alongside the British interventionists against von der Goltz no less than the Bolsheviks.

When I heard this it occurred to me that here, indeed, was the White Hope *par excellence*, and I wondered whether he hadn't been mixed up in some of the Grand Duke Cyril's machinations against the Soviet.

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I inquired among Mannerheim's friends, but there was a vigorous head-shaking.

Apparently Mannerheim in 1918 was restrained from pursuing the Reds into Russia by fears of what the Germans might do to Finland. I haven't been able to get this part of Mannerheim's career straight. But whatever ambitions he may have had in Russia, they were soon overlaid by his enlistment in the great work of putting Finland on her international feet. He forgot Russia in his absorption in Finland.

The position of Regent was merely a temporary post accepted while the Government was in process of establishment. It wasn't a Horthy Regency by any manner of means. One might call it equivalent to the position of provisional president. When a Government had been set up after Germany's collapse the mortified Finns again had a job for Mannerheim. It was to woo recognition out of the Allies, who hadn't much cause to be grateful to Finland for her curious burst of Germanophilia.

"I was again their last card," said Mannerheim at this time to a friend, but without any rancour.

This friend puts Mannerheim's diplomatic work among the Allies at the pinnacle of his achievements. From capital to capital he went, pleading the cause of Finland. He not only won recognition for Finland; he won friends for Finland. Of himself, moreover, British and French society retains pleasant memories.

That these friendships have endured on Mannerheim's part is testified by his frequent visits to the Allied countries. His social affinity is really with English society. If Mannerheim is pro-anything besides pro-Finnish he is pro-English. It is the sporting pleasures of the English countryside that call him chiefly to England. Like Washington, he is a country gentleman at heart. But hunting the fox is only one of the delights of the chase for Mannerheim; he also joins in English parties to Bengal for tiger-shooting. It is this activity, and his never-failing morning ride, that has kept him in good trim for his present engagement with the Russian Bear.

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Sandwiched between these engagements in the hunting fields of England are parties at Claridge's or the baronial halls of England, for which the Baron has a zest which is carried over from the days of the old *régime* in St Petersburg and Warsaw.

Time and leisure he has had in plenty for these diversions. Finland when the time came in 1919 for a Presidential election turned to a civilian. Since then Mannerheim has been, officially speaking, in virtual retirement. That didn't mean that he withdrew his availability from Finland. He lived on in Helsinki, ready to be another 'last card' whenever his country needed his services, working behind the scenes to prevent the need for any 'last card.' And that meant using his great gifts as an emollient of factionalism at home and an unofficial ambassador at large abroad.

Especially was he anxious to see Finland keep out of the rival camps that were forming on the ashes of Geneva. Any Germanic orientation he frowned upon. He may have hunted and danced in England, but he never wanted to see his country play any British game either. To him the 'Scandinavian outline' was the thing. His views on the international situation came from his close contacts with the leaders of all countries *en pantoufles*.

This will dispense with any seeming suggestion that Mannerheim is a *flâneur*. He is a man of action and a man of leisure both. Whatever he is doing he is leading a full life. Moreover, he has gone along with his country on the progressive lines which have marked the second decade of its independence history. One example will suffice. Out of his personal means he has organized and supported one of the most up-to-date systems of child welfare to be seen in Europe. That system is one of many social innovations that Finland offers as justification for her short history as an independent state. Mannerheim has grown with the times and with Finland. Never a word has been breathed against his loyalty to the principles underlying the Republican Government, even during the Fascist movement in the early thirties.

"They tried to use me," he said to a friend, "but I'll

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never be used by a faction or a movement. In fact, I won't be used at all."

The Finns found another real job for Mannerheim when the international skies turned overcast with the dawn of the thirties. It was time for all countries to look to their defences. Finland prayed for the best, but prepared for the worst. They built the Mannerheim Line, and welded a fighting unit out of Finland's army. Mannerheim became chairman of a new defence committee. It came to be understood that if the worst came to the worst he would be Commander-in-Chief again.

The worst came on November 30, 1939.

As I walked among the *débris* of Helsinki's bombed streets that day I saw posters being put up. There were two of them : one a Presidential proclamation that Finland was in a state of war, and the other a Presidential proclamation surrendering the *rôle* as Commander-in-Chief, which the Finnish President retains under the country's democratic constitution, to Marshal Mannerheim.

I can vouch for the fact that no proclamation geared a nation spiritually into a fighting mood more than the proclamation making Mannerheim Commander-in-Chief. Twenty years of unostentatious work for his country had put an aura over his more spectacular achievements. Truth and faith in him are the guerdon of those twenty years. A Finn among Finns !

So for the third time Mannerheim is Finland's 'last card.' He wouldn't put it that way, I know. The veneration with which he is regarded by the Finnish soldier is entirely reciprocal. In his opinion the Finnish soldier is the best in the world.

As a matter of fact, their limited numbers, their 'encirclement,' have bred in the Finnish bone a feeling that the price of survival is to be better than ten. A menace to survival brings out a fanaticism which made Tacitus observe, "The Finns are a very wild people." Sometimes the fighting Finns recall one's boyhood reading of Cromwellian days. But the rampaging comes out only when circumstances, foreign or domestic, seem to be threatening the Finn's right to live

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and work constructively. Even the pacific Chinese are subject to what somebody has called "social typhoons." When the Finns live and work they live and work ; when they fight they fight.

In the Civil War, for instance, a French magazine writer, who happened to be caught in Tampere while Mannerheim was investing it, wrote of Finnish women and children of twelve in the opposing Red front, "*Cette frénésie dans la défense a vraiment quelque chose de profondément émouvant.*"

The Finnish soldiers know that Mannerheim reciprocates their esteem. For Mannerheim is part of his army. That is his strength—this genius of a faculty for fascinating everybody with whom he comes into contact, from Tsar to the Karelian peasant who ploughs the fields with a rifle strapped on his back. He can talk to everybody in his own language.

Military writers since the war began have been unstinting in their devotion to both Finnish bravery and Mannerheim leadership. The London *Times* calls the Finnish defence "a page from an epic poem." Not merely is it due to the heroic courage of the Finns, it says : it has been due to an "intense study of the art of war as applied to a country like their own." In this connexion I have asked Mannerheim's friends whether in fact he is a student of war.

"Not at all," they say. "He's studied neither Clausewitz nor Foch, but relies on a kind of instinct. He is a soldier born more than trained who knows his country and his countrymen."

"The last Knight of Europe," said one of them, a Swedish count, who is now close to him in the military operations, as he was in the Civil War.

"A man whose superlative gift is not his generalship, great as that is, but his ability to charm all around him, whether his staff officers or his bugle boy," said another.

"One who can talk to the heart in anybody," wound up a third.

Of such is Finland's George Washington.

Finland's Alexander Hamilton is Risto Ryti. You will get a hint of Ryti's meaning to Finland when I say that he

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was the man whom the Finns asked to be Prime Minister in their country's greatest peril. There is a hint of his consequence to Finland in the further knowledge that he went to the Prime Minister's office from a bank parlour. True, the parlour was the Governor's office in the Bank of Finland. But it was a bank parlour nevertheless. It was almost as if Marriner S. Eccles, Governor of America's Federal Reserve Banking system, were made President on America's going into war. Obviously Ryti must be a remarkable man.

Three years ago I canvassed many important folk as to the economic and financial leaders I should try to see on a tour of Europe. There are many countries in Europe, big and little. And I was going to most of them. But the man who got the most votes was this Finlander in far-away Helsinki.

"He is probably the most sagacious man you could see," said one.

"He ranks with the very top in central banking," observed another.

"What he doesn't know about Europe, political and economic Europe, isn't worth knowing," remarked a third adviser.

"Assuredly you must see Risto Ryti," said Ivar Rooth, Stockholm's Governor of Sweden's Riksbank, when I got to Stockholm. "You couldn't possibly go back to America without seeing him."

And, sure enough, Ryti on acquaintance lived up to all the advance notices. At that time the economists, particularly those in Sweden, were saying that inflation was just around the corner. I'd heard that when I left America. The welkin had been ringing with inflation talk all through the 1936 election and after. But Ryti not only bade me look out for a Russo-German pact; he forewarned me of a possible deflation in 1937.

It was strange to find a central banker so communicative. It was strange, furthermore, to find a banker, central or other, indulging in prognostication. They are pretty cagey as a class. The texture of their cloth, not to say their

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responsibility, I suppose, forbids any positive statements, even if the bankers have developed them in private.

Ryti, however, has a habit of talking out in meeting. Not only to me, but in the Press, he rebutted the *expertise* of Swedish pundits who had been arguing that Ivar Rooth should take counteraction against this inflation around the corner. Montagu Norman, Governor of the Bank of England, is said to rank Ryti second to Germany's Dr Hjalmar Schacht as a central banker. I could well believe him after my experience in 1937, for deflation—and what deflation!—gripped the world soon after I got back to America, not the touted inflation.

Nor in international gatherings is Ryti afraid to speak out. Ryti won't be still if he has anything important on his mind. In 1933 the world sought to stop the rot of the world depression by meeting together in economic counsel. Previously the League of Nations had got world experts together to prepare an agenda. Risto Ryti was a member of both the experts committee and this World Monetary and Economic Conference. At the former meeting he startled the closeted experts by saying that the only way to prepare for the conference was for both France and the United States to leave the gold standard together. Then all the countries could enter the world parley on equal terms. The French expert was shocked by such outspokenness.

"Ssh," he said. "Think of what would happen if such talk got outside this committee room."

One of the greatest flops, as it turned out, was this World Monetary and Economic Conference. After the experts had met the United States did leave the gold standard, as had Great Britain and most of the rest of the world. But France was still sticking to the gold standard—and continued to stick to it through thick and thin (mainly thin)—when the world delegates met at South Kensington. President Roosevelt is supposed to have 'torpedoed' the confab in messages sent from a vacation-bound battleship. But most experts, I fancy, feel that the conference was sunk from the start by the failure to prepare for the meeting in the Ryti manner.

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It is not strange, after all, that little Finland should throw up a financial statesman of the first water. She has had a habit of throwing up front-rank men. Sibelius is a Finn, and I believe he is considered to be the world's leading composer. The Nobel prize winner in literature for 1939 was a Finn, Sillanpää. A sculptor said to be without a superior is Väinö Aaltonen. To architecture Finland gave Saarinen, and now Finland has given him to America. In the world of sports the name of Nurmi still echoes with memories. And so on. So the fact that in Finland you will find an outstanding example of financial statecraft is perhaps not altogether surprising.

Now Ryti is Finland's great debt-payer, as was Alexander Hamilton, who settled the American debt to America's allies in 1800. I can now see the light of recognition in American eyes. For all that most Americans know about Finland is, as I have said, that they are honourable folk when it comes to paying their debts. For the rest there is a vague feeling that they belong to what one writer calls the Esquimo *intelligentsia* !

And what debt-payers they are !

In a world of repudiators, defaulters, what the French call deferrers, and just plain bilkers, Finland has an unmatched record. The Finns pay. They pay on time. They pay till it hurts. Risto Ryti as Minister of Finance and later as Governor of the Bank of Finland has been Finland's agent in insisting upon paying, in paying promptly, and in building up the country with debt-paying capacity.

A word about the debts. It is impossible to get it through the American cranium that Finland's debt isn't a War debt. That is the fault of the American newspapers. Some years ago I was assigned to write a study for the Council on Foreign Relations in New York on War-debt history.¹ Otherwise, I suppose, I should have remained as ignorant of their complicated origins as the ordinary newspaper-reader. With this advantage I have written every half-year in the column I contribute to my newspaper that Finland isn't a War debtor. But every half-year the news

¹ *American Foreign Relations, 1928* (New York, Council on Foreign Relations).

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editors headline Finland as a War debtor. The facts should be disposed of.

The civil war in Finland left Finland prostrate and starving. Conditions were so horrible that the bread of the Finnish people was composed mainly of ground birch-bark. Help came from various countries. From the United States under Act of Congress, February 1919, the Finns received shipments of grain and foodstuffs on loan. They were part of the stock which the United States had accumulated for war purposes. If Finland hadn't bought them I don't know who would have, now that the War was over. Anyway, the loan came to the desperate and impoverished Finns as manna from heaven.

This is the loan that's generally called Finland's War debt. Obviously it can't be likened to the loans to America's associates in the war-making against Germany. It was really on all-fours with other American post-War loan-making of surplus war material and surplus foodstuffs. France, like Finland, bought some of that surplus. Britain didn't. And logical France always kept the two sets of payments apart. The War debt she called (hopefully) 'political'; the post-War debt she called 'commercial.' But when the United States sought after the War to put Europe's IOUs in some sort of debt form she classified them together as War debts.

It was probably the worst kind of debt-funding that was ever perpetrated. Alexander Hamilton would have blushed at it. The United States lumped War and post-War debts together higgledy-piggledy. Interest was charged according to what the debtor would pay, not, as was said at the time, according to their 'capacity to pay.' The debt settlements consequently exhibit the most unfair discrimination. First-comers paid an average interest rate of 3.3 per cent. Finland led the procession, and this was the price she paid for it. The last-comer, Italy, got away with an interest rate of 0.4 per cent., as I recall.

And only Finland, bearing the highest interest burden, and probably having the least 'capacity to pay' in several periods of her paying history, has stuck it out.

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Three years ago I commented on Finland's rectitude to the Finn who drove me to my hotel in Helsinki.

"Eet iss our hon-our," he said simply, and without undue pride.

But I found a less simple feeling among the Finns in responsible posts. No regret, of course, that they had lived up to their engagement. They were simply uncomfortable in their glass bowl. Nor did they hesitate to tell me why.

"You in America protest too much. We have a feeling that this excessive praise is really a weapon to beat the other debtors with. We aren't certain that we like to be used that way, especially when we realize that our debt cannot be put in the same category as Britain's, for instance."

As a matter of fact, Britain helped Finland to pay its debt to the United States. You can pay debts in foreign money only by earning foreign money. And ultimately there's no other way than by trade. Of all the customers who could buy more from Finland Britain in the early days of the harassing thirties seemed the best bet, and Finland began to cultivate commercial Britain accordingly. A new commercial agreement was arrived at which rescued Finnish trade from the jaws of British protectionism and imperial favours. Trade both coming and going went up. Britain had always been Finland's Number 1 customer; now she went well to the top, leaving Germany 'way behind.

This is the relative percentual position of the two countries (with the United States added) in Finland's total trade for the 1939 months up to August:

	EXPORTS TO	IMPORTS FROM
Britain	41.6	20.1
Germany	15.5	21.0
United States	11.0	10.1

Notice here that most of the foreign exchange which Finland earns in trade comes from the British. Britain buys anywhere up to a half of all Finnish exports, but sells only a fifth of all that Finland imports. The balance goes to pay for goods bought from other countries—and for interest on Finland's foreign debt.

None of this depreciates in the slightest the great virtue

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of Finland as a debt-payer, nor of Finland's Risto Ryti in basing his financial policy over the last ten years upon the maintenance and repayment of foreign debt. In this respect his record in putting Finland on its financial feet and at the same time in hoisting Finnish credit in the eyes of the world puts him in the same class, *mutatis mutandis*, as Mannerheim. He did for the new Finland what Alexander Hamilton did for the young America.

As Minister of Finance Ryti insisted upon Finland leading the world to America to compose its post-War IOUs in debt form. Not for the sake of being the leader at all. Ryti simply wanted to put the obligation straight. In 1923 he went to America and signed the debt agreement.

He then assumed new duties as Governor of the Bank of Finland. And in this office he indulged in what the bankers call an 'easy money' policy. That means that he encouraged the Finns to borrow at home and abroad. Between 1922 and 1930 the foreign debt rose by 25 per cent.

I have never asked Ryti the reason for his 'easy money' policy in the twenties. It was inexcusable on grounds of safe and sane banking. But it was perhaps necessary in terms of economic recovery and national morale. Harsh living in the revolutionary and post-revolutionary days required an aftermath of encouragement as well as nourishment. Money, according to Tom Paine, is the "right of action." Accordingly Ryti saw to it that the Finns in their extremity got at least the monetary right of action.

So well did they exercise the right that Finland got up from its back without delay and began to be active again. Boom conditions, in fact, developed. In Helsinki, for instance, buildings of all kinds simply sprouted up.

The reckoning came in 1928. The bottom of Finland's foreign trade sagged and then collapsed. That meant that Finland couldn't earn the foreign exchange needed to sustain her swollen indebtedness. For debt has a habit of remaining rigid. Rather, when income falls, it looms bigger and bigger relatively.

Would Finland take the line of least resistance and simply renege on her debts? Not in the slightest. After the

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splurge on borrowed money came a course of belt-tightening in order to keep up the payments. The bankers have a word for it: deflation.

And that means work, sweat, sacrifice, privation. No country was hit harder by the depression than Finland was. No country got out of it the Spartan way that Finland did. No country got out of it more quickly or more spectacularly than Finland did. There was no New Deal in Finland. It was an old, old Deal.

Finland's only hope of getting back on her economic feet and at the same time of keeping up her debt payments was to out-compete other countries for a rapidly diminishing foreign trade. Accordingly imports were limited. And costs were reduced by retrenchment and economy all through industry so that exports could be stimulated. The retrenchment hit wages particularly.

Details of the wage-cutting will give some notion of Finnish self-denial. You get the measure of it from a comparison with neighbouring Sweden. Hourly earnings of the Swedish sawmill worker between 1930 and 1932 declined 9 per cent., as compared with 27 per cent. among the sawmill workers in Finland. The disparity was not so pronounced in the wage rates of the pulp industry, but it was extremely wide. In Sweden hourly earnings fell 10 per cent.; in Finland they fell 20 per cent. The committee on Social Affairs of the Finnish Diet reported in 1935 that "the wages of lumber men and timber floaters had fallen generally below the limit that would have assured to the workers their livelihood." Of course, the cost of living was falling too. But wage-reduction was much steeper. At the same time unemployment, naturally enough, mounted, with the hard-pressed country unable to give the same care to the unemployed by public works and other forms of relief that other countries indulged in. Measures provided only for minimum relief. And they had to be so fashioned as not to interfere with the general deflation.

Yes, it was out of the Finnish worker's abstinence that the foreign creditor was paid. Finland kept her honour high at the expense of her stomach.

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Expert opinion agrees that it was the need for keeping up debt payments that called for this privation. Professor Arthur Montgomery¹ writes :

It seems fairly certain that, compared with Sweden, Finland's unemployment policy and financial policy in its entirety contributed toward intensifying the depression. This was the price Finland had to pay to enable her to achieve an export surplus sufficiently large to permit repayment of the country's foreign credits.

Yet Finnish self-denial had its reward. Professor Montgomery adds :

It is conceivable that it [the restrictive policy] enabled Finland to take advantage of the brighter prospects on the exports market in 1932 and 1933 still more rapidly than would otherwise have been the case.

The self-denial practised by the Finns enabled the country to get back to a competitive position on the world market as soon as business prospects, especially in Britain, opened up again.

This sacrifice was dictated by Ryti even in the teeth of social and political movements culminating in the abortive Fascist *putsch* of 1931.

But Ryti is a typical Finn in being utterly without fear. Mannerheim's exploit in going all through Revolutionary Russia in his bemedalled Tsarist uniform has a parallel in the life of civilian Ryti when he was a rising attorney in Helsinki. He then had need of a saying which many of his friends have heard him repeat : "Sätt is i magen !" This is Swedish for "Put ice in your stomach !" In November 1917, when Finland was rocking in the dark confusion of the White *versus* Red struggle, the twenty-eight-year-old Ryti was invited to the fiftieth birthday party of a Finnish magnate named Kordelin, a kind of Finnish Julius Rosenwald. The party was held in Kordelin's country home at Momilla, in Eastern Finland. Half-way through the celebrations a party of Russian Reds arrived and attacked the house. Kordelin was killed, and the rest

¹ *How Sweden Overcame the Depression* (Stockholm, Alb Bonniers Boktryckeri).

of the party escaped. In a field near by the young Ryti and his wife were suddenly stopped by the bayonet of a Russian soldier.

In those days life was very cheap, but Ryti is a very quick thinker. The ice was in his stomach, and his brain was working rapidly. It was both the ice and the cerebation that saved the Rytis' lives. He pointed to the soldier's uniform and gazed intently along his finger as if to call attention to something. At the same time he began talking. He asked the man how on earth it had happened that there was a button missing on his tunic. Ryti appeared so amazed that the soldier involuntarily looked at his tunic. There was no button, it was true, and the soldier then began to explain how he must have lost it. The two were still talking interestedly about buttons, with Mrs Ryti standing by wide-eyed, when a party of Finnish White Guards came up behind the Russian soldier and disarmed him. Ryti had talked himself out of death—a most un-Finnish characteristic, by the way, since neither the Finns nor the Swedes are talkative.

Governor Rooth, of Sweden's Riksbank, Ryti's close friend and opposite number, first told me the story. But I had it confirmed from an interesting source. The young officer in charge of the rescuing troop was Eljas Erkkö, the pre-war Minister for Foreign Affairs who became Finland's Minister to Sweden when war broke out.

In 1917 young Erkkö, then a student, had charge of a company of Civil Guards in Helsinki. The Guards were divided into groups of eight. Each group had a 'leader.' In time of trouble Erkkö and the other company commanders got in touch with their 'leaders,' who were students or clerks or workers, and these 'leaders' then rounded up their group.

Mr Erkkö recalled the Ryti incident perfectly. The alarm, he said, came through to him that some Cossacks had attacked the Kordelin estate. Immediately he got his company together and took the first train out of Helsinki. Mr Kordelin, he added, was a philanthropist whose will turned out to provide for the establishment of a trust, the

proceeds of which were to be distributed among struggling professional workers.

Ice came back to the Ryti stomach when Soviet airmen swooped down on Helsinki on November 30, 1939, and scattered explosive and incendiary bombs. I was stopping at the Hotel Kämp. A visit to the frontier the day before had prevented me from calling upon Mr Ryti as arranged. On that day I asked the telephone operator to connect me with the Bank of Finland.

"But there will be nobody there," protested the operator.

"Try, anyway," I said.

Mr Ryti was at his desk, and he chatted a while with characteristic calm.

Next day, which was just as bad, I called him up at home, thinking that, surely, the bank would be closed.

"He is not here," said Mrs Ryti, "but you'll probably find him at his desk in the bank."

She was right. Again the telephone operator suggested that the bank was closed. It was closed all right, but Mr Ryti was there, and again—an hour before he became Prime Minister—I talked over the situation.

When I told this to Governor Rooth he said, "Of course, he would be there. I was troubled that first day, and called him up myself, and right in the middle of the bombardment. I heard the sounds. They interfered with our conversation, but I finished it."

In the early years of the Finnish Republic the Ryti practice of running up a debt was almost precisely Hamiltonian. Perhaps Ryti's reasoning was different from Hamilton's. Hamilton wanted to give the moneyed folk in the new America a stake in the new Government by putting them in the *rôle* of creditors. He knew what we have since learned, that in certain circumstances a debtor can 'own' a creditor just as much as in other circumstances a creditor can 'own' a debtor. Hamilton's debtor Government kept the whip hand while he provided the moneyed class with this stake in it. Ryti, if he had any policy at this time, encouraged indebtedness in order to give the oppressed Finlanders a chance to prosper.

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David Hume says that "the practice of contracting debt will almost infallibly be abused." Ryti in his restriction policy in the world depression became an exception. Finland kept up debt payments by going through the wringer. It was a lesson. And when recovery had come Ryti inaugurated the policy of paying off foreign debts, so that Finland might become independent of foreign capital. To this policy was added the Hamiltonian policy of building up diversified industries and encouraging more diversified agriculture. Finland had been revealed, even apart from the debt incubus, to be fatally dependent upon the export of her forest products.

These were two policies which account for the remarkable credit standing abroad and the stability at home which the Finns had achieved when Soviet Russia descended upon Finland.

Ryti, in other words, refused to let the Finns enjoy all the new fat which now came to Finland after and because of the lean years of Spartan rigour. Year after year surpluses went into the repayment of foreign debt. When I was in Finland three years ago a good deal of the indebtedness had already been liquidated. Since then the remaining debt has been further reduced. The world-wide interest in Finnish debt-paying is warrant for giving the exact figures in Finnmarks from Finland's official returns (\$1=40 Finnmarks) :

December 1929	7,600,000,000
September 1939	1,040,000,000

In other words 87 per cent. of the original debt had been paid off when war broke out.

The fourth decade of the twentieth century was marked by a mammoth liquidation of debt the world over. But Finland stands alone in this old-fashioned method of liquidation by paying off.

The record of this rapid release from dependence upon foreign capital, moreover, is interesting in view of the subsequent Soviet denunciations of Finland's Government as the "tool of foreign capitalists." Soviet agents apparently

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don't see the facts under their noses. They look under beds, listen at keyholes, and do all the fantastic things in quest of 'dope' which Krivitsky, the Dies Committee, and others have revealed. If they used their eyes instead of their noses they might gather a few facts about the outside world. Then they would know what all the Finns knew—namely, that Finland's financial independence had become almost complete when the Soviet began to rain them with bombs. They would have known that the deliverance they sought for the Finns with bombs had already been accomplished by the Finns by hard work.

It is an old-fashioned virtue with the Finns to be honest. It might be interesting to see what happened in war-time to what J. M. Keynes might call this propensity to pay. As a Government the Finns remitted the December 15 instalment of their 'War' debt. On private internal debts a kind of moratorium had been declared for the men mobilized before the outbreak of war. The soldiers were relieved from paying their debts while in service, and for two months after. Moreover, when war broke out withdrawals from the savings banks were restricted.

In these circumstances there was a physical restraint on full collections by creditors, foreign or domestic.

Lunching one day with a British business-man in Stockholm who does a lot of business with Finland, I suddenly asked, "By the way, how are your Finnish accounts?"

It was the twenty-first day of the war, and I thought the Finns must be letting their debts slide, if they hadn't already had a moratorium declared for them.

The Briton looked at me in some surprise.

"Why," he said, "the Finns are paying as usual—promptly and on time. Only one of my customers so far has suggested anything unusual. And he doesn't want to get out of anything. He simply asked me whether in view of the unusual circumstances he might not pay his account with me into a Finnish bank in Finnish marks, instead of buying the exchange."



RISTO RYTI, PREMIER OF FINLAND, AND VAINÖ TANNER
FOREIGN SECRETARY

Photo E N A



PRESIDENT KALLIO
Photo Pressens Bild, Stockholm

FINLAND'S BIG THREE

The 'unusual' circumstances were that Soviet airmen were blowing up Finland's cities, invading Finland on eight fronts, and enclosing her coastline in a blockade !

Apparently none of the Briton's customers were service men, or, if they were, had means enough to keep up their obligations.

An American business-man with whom I talked later said his monthly collections in Finland came to a gross total of a million Finnmarks. He had figured that the moratorium reduced the gross to 600,000 Finnmarks.

"Now," he said, "we are collecting 350,000 Finnmarks. So that we are maintaining 35 per cent. of our pre-war gross. We consider that a mighty fine tribute to the Finns. The Finns, in spite of everything, and I mean everything, are holding up better than the Swedes—in our collections, of course. We are confident from our experience and in spite of everything that we shall get our money."

Another business-man who deals in cars told me that he had had scores of letters from Finnish customers saying how distressed they were that as the result of the war and the restrictions they weren't able to keep up their payments. Some promised to look after the cars. A few said they had driven the cars all the way from the bombed cities to inland places to be stored for safekeeping.

"We want at least to look after the cars for you till we have completed our payments."

These folk and others pledged their honour that payments would be resumed as soon as either money was available from the banks or conditions became better.

Knowing how valuable a car is in war-time, I thought of the people who had put up their half-owned cars as probably worthier than the people who had kept up their payments. The action was all of a piece with the general probity. At the outbreak of war the Government issued a proclamation asking the people to live up to their obligations where possible. In itself this was a most unusual proclamation. But, judging from these stories, the admonition was a mark of supererogation. It is the testimony of business-men that

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with no other national would they rather do business than with the Finns.¹

The other Hamiltonian policy furthered by Risto Ryti was internal development. Here the thirties have shown equally remarkable progress.

Finland is a sparsely populated country. Among European countries only Norway and Iceland have a smaller population to the square mile. Thus there is ample room for expansion. And vital statistics show that the Finns are already well on their way to people their continent of a country. In the twenty years of independent Finland, but mainly in the last ten years, Finland's population has increased by 15 per cent. In the same time Europe's population has gone up by not quite 10 per cent. This evidence, by the way, is a demonstration in itself of Finland's relative as well as absolute prosperity.

Four out of every five Finns still live on the land, and the first essential was to diversify agriculture. This has been done so successfully that Finland has become virtually self-supporting in barley, oats, and potatoes, and, I think, rye. In wheat dependence upon foreign countries is still very great, but the ratio in Finland's decade of progress has declined from 98 per cent. of consumption to 33 per cent.

Ryti watched over this agricultural renaissance with an interest which came not only from his ambition to see Finland grow, but also from his early upbringing on a Finnish farm. He knows the Finnish farm quite as well as the Finnish economy.

But his major adult habitat has been urban, industrial. In his lawyer days the youthful Ryti specialized in *vattenrätt*. This is a Swedish word meaning the laws governing waterways and water-power. He saw an industrial future for his country—the country of sixty thousand lakes—in the use of the navigable streams for light and power. To him

¹ An illustration of Finnish honesty, not to mention the sardonic quality of Finnish humour, is reported in the London *Times* of January 12, 1940. A Finnish captain was questioned as to the disposition of a lot of Russian ammunition which had been captured. "We Finns," replied the captain, "have a reputation for honesty which we cherish. So we shall send it all back again as fast as it can travel!"

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this was the basis of industrial Finland. Accordingly the thirties witnessed a great development of water sites. And around them, as at Enso, have sprung up new industrial cities, which make a wide variety of the manufactures which Finland formerly bought abroad. Here is a record from the last figures available of the remarkable rise in the output of manufacturing industry : ¹

GROSS VALUE OF OUTPUT (in millions of Finnmarks)	
1931	11,340
1937	21,070

It is doubtless unfair even to seem to put all this progress at Ryti's door. But they are Ryti policies, and he was in a position to turn the Finnish economy in this direction.

The layman is now sufficiently sophisticated financially to appreciate the dominating rôle in his fortunes played by the central bank of his country. It dominates while it does not seem to dominate, because it is the ultimate source of financial credit. But in Finland the Bank of Finland is *obviously* dominating. Under Ryti the capital of the Bank of Finland was built up till the bank became far and away the most important bank *qua* bank in Finland. On this ground alone it had to be respected by the commercial banks. Mr Ryti's personality and prestige, moreover, accounted for the Bank of Finland's extraordinary position.

Quite content were the Finns, too, to let the Bank of Finland fulfil this function. In other countries Governments seek to guide, control, or interfere with the central bank. This is not the case with Finland. The Bank of Finland is a public institution chartered by Parliament which is independently conducted by the management. Furthermore, the people through their Parliament are jealous for the independence of their central bank, and seek to keep it out of Government clutches. Listen to Mr Ryti, in a talk I had with him :

¹ *Unitas*, Quarterly Review of the Oy Pohjoismaiden Yhtyypankki, A.B. Nordiska Föreningen.

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"It may seem strange to you that Parliament actually acts as our guardian in protecting us from the Government. But that is a fact. I will give you an illustration. In 1922, when I was Minister of Finance, we had had a bad year, and consequently my budget needed repair. As the course of least resistance I wanted to help myself to the profits of the Bank of Finland. But our Parliamentary committee wouldn't let me. They said, 'You will have to raise your money somewhere else. We cannot let you fool around with the bank. It is a State bank, an independent public institution, and you can't touch it.'"

Mr Ryti added, with a smile, "I feel proud of this Parliamentary protection now that I am the Governor, and not only as the Governor, but as a Finn!"

Mentally I tried to get the curious position of the Bank of Finland straight in terminology.

"Then the Bank of Finland is a sort of public utility corporation, like the British Broadcasting Corporation in England?" I suggested. "I mean it is State-owned, with an independence of its own vested in the management? The management runs the bank only in the public interest, and is generally supervised by a Parliamentary committee?"

"Yes, something like that," Mr Ryti agreed.

This is the bank which under Mr Ryti went from inflation to deflation, and from deflation to constructive leadership in the promotion of a stable but dynamic Finland under Finland's own steam, or, rather, water-power.

That the Ryti leadership was widely acclaimed by his countrymen is the conclusion which comes out of his choice as Prime Minister when the Soviet Union fell upon Finland. It wasn't the first sign of public acclaim either. Two years before he was runner-up for the Presidency when the agrarian Kyösti Kallio was elected President.

I didn't know about this fact when the Soviet caught me in Helsinki with their bombing. Ryti happened to be the only Finlander I had known before. In a Helsinki restaurant three years before I had dined with him for six hours over a Frenchified Finnish dinner and his versatile fund of knowledge. Apparently he recalled the occasion. For he had

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already told the chief of the Press Department of the Foreign Office, Urho Toivola, who was making arrangements for me, that he was looking to a renewal of our acquaintanceship. The bombs prevented a personal call. But I kept on ringing him up for news. I had an idea that he knew what was going on, but I hadn't the vaguest inkling that he was playing the leading part behind the scenes. He must have smiled over my *naïveté*, but he never failed, as American reporters say, to give me the right 'steer.'

For instance, after the first day of bombing, Toivola invited the few foreign newspaper correspondents to an extraordinary meeting of the Diet. At the last minute the meeting took place somewhere in the country. No correspondent ever got near the venue. In some despair I 'phoned to Mr Ryti at his home, and at the end of the conversation he said, "You might watch out for some reconstruction of the Cabinet."

A nod is as good as a wink to a newspaper-man blinded by the newness of things and a black-out.

I stumbled along that night to the Foreign Office for a news conference. Yes, the Diet had met. Sorry they couldn't forewarn us that it wasn't going to be at the Diet, but at the last minute it was felt that the Diet might attract the Soviet bombers as well as the Parliamentarians. So they met 'somewhere in Finland.' Nothing doing, really, except that the Diet gave a vote of confidence in the Government, no dissentients. They also accepted with gratitude President Roosevelt's offer of mediation. Not the slightest change. Just going to carry on, but in view of what happened to-day the Government felt there should be a vote of confidence.

"No Cabinet change at all, no reconstruction?" I asked, thinking of Ryti's tip.

"Of course not, we can't—what you say?—swap horses now," was the response from a somewhat distraught Press secretary.

Somewhat mystified I picked my way back to the hotel. I told the United Press correspondent of my conversation with Ryti. Even then I had only a nebulous hunch as to

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its meaning, thinking mainly of Ryti as a central banker. Still, I was mindful of the newspaper adage that "A tip is a tip" if it comes from a responsible person.

That night Toivola and others came up to my room for a chat. The Ryti tip still ran through my mind.

"What about this change in the Cabinet I hear about?" I demanded.

"Absolutely nothing to it," replied Toivola, with decision. "We couldn't think of it."

Toivola was so positive that I began to get worried about the remark I had made to the United Press. Probably the correspondent hadn't taken me seriously, anyway. Perhaps he put me down as a newcomer who as yet didn't know his way around. At the same time he might have wired it. Accordingly I asked a friend of mine by the name of Bloch (who will figure later in my story) to ask the correspondent to step up to the room when he had a moment to spare. He came back with Bloch, and in Toivola's presence I repeated what Toivola had just told me, and said I must have been mistaken in thinking the contrary. After all, I thought as I said it, Ryti was just a central banker immured in a bank parlour, whereas Toivola was on top of the news surely.

The United Press man just nodded his head without telling me whether or not he had originally taken any notice of my intelligence. Then he left. Immediately Toivola turned to me and asked, "Who told you this absurd story, anyway?"

I thought a minute, and, realizing that giving up this information wouldn't hurt anybody, said, "Mr Ryti."

Toivola's face seemed to fall when I uttered Mr Ryti's name.

"It's not so, anyway," he said.

He lingered on for a while, and as he was leaving turned to me at the door and said, "Of course, there's nothing to prevent you from making your own guess about the Cabinet."

Next morning the chief news was the reconstruction of the Cabinet under Risto Ryti.

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I entertained various forms of chagrin.

It suddenly came back to me that the previous night after the step had probably been taken I had said to Mr Ryti, "If you call while I'm out I wish you'd leave any news you hear with the girl that's working for me here."

Ryti must have smiled at that remark.

In point of fact Mr Rooth told me later that Ryti had been very enigmatic when Rooth had suggested that probably Finland would be calling him to a higher post.

I recalled Mr Toivola, and thought of what might have happened to a Press representative in America who had been guilty of a prevarication.

And I thought of my colleague on the news agency, and wondered about his reactions, though he told me later that, like a good agency man, he had, naturally enough, waited for the official announcement.

Abroad, as I have said, Mr Ryti is well and favourably known. Wherever economic and financial experts met, in Basle or Geneva, there you would find Risto Ryti, short, unobtrusive, looking older than his years, but always neatly attired in conventional black suit and striped trousers. He was Finland's perennial delegate to all the ineffectual post-War parleys, and whenever he spoke the others listened attentively.

Ryti made his friends in America when he arrived as head of the Finnish debt-funding mission in 1923. He was most impressed by Mr Chief Justice Hughes. And the two have much in common in spite of the wide disparity in their ages. Mr Ryti was then only thirty-four. But I am sure the Secretary of State, as Mr Hughes then was, must have been astonished at the Hamiltonian range of Ryti's versatility. They found a common bond in the variety, not to say outlandishness, of their hobbies.

One of the Chief Justice's hobbies is—relative milk prices! He got some amazing data about Finland from Mr Ryti. I give the figures in succeeding references to the Finnish co-operative movement. Both Ryti and Hughes, moreover, have prodigious memories, as one needs to have for any indulgence in relative milk prices as a hobby! Mr

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Hughes presiding at the Pan-American Conference in 1928 had scarcely need of a note in going over the debate, either for summing up or newspaper purposes. Mr Ryti, Minister of Finance at the age of thirty-two, equally had no need of a note whenever he gave his budget message. Governor Rooth describes his memory as 'fantastic.'

Doubtless Mr Ryti tried out a hobby of his own on Mr Hughes. He reads horoscopes, and most of his friends have been his victims. Probably Mr Hughes was impressed by Ryti's wide knowledge of ancient history. In both the Roman and the Greek he is deeply versed. And he hasn't neglected the military side of history either. This probably persuaded him to accept the chairmanship of a civilian committee on military affairs when Finland began to prepare against *der Tag*. Alexander Hamilton was an equally fascinated student of military history, and a soldier to boot, one of the best *aides de camp* that George Washington ever had.

Thus Ryti and Mannerheim had been opposite numbers behind the scenes before the Soviet invasion catapulted them into the two key positions in war-time Finland.

The two war-time leaders have other similarities. Both have an English affiliation. Brought up in the law, Ryti went to London for further study, either at the University of London or at one of the Inns of Court. Like Mannerheim, finally, he has a high English decoration. Ryti is Knight Commander of the Victorian Order, Mannerheim Knight Grand Cross of the British Empire.

In politics Finland's Alexander Hamilton is a Liberal. But nowadays that doesn't seem to mean any more in Finland than in England. And in Ryti Liberalism appears to represent a habit of mind rather than allegiance to a political party. Central bankers are all Liberals, anyway. They think of the entire world as an economic unit which their job is to lubricate. It is difficult to oil broken-down machinery, not to say wasteful, and nobody appreciates either the difficulty or the waste more than the central banker.

My Finnish Jefferson is the leader of Finland's Social

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Democratic party, Väinö Tanner, war-time Minister for Foreign Affairs. Thomas Jefferson, I am afraid, would have arched his eyebrows if he had seen any likening of himself to a European Social Democrat. For Social Democracy is the political movement of the town workers. And Jefferson was an agrarian. But Jefferson never gave to party what was meant for nation, and in this respect Tanner is worthy of being put alongside the author of the American Declaration of Independence.

Consider also another relation between the two statesmen. Jefferson (and Andrew Jackson) disliked the towns because they were for ever keeping the country in debt. Tanner has helped to release the country from bondage to the moneylending traders by spreading consumer co-operatives everywhere. He has sought to bridge economic groups as he has bridged his party and his country. It seems to me, therefore, that the shade of Jefferson might have second and better thoughts about this analogy with Tanner. Who knows? He might even think of Tanner as carrying out a Jeffersonian tradition to its logical conclusion.

Tanner is a stocky little man who would probably pass in America as a fairly successful business-man in a small way. There is nothing distinguished in his appearance. He looks cold and precise and entirely unimaginative. It is when you see him chewing his cigar in ruminative mood that you think of the small-town American business-man pondering a proposition.

But—I forgot—Tanner doesn't smoke cigars any more. He gave up the habit—in Moscow. There he took to a pipe. I don't know the reason he broke a lifetime of habit in the shadow of the Kremlin. But the change was represented to me as a break, and as a break possibly with some significance. Was he deferring to (in Europe) a less plutocratic indulgence? Or was he, Indian style, trying to induce peace out of the parleys? On these questions the Foreign Minister seems to have kept his own counsel.

Tanner was not attached to the mission till Stalin had given evidence of his determination eventually to gobble

up Finland if Finland persisted in her refusal to be gobbled up. I suspect, therefore, that Tanner went to Moscow to talk while Finland prepared her defences.

For such a purpose there could have been no better choice than Tanner. You can't talk him into any concession that would start a rot. Ministers know that from their experience with him as Minister of Finance. His conclusive answer to anybody who tried to up an appropriation was, "But, my dear friend, I have already had the budget *printed*." The remark was uttered with such an air of pained finality that there was never any thought of a come-back.

On other occasions where there can be no such finality Tanner has the habit of talking his *vis-à-vis* into exhaustion. They give in rather than give out. He can out-talk them all. It suddenly occurs to me that I in common with everybody else have said that the Finns are a pretty silent folk. Tanner isn't, nor is Ryti for that matter; and I shall have to plead that they are exceptional Finns as well as exceptional persons.

Stubborn to a degree, Tanner believes in the rightness of his point of view, but will patiently try to argue you into accepting it. Before Tanner went to Moscow Stalin had tried to *teach* Finland's Number 1 delegate, Juho K. Paasikivi, what was best for little Finland. Tanner knew better what was good for Finland. And he doubtless expounded his point of view endlessly to neighbour Stalin.

And in that task the Finnish delegate required no adventitious aid from either cigar or pipe in supplementing his own resources and stamina and patriotism.

Tanner knows the Russians, too. Nineteen years before he had made up the same team with Paasikivi at the peace conference at Dorpat, now the Esthonian town of Tartu. Then, as recently, he was Number 2 to Paasikivi. But without doubt he had the confidence of his Government in greater measure than had the conservative Paasikivi.

"He is *so* loyal," said his predecessor at the Foreign Office to me, Eljas Erkkö. Erkkö was Minister of Foreign Affairs while the Finnish delegation was at Moscow—a man, inci-

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dentially, whose father was expelled from Finland during Russification days, and settled in America, where the present Erkkö began his education.

On another occasion Tanner had been in negotiation with the Russians. In 1927 he was chairman of the International Co-operative Alliance which met in Stockholm. Russian delegates came along armed with obstructionist tactics. First they insisted upon Russian being made a language co-equal with others in conference discussion. And then they orated. Most of the delegates left the hall, but Tanner remained on the rostrum, listening to the Russians till they petered out. They little knew that no filibuster has ever been known to tire out Tanner! It was now his turn, and he began to talk in Russian, but in such blistering Russian that even the Russians fled. The conference went on smoothly after that.

Finland's Number 2 negotiator is ideally equipped, therefore, for international conferences. He has had the experience. He has the staying power. He has an uncanny knack of being right which even his adversaries acknowledge—in time. And he is such a moderate in all things that the acceptance of his ideas and views seems to clothe any conference with the healing salve of compromise. And finally he has the gift of tongues. Born in a lowly worker's family in Helsinki, he went through a Benjamin Franklin struggle, but finally learned fluently to speak Finnish, Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, Esthonian, German, French, English, and Russian, and even to make himself understood in other languages. Not bad going for a poor boy! And certainly a good rounding out of an excellent equipment for international negotiations.

Tanner's greatest reputation in the world at large is his connexion with the consumer co-operative movement. Whenever co-operative representatives meet across international frontiers there you will see Tanner. Back as far as 1910 he became a member of the central committee of the international conference of co-operative societies called the Co-operative Alliance. And in 1927 they made him president. You could call him the world's outstanding

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co-operator, I suppose, and hear an echo in the co-operative movements of half a dozen countries in Europe.

There are many ironies associated with Finland's trip to Moscow. A good democracy asking the proletarian and anti-imperialistic Utopia not to gobble it up is, of course, the major irony. An incidental irony is that Finland's missioner should be a leading co-operator. It couldn't fail to inspire Swedish story-tellers, and I heard some of the stories in Stockholm's dining-rooms before I went to Helsinki.

For instance: 'They say' that as a counter-proposal Tanner suggested to Stalin that Finland's Karelian frontier be extended as far east as the Urals and that a Finnish corridor be created down to the Black Sea. With such a line-up, declared Mr Tanner, the Finns could protect both Finland and Soviet Russia against the entire world. Stalin, 'they say,' was so impressed with Tanner's reasoning that he involuntarily nodded his head. Then Tanner burst his bombshell.

"And finally," said Tanner, "we insist upon establishing a co-operative store in every town in the Soviet Union."

At this Stalin jumped up in a towering rage, and, thumping the table, shouted, "To that I shall never agree!"

Finland, of course, wasn't bold enough to make the Russian scheme into a *reductio ad absurdum* by such a counter-proposal.

Nor is Mr Tanner the kind of man who is psychologically equipped to tweak the Russian beard. He is a serious man, without the twinkle one observes out of the Paasikivi eye, and I can't imagine him cracking a joke even in his family circle. I came to this conclusion when he met the foreign Press on his assumption of the foreign affairs portfolio after war had broken out. I may be wrong, but he seemed the type used to the quiet discussion of affairs in a board-room, anxious to get on with the business of doing business. In all likelihood he took his businesslike air with him to Moscow.

The special gift of Tanner which entitles him to a niche in Finland's hall of fame is the manner in which he has both assuaged social ferment among the Finns in their economic

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rôle as consumers and healed the extreme partisanship of the great Social Democratic party.

First, as to his work as a co-operator.

Sweden is often held up as the land *par excellence* of consumer co-operatives. To Finland, however, should be given first place. In Sweden, consumer co-operative membership now totals 10 per cent. of Sweden's 6,300,000 population. In Finland, J. Hampden Jackson in his *Finland* says "over half the adult population . . . are co-operators." He must mean farm and consumer co-operative members. The members of consumer co-operatives number 606,000 out of a population of 3,800,000, or 16 per cent.¹

So much interest has been created in the United States about these consumer co-operatives in the Northern countries that some years ago I was given the assignment of making a study of them. I based my story on Sweden. But the same roots could be traced equally in Finland—and they aren't present in the United States.

The fading out of the old subsistence economy put the Swedes and Finns at the mercy of an atrocious cash and credit system. Loan sharks masquerading as traders preyed upon the poor people.

"Credit used to be the great society killer in Sweden and in Finland," said Axel Gjöres, formerly general secretary of Sweden's K.F. (Kooperative Förbundet), to me. "The worker became thrall to the grocer. There was no chance whatever of choosing between the various merchants, no possibility of the customer safeguarding his personal interest. High prices had to be paid to cover credit losses and expenses, and bad feeling and discouragement were fostered by the knowledge that, desperately hard as a man might work, he was dependent for his daily bread upon the goodwill of his shopkeeper."

Much the same situation applied in near-by Finland.

For a long time the poor could think of no way of translating their habit of collaboration in terms of the new

¹ Philologists, if not co-operators, may like to know the names of the two great societies: Suomen Osuuskappojen Keskushunta (S.O.K.) and Kulutusosuuskuntien Keskusliitto (K.K.).

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economy. Then along came Martin Sundell of Sweden and Hannes Gebhardt in Finland. They preached co-operative buying as pioneered in 1844 by the Rochdale mill-workers of England. And before the opening of the twentieth century both Swedes and Finns had started co-operative societies of their own, destined to release them from the evil grip of the money-lending merchants.

Thus the co-operative movement started as an offensive against both credit trading and a medieval way of doing retail business. There were no chain stores in possession of the market. Naturally, as I heard of these roots, I thought of the differences in the American environment.

To a group of Scandinavian economists I put this question : "In America," I said, "we have the chain store well established, run by managerial geniuses, giving to the country what the city itself buys. Likewise we have many other factors which were not present in Sweden when the consumer co-operatives started—factors like a high prestige for the individual merchant. In these circumstances do you think the co-operative movement could ever get established in the Swedish sense in America ? "

In throwing out this question I merely wanted to start a discussion. One Swedish economist with a world-wide reputation remarked, "That's curious. Julius Rosenwald (of Sears Roebuck, American chain stores) and his son some years ago came to Sweden and asked that very question. I told him that it was impossible to give an answer."

I gathered, however, that in the opinion of most of those present Americans were already being provided with the very services that the Swedes themselves turned to the co-operative movement to provide. I contributed my own reaction from an investigation in Britain. In that country chain stores and 'cut-price stores' are developing rapidly alongside the consumer co-operatives as the Swedish consumer co-operatives are developing alongside the old-fashioned merchants.

Another factor besides need has been essential to the spread of consumer co-operatives in Sweden and Finland. And that is leadership. In Sweden the leader is one of the

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worthiest citizens of Sweden, Albin Johansson, an utterly selfless man, with whom I sang Lutheran hymns later in Stockholm at a St Lucia (the saint who brings light and love and good cheer to Sweden just before Christmas) festival given by the workers in the tobacco monopoly. In Finland it is Väinö Tanner. Both men have devoted themselves in a salaried capacity to a movement when they might have made huge fortunes for themselves as *entrepreneurs*.

Swedish economists have no hesitation in putting Johansson in the front rank of *entrepreneurs* with such men as Gordon Selfridge and Sir Thomas Lipton. Tanner's record speaks for itself. In 1926 he was made first Social Democratic Premier in great part because of the reputation he had made as an executive in the co-operative movement. For a long time he had been chairman of the movement's executive committee. Then he had become the salaried managing director of Elanto, the great consumers' society of Helsinki, which has set the price standard for all Finland in the manufacture of bread and bacon.

The second justification for singling out Mr Tanner as worthy to be ranked with Mannerheim and Ryti is the work he has done as leader of the Social Democratic party.

As a party man Tanner was in a thankless situation in 1917-18. His party, as I said in looking into Mannerheim's career, had entertained a Trojan horse in the shape of Reds, both Russian and Finnish. Another simile would be that it was like a radish, white inside and Red outside. In this condition the party had gone beyond Tanner's ken. So when the radished Social Democrats staged their *coup d'état* in 1917 Tanner stayed severely aloof. He was a white without any capital letter, and he had friends among the Whites.

Among these Whites, incidentally, was the father of Eljas Erkko, then editor-in-chief of the principal newspaper in Helsinki, *Helsingin Sanomat*, of which the present Erkko is proprietor. He was thrown into gaol by the triumphant Reds. Tanner, knowing Erkko's likeness for a certain brand of cigars, sent them to the gaol every morning. When the Germans entered Helsinki and the Whites came back on

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top Erikko was released, and it was Tanner's turn to be gaoled. He was gaoled solely because of his connexion with the Social Democrats. Then it was Erikko's turn to reciprocate Tanner's thoughtfulness by sending Tanner cigars during his short incarceration.

The bitterness of those years died hard in Finland. There had been a Red Terror. Equally there had been a White Terror. And memory lingers among the victims and families of victims of terrorism. Tanner's job as he worked up to the top of the Social Democratic party was to peel the red off the party. This he did. But, not content with this achievement, he gave the party a truly national and patriotic orientation.

"That was a great work—one of the greatest in Finland's contemporary history," was how a Swedish statesman put it to me.

The test of the orientation and a test equally of Tanner's own personal courage came in 1927. He had been Premier of a Social Democratic Ministry for over a year. On May 16 Finland prepared to celebrate the ninth anniversary of the day that Mannerheim marched in triumph into Helsinki after his defeat of the Social Democrat-cum-Reds. It is called Liberty Day. Suddenly the President became ill, and in consequence could not take the salute of the parading soldiers and Civil Guard. Would Tanner, the Prime Minister, the leader of the Social Democrats, serve in his stead as next in official line? He would, and did, and though he was bitterly criticized by the party members, the wounds began to heal from that day on.

Henry Adams in his autobiography says that a successful politician is a skilful manipulator of hatreds. Tanner is a living disproof of Henry Adams's dictum. He is a successful politician, surely, and he has won his success by healing hatreds, not by manipulating them. No greater service has been done to reconstruction in Finland—to Finland herself. Tanner believes with Goethe: "Divide and govern is a capital motto: to unite and lead is a better one."

In 1937 Social Democrats and Agrarians came together

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in Finland and formed a coalition Government. In Europe the two groups are generally antithetical. Even when they work together in coalition Governments, as in the rest of Scandinavia, they always seem to be uneasy bedfellows. But in Finland there seems to have been the minimum of friction in the coalition. I emphasize the word 'seems' because my knowledge of political Finland is, of course, quite trifling.

The normal antithesis between Social Democrat and Agrarian is the transference to the political sphere of the antithesis between consumer co-operatives and farmers. Consumer and producer—the same centuries-old struggle! One wants lower prices, the other higher prices. In Sweden my inquiries into the relations between producer and consumer co-operatives weren't gratefully received. I discovered that previous friction had promoted the establishment of a co-ordinating committee. The difficulty seemed to be about borderlines of function. Where should the producer co-operative stop in seeking to get as much as it could of the consumer's dollar? Where should the consumer co-operatives stop in insuring cheap supplies from the producer source? Concretely: should the producer co-operative set up retail milk shops in the towns? And should the consumer co-operatives operate their own slaughterhouses in the country? Here was a Swedish dilemma when I made my investigation into Swedish co-operatives. I don't know much about this aspect of the co-operative situation in Finland, but hope to go back some day and study it. But there is evidence that even in this respect friction has been reduced to the minimum.

My illustration concerns that great farm product—milk. I have told how Mr Hughes exhibited to Mr Ryti a hobby of milk statistics. The Chief Justice must have been amazed at the Finnish statistics. The distribution costs of milk in Finland must be the lowest in the world. They are only 10 per cent. of the selling price. No less than 95 per cent. of the country's butter supply is manufactured in co-operative dairies. The milk goes direct from these dairies to the

consumer. It is for this reason that the distribution cost is only 10 per cent., as compared, as I recall, with up to 90 per cent. in Eastern United States. And this situation was pointed out to me with pride by a Finnish leader in the consumers' co-operative movement.

Whether Tanner has anything to do with such a consummation I don't know; but this is certainly the goal of the co-operation which he has made his life-work, and I am sure that the shade of Thomas Jefferson would bless the achievement. That's the kind of bridge over the middleman that the farmers want to erect between farm and country. Jefferson's "nation of husbandmen" can live more comfortably when they can come into contact with the city consumer, and the consumer can also live more comfortably by drawing his milk directly from the farm.

The amount of work that Tanner can encompass is decidedly Jeffersonian. He has had all manner of posts in his country's services, and more than one or two at a time. Withal he keeps up his job at Elanto. This he does by getting up at 5 A.M., arriving at the co-operative office at 6 A.M., and doing that job before going to his Ministry, whatever that happens to be at the moment.

How he keeps fit is a mystery to his associates when they see him always at work amid a cloud of tobacco smoke like Sir Walter Raleigh. I am told he takes part with the co-operative workers in throwing the medicine ball. He is also supposed to be a good wrestler. And Molotoff needn't be told what I heard—namely, that he has never been put on his back.

A man of such all-consuming interests can have little home life. This apparently is a lack in Tanner's life. He has given himself to his work. Some time ago the Swedish magazine *Nu* told a story of one of Tanner's eight children asking his mother, "Who is the gentleman who comes every Sunday and smokes those big black cigars?"

Yet Mrs Tanner must be worth knowing better. She is a person in her own right. A school-teacher, like the wives of so many latter-day Northern statesmen, she had a brilliant record at school and college, and became very politically

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minded, with a leftish slant. As a student she mixed up in all manner of advanced movements.

Two stories I heard in Helsinki about her youthful days. They show how Finland used to be the hide-away for all the nationalists and revolutionaries of Northern Europe. One of these Mrs Tanner stories tells how one night she was awakened out of a sound sleep by a knock at the door. She answered it, and a note was thrust into her hand. The note told her to go to a certain address and tend "one of ours." She obeyed, and found a Polish refugee badly wounded. She took him to the doctor, and before she left him the refugee told her his name. It was Josef Pilsudski.

The other story came from Tanner himself in reply to the accusation that in Revolutionary days he had helped Stalin with money.

"It wasn't Stalin; it was Lenin," said Tanner. "And it wasn't me; it was my wife."

It appeared that Mrs Tanner one day was asked to keep a Russian Revolutionary from starving to death. She went to see him. He told her his name was Ulianov. She gave him money, and Ulianov eventually became Lenin.

Now Mrs Tanner has turned to farming a country place which the simple but thrifty Tanner bought some years ago. She is apparently as successful at it as she was as a student, wife, and mother. I am told she has herself planted no fewer than 200,000 fir-trees, had the place ditched and irrigated under her supervision, conducted experiments in corn-growing from seed sent to her by Secretary Wallace, and so on. I have never seen her, but from these accounts she must be a remarkable helpmate to her husband.

The Tanners work in the fields together when he comes home, but it will be a long time before they, or Finland, can work together again in such peaceful employment, amid the present national need—the need for the mobilization of every ounce of effort by every one of Finland's 3,800,000 people, in the task of defending themselves against the Russian invader.

Mannerheim, Ryti, Tanner—great leaders of Finland in their respective spheres, all unifiers of the young Finland:

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Mannerheim in creating the military and diplomatic conditions of Finland's independence, Ryti with the financial and economic statesmanship, which has put strong foundations under Finland, and Tanner for his social and political genius in welding a nation out of conflicting parts.

CHAPTER IV

THE GREAT DIVIDE

THEY say that Sweden's Manchester, Gothenburg, is so pro-British that when it rains in England the Gothenburgers start putting on their raincoats. I was given little opportunity to find out the truth or otherwise of the saying. When the *Drottningholm* put in at this old-world Swedish port on November 17 Sweden, I discovered, had improved upon the two-minute silence of Armistice Day by asking the people to maintain a duration-of-the-war silence. Admonitions were pasted up everywhere. They greeted me on the landing-wharf at Gothenburg. They stared at me when I lunched at the local hotel. They frowned on me in the train to Stockholm. They flaunted themselves at me in offices and homes and on lamp-posts and city walls. These notices are the most ubiquitous thing in war-time Sweden.

I happen to have a retina which picks up blues and yellows and intensifies them. Consequently the posters *impressed* me ocularly as well as intellectually. For they tell their message in a vivid yellow against a vivid blue background. On top are the three crowns of the Swedish State, representative of a kingdom of the Sveas, the Goths, and the Wends. Then follows the admonition. It begins :

SERIOUS TIMES DEMAND

then the admonition boldly particularizes :

COMMUNITY SPIRIT

ALERTNESS

SILENCE

The notice, I was told, is remarkable for its directness and comprehensibility. Sweden has a habit of enclosing its public proclamations in a bundle of meaninglessness. I thought that Dickens's Circumlocution Office was located

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in London till I had had a few Swedish public notices translated. Then I discovered my mistake. One of the sure-fire hits of a current Stockholm revue (put on, as was customary, with the more animated Danes as chorus girls) is a comedy act of a man who goes crazy trying to make out a Government proclamation. In all seriousness there is on record one mobilization order calling up a class of reservists which was so ill-worded that the soldiers failed altogether to understand it. None, in consequence, obeyed the summons. The result was that, to their profound bewilderment, they had to be arrested.

The public notice to be quiet in war-time, however, was obvious enough. Its request for silence while the war is going on seems to stand out with minatory fingers extending into every Swedish household. And it is supported by door-to-door circulars telling the ordinarily quiet Swedes not to speak to strangers.

Accordingly 'silence' has become as respected a word in war-time Sweden as 'proposition' used to be in boom-time America. People looked at me curiously when I opened my notebook and put down the admonitory proclamation. I felt like folding up my stint and stealing silently back to America. For "a chiel takking nates," as Robert Burns described the newspaper reporter, is hopelessly handicapped when an entire nation is committed to silence.

It suddenly struck me in silent Sweden that there must be something suspicious about s's. 'Silence' and 'stranger' begin with 's,' as do 'scribe' and 'spy,' and, for that matter, 'Sweden' itself. 'Silence' in Swedish is *tystnad*. You might say there is no 's' at the head of *tystnad*, but try to pronounce it, and you get such a mouthful of s's as to produce quite a *shush-shush* sound. After a week of essing in Sweden you begin to wonder whether they aren't all mixed up together in some fantastic *mélange*.

Swedes are almost as amenable as the Chinese. It isn't amenability to authority as such in the manner of the Germans. It is a kind of reminder of their self-restraint.

"Who is your king?" a foreigner asked an old viking.

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The viking replied, "We have no king. We are all equally good."

The Swedes, indeed, are so self-governing that I once expressed some wonder that they didn't dispense with Government altogether. Government, after all, is the badge of our lost innocence. And in many things the Swedes are the custodians of our innocence. They pretend that Stockholm is chockful of thieves by a convention whereby the *portvakt*, or *concierge*, locks the outside door at 9 P.M. But that is only a pretence. The Swedes are too well behaved to be very criminal.

The quietness of everything is most impressive to an American. Even a bar is as quiet as the crypt in a church. They say that it is in Victoria that they don't bother to bury their dead, but simply allow them to walk around. I think the saying must have come originally from Stockholm.

It is the same in the country as in the city, I am told. A party of country folk coming to the city saw people walking a little less sedately than usual.

"What is the matter with these people?" asked one.

"They must be suffering from some contagious disease," ventured his companion, in equal bewilderment.

The Swedes, in truth, seem to live, not under their constitution, as a democratic state does, nor under their by-laws, as a totalitarian state does, but in Chinese fashion under their traditions. And the Swedish tradition has produced an aristocracy of conformity.

So the injunction to keep quiet in war-time finds a widespread acceptance. Such discretion has come over the land that Swedes talk with what Walt Whitman calls a "faint indirection." It is the same kind of talking out of a portmanteau that the Chinese use from fear lest plain talk might sound rude. In Sweden plain talk might be embarrassing, if not dangerous. You may think what you like, of course, in freedom-loving Sweden. There are no bans on what the Japanese call "dangerous thoughts." But please don't *say* what you think—at least while this tiresome war is going on.

Examples galore of prudence have occurred even in my

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short experience among the decorous Swedes. This was a hairdresser's initial greeting to a hostess of mine on the day of the explosion in the Munich beer-hall, "What a pity *it* didn't happen !"

Another woman employee said to a customer, with a concealment of opinion as well as subject-matter, "Goodness ! What a matter of luck *it* was."

Even more discreet, however, was the person addressed. *Sotto voce* she replied, "I can't say anything. My husband says I mustn't open my mouth !"

An American acquaintance gave me an illustration from his experience in Stockholm. He accosted a stranger in the street and asked him in Swedish the way to his hotel. The Swede looked at him blankly. Then, fearing to be impolite, he said, "I am sorry I do not speak Swedish. I am an American."

"Thank goodness," returned my acquaintance heartily, "so am I. Now where——"

But by that time this Swedish Caspar Milquetoast had fled.

Ordinarily addicted to the negative on principle, the Swedes had all become like store-keepers in New England villages, who have a habit of saying no even before they look.

What has given rise to this great silence ? The answer is : fear of German spies. They are said to abound everywhere, particularly in the port cities. At maritime Gothenburg a notice reads laconically, "A chance word and a ship goes down." Alas ! a ship often does.

Stories of what may happen if you open your mouth are passed round and believed and acted upon. You hear such remarks as this : "Haven't you heard what happened to a guest at a private party in a hotel who chanced to say something nasty about Mr Hitler ? He got a letter next day from the German Consul saying that his business relations with Germany had been cancelled."

I don't wish to imply that this sort of thing bemuses the entire country, or even all Stockholm. Otherwise you wouldn't hear Hitler jokes in Stockholm's theatres. One such joke may soften my seeming generalization. A man called Adolf Sardine Herring made many anxious inquiries

accompanied by offers of considerable bribes to the office in Berlin for permission to change his name. At last his application was taken up. Naturally, everybody expected that he wanted to change "Sardine Herring," and the officer asked, "What would you like instead of 'Sardine Herring'?" "Oh! I don't want to change 'Sardine Herring,'" was the response; "I want to change 'Adolf'!" But the joke came like a jolt after a week's experience with Swedish prudence.

This ultra-restraint isn't conducive to the maintenance of the justly renowned Swedish poise. The hustling into custody of a couple of Princeton boys at the behest of a woman who had absorbed the Government admonition a little too literally was a danger signal. This happened just before I arrived. The Princetonians wanted to take some pictures. They were armed with all the necessary passes. Nevertheless when they stepped out on the balcony of an orphanage which they were visiting to take some pictures of the passing scene a panic-stricken attendant rushed to the telephone, called up the police, and the bewildered boys found themselves arrested.

It would be a pity if Sweden got a case of spymania out of the Russo-German intrusion into their well-ordered country. And yet the shushing seems to make for a sort of spymania. It certainly makes for discomfort in one's relations with the Swedes. For example, it is discomforting when Swedes with whom you lunch at hotels ask to sit at tables in the middle of the dining-room. This is what actually happened when I was lunching with Swedes.

"You never know," they would say mysteriously.

Even if the pillars hadn't ears there might be somebody on the other side taking notes. One Swedish guest of mine noticed a near-by diner writing a letter at his table. Abruptly the Swede got up, with the remark, "Let us move," and I had to trail after him, though to me the writer looked innocent enough to be engaged merely in inditing a love-letter.

Perhaps my strangest experience was an evening with an Italian who had a letter of introduction from a friend in

common in England. He came for tea. He seemed a frank fellow, and on the basis of our common acquaintanceship he talked quite openly. All of a sudden his animated Italian eyes clouded over, and he muttered, "Please excuse me, but I really don't know you, do I? You may be—I don't know what."

The interruption didn't seem to be an offence in the light of my experience.

"That's quite all right," I said. "I understand. Ever since I have been here I have been impressed with the fear that's gripping people in Europe. It makes me more and more grateful every day that my country is free from it."

"Ah, America!" he said, and he looked as if he were thinking, "God's own country!" The crack for which so many Americans have been criticized for using! Now Europeans are saying as well as thinking it. Even Swedes have asked me whether I couldn't put Sweden and the Swedes in my pocket and take them both back with me to America "for the duration of the war."

"You must excuse me," said my Italian *vis-à-vis*, "I don't really know how to talk any more to a stranger. You may be a spy or something. Something might be repeated, and then I'd never get back to Italy. You cannot have the slightest idea what it means now in Europe. Sometimes I wake up at night worrying what I have said during the day. The Thing [he used Westbrook Pegler's word] presses you down, down, down."

And he put his hands over his face.

"I was so different once," he whispered.

Before long I had come to the conclusion that you couldn't ask anybody in Sweden about anything he knew as a specialist without inviting his suspicion. An English business-man whom I was invited to meet one day froze up under questioning tighter than a diplomat. Even an English journalist of advanced views who was always in and out of my hotel room turned suddenly 'funny' when I asked him something about communism in England! Spymania is catching!

But there was one subject that wasn't informally taboo,

as it isn't formally taboo in Italy, and that was Finland. This mitigated my chagrin over the general silence. For I was bound for Finland after a spell in Sweden. Three years before, as I say, I had spent a couple of days in Helsinki, and an invitation to repeat my visit awaited me when my transatlantic boat docked at Gothenburg. It was signed by the chief of the Press Department of the Foreign Office, Urho Toivola.

Arrived in Stockholm, I got another invitation from Helsinki. It said that any interviews I might desire would be arranged on receipt of a telegram. Whom did I wish to meet? I thought vaguely of the President, the Premier, and the Foreign Minister—the usual haul of a visiting journalist of any repute in the smaller countries of Europe. But in Stockholm's elegant dining-rooms a name I hadn't heard before came to my ears with recurring emphasis. It was that of Juho Kaarlo Paasikivi, second Prime Minister of Finland, leader of the Finnish Conservatives, and Minister without portfolio in Finland's present war-time Cabinet. I found in Sweden's capital that he was a hero to all Scandinavia.

I have mentioned Mr Paasikivi already. Finnish Minister to Stockholm when he was invited to take Finland to Moscow, he played David to Stalin's Goliath in the negotiations in Moscow which petered out in war. He was chosen because he was the Finn who made peace with Soviet Russia in 1920 at Dorpat.

Story after story I heard about Finland's David. I saw them later in Italian newspapers, and one ecstatic writer commented that some of the Paasikivi quips were worthy of a Livy. "Have you heard what Mr Paasikivi said to Stalin when . . . ?" This question was bound to come out even before the *smörgåsbord*, as the Swedes call their ample pre-prandial appetizers, had been cleared away. It was the usual beginning of all such anecdotes. Somebody had met somebody whose uncle had just come from Helsinki, where he had met somebody close to the Foreign Office. All the stories rang the changes on the stripling with only a verbal sling-shot for weapon.

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For instance : at one point in the Moscow negotiations Stalin abruptly reminded Paasikivi in his iciest manner (in the stories Stalin was always referred to as either very cold or very grim, by the way) that the Russians could pour a million men through the bottle-neck of the Karcian Isthmus.

"Excuse me for a moment," responded Mr Paasikivi. "May I use the telephone to 'phone back to my Government?"

"Certainly," agreed Stalin coldly.

The telephone operator got through to Helsinki, and in the Russian in which Mr Paasikivi was educated in Tsarist Russia Mr Paasikivi, within the Kremlin ogre's hearing, said, "Will you please tell our 350,000 men that they will have to put three bullets in their rifles? The Russians say they could put a million men through Karelia to-morrow if they wanted to."

Another story : at another point in the negotiations Stalin broke in, "Well, you haven't got many soldiers, you know."

Paasikivi replied with pride, "We've got 300,000 regulars, another 100,000 in the Civil Guard, and we could easily raise another 200,000 out of the population. That's 600,000 for you."

"So," said Stalin, a grim smile coming over his face. Then, leaning over to Paasikivi, he said, "I could send 10,000,000!" and leaned back to see how Paasikivi would take that one.

But the Finn wasn't daunted. Quick as a flash he said, "Alas! That's so many more for us to bury!"

In Finland I heard a variant of this story. The war had already started, and I had been listening, with the aid of an interpreter, to the news as given by a Finnish announcer. He was talking about the Arctic fighting in Northern Finland.

"The soldiers," he said, "are complaining because the ground is so hard. It is so difficult to bury the Russians."

Mr Paasikivi when I did meet him laughingly brushed aside these stories as products of the Swedish imagination.

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But he told me some true stories to take their place. Could I replace the apocrypha in Stockholm when I returned? Not on your life! The Swedes had long been waiting for a man to stand up to the Man who was beginning to walk like the old Bear again, and, having found him, they were bent upon lionizing him.

As a matter of fact, nobody admires a Finn more than a Swede. It's an admiration of the cultivated present for its own warrior past, of age for youth. And nobody admires anybody who can pull the Russian beard more than a Swede. There's a statue of Charles XII in Stockholm, index finger pointing at Russia, which keeps the Swedes for ever reminded of their ancient enemy. These many years the Swedes have forgotten to take heed of that warning finger in their preoccupation with rounding out their well-ordered society. But ever since Stalin and Hitler became bedfellows the Swedes have dug their old fears out of their subconsciousness, and have cast many an anxious look at the statue. Yes, anybody who can stop Adamzad, as Kipling called the Russian Bear, earns Swedish gratitude. But a Finn who can tweak a Russian's beard—that's a combination for you to the average Swede, and he was all prepared to believe without the slightest questioning even the most improbable stories about Mr Paasikivi in Moscow.

The timing of my visit to Finland was important. Would war break out between Russia and Finland before I could get there? I canvassed the usual sources of opinion in Swedish official and legation quarters. The prevailing opinion was that there would be no war—yet. Finland hadn't frozen over, and any Russian invasion consequently would be held up by a terrain that's 10 per cent. water! Besides, this was the season for snow, and snow would bog down an advance even in the part of Finland that is actually terrain. In the Copenhagen *Politiken* Ambassador Steinhardt from Moscow was quoted as having expressed the opinion that there would be no winter campaign. He was living on the same floor with me at the Grand. Whatever he thought, surely he wouldn't be away from Moscow if there was any danger of a Soviet attack on Finland, even,

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as the Swedish newspapers gravely assured their readers, in order to attend his Swedish dentist.

From Hallett Johnson, the American Consul-General, I got the first tip that war might be imminent. By that time I had just about made up my mind to go, willy-nilly.

Hallett Johnson was one of the first persons I met in Stockholm. I met him at the home of a fellow-passenger (who became a salt-of-the-earth friend) on the *Drottningholm*, Gösta Nordström. Nordström and his wife, a vivacious and hospitable American-born daughter of a former American consul-general, gave a party for me soon after I arrived. Johnson was one of the guests, and he afterwards invited me to his birthday party. By this time he had heard from a Swedish military officer whose opinion he respected that the Russians were thinking seriously of an immediate campaign.

The forecast was right, though the reason, I afterwards discovered, was based upon inadequate knowledge of weather conditions in Finland. It was represented that in early December there would be bearable ice in Karelia, and that the ice covering over the country with sixty thousand lakes would make excellent roadway for heavy transport. But firm ice doesn't come to Eastern Finland till January. And it didn't this year. Actually the Russians when war came had to harden their path by pouring water over the soft places and wait for the ice to appear. However, the Swede's conviction as given to me by Hallett Johnson sounded plausible to my ignorant ears at the time. I said, "Peace or war, Finland has always been news to us, and I'm going."

The other guests looked at me pityingly. We had had an excellent dinner, and Finland looks cold and bleak from the Swedish side of the Gulf of Bothnia.

They started to talk banteringly of what I might expect on the Finnish side. Their attitude reminded me of the farewells I had had in New York. Walter Mallory had said, "This is an expedition you won't live to regret." But in Finland war was the least of the dangers which I would confront, observed a Norwegian guest.

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Hadn't I heard of the Finnish knife—a dirk-like implement that the Finns used subsequently in hand-to-hand encounters with the Russians? Yes, I had. Well, the Finns used them in parlour games, as well as on the battlefield. If they liked you they would give you one of their knives, and then ask you to play a game with them. The game was to see how much knife you could take in your tender parts. Having called out the depth, and your playful partner having confided to you the depth that he could take, then a third party wrapped a towel around the remainder of the knives, and you made your reciprocal pokes at each other.

"That's what they call taking a playful dig at you," said the Norwegian laughingly.

"I suppose that's what Dr Johnson meant when he said that friendship should be kept in constant repair," I rejoined.

Whereat our host, Hallett Johnson, misunderstanding the reference to another Johnson, produced some antiquated weapons which he had collected and pressed them upon me.

In Stockholm, accordingly, I let the President, the Premier, and the Foreign Minister (the last-named of whom, incidentally, I was to meet as war-time Minister to Sweden, and with whom I was to discuss intimately the tumultuous happenings of succeeding days) slide out of mind as Mr Paasikivi filled it. Obviously he was the person to see. And so, as I prepared to board the 'plane for Helsinki, I wired ahead to Press Chief Toivola that, in addition to Mr Ryti, there was only one leader that I wished to meet, and that was Mr Paasikivi.

Early in the morning of November 28 I got up at daylight in order to be at the Stockholm office of Aerotransport, Inc., in time for the Helsinki 'plane.

It was raining. The early hour and the rain, coupled with the previous night's banter at Hallett Johnson's, didn't make me feel any too well disposed towards the trip. Stockholm's Grand Hotel, moreover, is a comfortable establishment. The service by no means measures up to American

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standard, but the service is *so* polite, and it is a politeness that hasn't to be lubricated with tips either.

How much more comfortable it is to be in a hotel where tips are rigorously forbidden ! One can then take politeness at its human value. I recalled two examples from the previous evening. The chambermaid dropped me a curtsy, Swedish style, which, I take it, is Court style, when she came to prepare my bed. There seemed to be no diminution in her dignity as she said her *godnatt* with a curtsy. The second example was when the waiter had pulled a golden cigarette-case out of his tails on the off-chance that I might want a smoke after having supper in my room.

"Any news from Finland ?" I said to the *portier* sleepily, as I was paying my bill, addressed, in ceremonial style, to "Herr Advokaten Elliston." When I'm not called an *advokat*, by the way, I'm addressed as "Herr Redaktör."

You must have a title or something in Sweden. An admiral's wife calls herself *Admiralinna*, and even the relict of a major will put *Majorska* in front of her name on the door-plate. The telephone directory scarcely reveals a Swede without some honorific. Indeed there is a record of a young man who was almost refused arrest because he hadn't a title ! He was pulled up for wrong parking. The policeman asked him in a matter-of-fact tone for his title. The young man gave answer, "I have no title. Just plain Mr."

The policeman responded angrily, "What do you mean—making fun of me ? What do you think my chief would say if I arrested only a Mr ?"

The abashed culprit then took out his driver's licence, which was issued when the man, now about thirty, was at college.

"There you are !" said the policeman triumphantly. "Student !"

So the summons was made out to "Herr Studerande," and all the Swedish proprieties were satisfied.

I had already become accustomed to the hotel's insistence that I should have a title of some sort. Accordingly I paid

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the bill without mentioning the matter, and awaited the *portier's* reply to my question for news of Finland.

"*Nej*," responded the *portier*, shaking his head. He may have been sleepy too. He may have been, on the contrary, too full of awareness of the Government injunction to be quiet. Or he may just have been as ignorant as his fellow-countrymen. Finance Minister E. J. Wigforss, at any rate, who had given me the same answer as this *portier* the previous day, said the Swedes just didn't know what was happening. I reflected that I was due for at least some enlightenment that day. There was no doorman about that early. And in his absence I made a mistake I had made in Sweden a hundred times. I tried to push the swing door to the American right instead of the Swedish left. A taxi soon put me off at the town office of the Aerotransport, Inc.

An all-the-year-round air service to Finland has not been inaugurated long, but the company has been operating 'planes across the 400-mile Gulf of Bothnia since 1924. Before then you had to take a boat in the early evening and spend about eighteen hours on the trip to Finland. Now the journey by 'plane takes up only two and a half hours. The shuttling of the distance has gradually spread a knowledge of a country which till the air service got under way was almost *terra incognita*. The company operates a fleet of Junkers, Fokkers, and Douglas D.C.3.

It was just like buying your ticket at any aviation office in America except for the babel of tongues involved in the buying. I wasn't skilled enough to 'place' any of my fellow-passengers. But as yet I wasn't interested enough to make the Sherlock Holmes attempt. As usual I had brought too much baggage, and I had to pay overweight. The bus, moreover, was too crowded for comfort, especially as I had dragged along three overcoats. Three overcoats but no overshoes, not even rubbers! I should have to invest in a pair made in Finland under the auspices of one of its famous co-operative establishments.

At the aërodrome I bought some Finnmarks (40 to the dollar, 11 to the Swedish crown). They are big stretches of paper for such small-denomination currency. And for good

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measure the Finns throw in a design which at first glance looked quite pornographic. It was designed, I think, by Eliel Saarinen, the Finn, who seems to combine other arts along with the art in which he was trained, and in which he is so eminent—architecture. The design shows symbolic figures in various stages of undress dedicated to life and work in its various manifestations. I noticed that the lower the denomination of the money the greater emphasis there was on thrift !

Everything ready, we sloshed through the mud, left some of the party to board an Amsterdam 'plane, while we ploughed on to our 'plane bound for Helsinki. It turned out to be a Douglas, and I felt more at home.

They are very thoughtful on the Bothnian flight. A lot of paper bags were stowed away in the pocket of my seat in case I became physically distressed. I am susceptible to suggestion. And so I took my packet out of the pocket and put it under my chair. My fellow-passengers seemed to be too immersed in every kind of language newspaper to pay much attention either to paper bags or what was going on.

But I was interested in everything, and the 'plane to start with. This, thank goodness, was painted plainly with the neutral Swedish flag, the yellow Northern Cross on a blue background. Across the body the bold neutral letters 'Sweden' stood out in black, and across one of the wings 'SE,' meaning Sweden again.

The engine began to tune up.

Soon we were aloft, nose pointed north-east to Finland. There's a good deal of Swedish territory to pass over before you get to the open sea. Visibility was poor, but I saw the railroad going off in the direction of that university centre of Scandinavian culture Uppsala. I reflected that when I came back I must accept an invitation to go to this famous Swedish university which a fellow-passenger on the *Drottningholm*, Professor Arne Tiselius, had left with me when we said our good-byes on the landing-stage at Gothenburg. He wanted me to repeat my little talk on America for the benefit of some of his colleagues.

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"I'll wire him from Helsinki," I thought.

A chalet nestling in the woods was the last sight I saw before we climbed above the clouds. It was time to look round. Next to me an earnest-looking man was poring over a book in Swedish. I was just turning away, when I read the author's name: Walter Lippmann. It was Lippmann's *The Good Society*; in Swedish *Frihetens Samhälle*, though I had to make sure later that this was the correct spelling, as my look had to be sidelong.

To see Lippmann in the air over the Bothnian Gulf had its own peculiar interest. One reflected on the influence of the printed word. I wanted to talk about Lippmann with the studious Scandinavian, but you can't talk very well in an aeroplane, and doubtless if we had been able to talk the Scandinavian might have recalled the Swedish Government's admonition not to talk to strangers!

"Mariehamn!" the conductor called out. It sounded as if a French maid were being paged. But the conductor meant to remind us that we were passing over the main administrative centre of the Aaland Islands. The Finns, with their more complicated vocabulary, call it Maarianhamina. And since it belongs to them Maarianhamina it should be called, I suppose. With the aeroplane dropping below the clouds we could see the place, which is a hundred miles out from Stockholm.

I suppose most of the passengers, now alertly sightseeing, had many thoughts in common at the sight. For the Aaland Islands, as I have said elsewhere, have a peculiar importance quite apart from their attractiveness as a seaside resort for Swedes and Finns.

Strategic thoughts about the Aalands came to my mind as I gazed down at Mariehamn. Thoughts like them probably were engaging the thoughts of my companions, for the Aalands are talked of a lot in Scandinavia, and all Scandinavia knows their significance.

But were they? Presently bursting among my ruminations came a voice which I could just hear say, "Captain Ericson!" Of course, Gustaf Ericson! This is the place where that gallant skipper keeps the fleet of three-masted

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schooners which rush the early grain from Australia. The famous grain race! Ericson's ships are the last of the tall ships which have been outmoded along with the sailing skill of the Finns by iron and steam.

And Mariehamn! This is the home port which he paints so proudly on the stern. Twelve out of sixteen of the large square-rigged sailing-ships on Lloyd's Register, I subsequently discovered, are Captain Ericson's.

I wished the world could think more on the commercial aspect of the Aalands instead of the strategic.

The conductor returned to his seat with the pilot after setting our thoughts astir with his "Mariehamn!" It seemed only a few minutes before he was back again.

"Kumlinge!" he called out. This didn't mean a thing to me, but I assumed that we were now over the fringe of the coastal archipelago, which would soon bring us over the mainland. The map, at any rate, said so. And pretty soon Finland announced itself with a serrated coastline. The "land of a thousand lakes"! I looked below, expecting to see the countryside dotted with half a dozen or so, but I saw only cultivated fields, splashed here and there with drifts of snow and patches of forest. The 'plane slowed down, and we alighted at the aerodrome outside Turku, or, in Swedish, Aabo. We had been an hour and a quarter coming from Stockholm, as compared with nine times that period on the night boat.

Later I made the acquaintance of Turku in war-time. On this occasion we waited long enough only for breakfast, and then tuned up for Helsinki, bearing slightly south-east along the coast of the Gulf of Finland. On arrival we had the usual examinations. A new one has been added since the European war in the form of a registration of your money. They enter everything you possess in cash, drafts, travellers' cheques, and letters of credit, and call the form a *valuta-deklaration*. You can come out of the country with less—and they sincerely hope you do. But woe betide if you come out with more Finnish money than you take in! That would mean that you would change it outside. And foreign exchange is too precious to countries like Finland, which

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subsist on foreign trade, to be swapped for their own money outside the country.

The poor inspector had his troubles with one of the passengers. He was an Egyptian consular official. And seemingly he had every known currency in his possession. We chatted while the distracted inspector was counting lire, marks, kroner, lei, dollars, francs, and what not.

"The Swedes are too slow for words," he said, in answer to my question about the prospect of war, as we waited upon the Finnish inspector. "Nothing can start in this weather, but they ought to have put up a warning signal to the Russians by mobilizing."

We went to the bus together, and continued to talk as the bus moved swiftly into Helsinki. The rain made the prospect bleak and dreary. Certainly this didn't seem military weather in the country of sixty thousand lakes.

A fellow-passenger of uncertain nationality had been listening to our conversation. As we alighted he said to me in English, "Tell your newspaper from me that the Russians won't dare to start anything." Then he moved away.

He was grim enough to be a Finn. His warning had nothing to do with the weather deterring the Russians. He meant they daren't take on the Finns, weather or no weather.

It was three years since I had been in Finland's capital. At that time Helsinki was crowded, and I had to put up at a new hotel, the name of which I forget. It was comfortable enough, but new and away from the centre of activity. I then found out that the hub of Helsinki is the Hotel Kämp. For that hostelry, then, I made when the Aerotransport's bus put me down on the sloshy sidewalk of its Helsinki office.

There will be time later to write about the Hotel Kämp. As a matter of fact, I had no time to pay much attention to the establishment when a bell-boy put my baggage in place. Mr Paasikivi must be seen without delay.

A telephone call to the Foreign Office brought me in personal touch with Urho Toivola. It was Mr Toivola who had greeted me by wire in Stockholm. I said that I should like to see Mr Paasikivi, and that later I would myself call

on Mr Ryti. Also, was there any chance of going with some military mission or other to the frontier?

I found that Mr Toivola, in the best tradition of Press agency, had already arranged a talk with Mr Paasikivi. The appointed time was early evening before dinner. And I was delighted to hear him add that by good fortune I had arrived just in time to accompany a party who were going to investigate the Mainila incident on the Karelian frontier. The train was due out at midnight. It was the Leningrad express.

Reading newspapers only with the aid of a translator hadn't made me very familiar with the Mainila incident. I knew vaguely that the critical state of Russo-Finnish relations had just been set on edge by an allegation of Finnish shooting into Russian lines at some such place. My chief concern at the moment was to see Mr Paasikivi.

I met Finland's David within five hours of coming down out of the lowering Bothnian air. His like I had seen many times before. I was brought up in the north of England, where every little township had at least one German. He was the pork butcher. And Mr Paasikivi was the very image of our German butcher clad in his Sunday best. There he was in the flesh—ruddy-faced, an Elihu Root cast of eye, hair clipped *en brosse*, and a fairly distended paunch, across which hung an old-fashioned, heavy-as-lead watch-chain.

The difference was that Mr Paasikivi greeted me in a room in his home which was well stocked with books and other evidences of a cultivated man of affairs. He had had a successful career in business and banking before taking up politics.

"One of the men who helped to put Finland on her feet," was how Mr Toivola had described him.

You hear everywhere that the Finns are silent as President Coolidge. Mr Paasikivi wasn't. Afterwards he explained, in reply to my facetious comment, that eastern Finns are less silent than their western kinsmen. I discovered subsequently, however, that Mr Paasikivi is a westerner! At any rate, Mr Paasikivi opened up without much encouragement

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or prompting about his talks with Stalin. It appeared that there had been eight sessions with the Muscovites, at seven of which Stalin was present.

"Quite clearly the Baltic policy is Stalin's," said Mr Paasikivi. "He did all the talking at our conferences. Molotoff never took any initiative. And Stalin would have come to all eight sessions but for some last-minute detention. It was Stalin, and Stalin alone, who outlined the Soviet policy towards Finland. It was Stalin who elaborated the details, and nothing was done in the session from which he was absent, except by way of amplifying, in reply to Molotoff's request, fresh counter-proposals submitted from Finland."

Evidently there is no dark and devious Hollstein in the Kremlin always pulling wires behind the scenes. The closest approach to the sinister Hollstein is Zhdanoff, the man who succeeded the murdered Kirov as boss of Leningrad. I was told that Zhdanoff is closest of all Soviet higher-ups in Stalin's counsels. But even Zhdanoff is no Hollstein. Soviet Russia is Stalin. And Stalin is Soviet Russia.

All this Mr Paasikivi emphasized with many finger-waggings and shakings of his horn-rimmed spectacles when I ventured to inquire whether there was any Machiavellian personage or *alter ego* or genius at the elbow of the Soviet dictator.

What Stalin asked of Mr Paasikivi was nothing less than the virtual extinguishment of Finland as independent Finland. The terms fell into three categories: (a) a mutual-assistance pact; (b) rectification of the 1000-mile frontier between Finland and Soviet Russia; (c) the lease of naval bases on the Finnish coastline and of islands in the Gulf of Finland belonging to Finland.

"You couldn't accept them?" I queried.

"Of course not!" replied Mr Paasikivi, with decision. "There would have been less left of Finnish sovereignty under this arrangement than we had when we were a Grand Duchy."

An elder-statesman type of man is Kaarlo Paasikivi, with fewer inhibitions about talking out in meeting than most

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Finnish leaders, because of his experience and sagacity. His English was difficult. He was improving it, as well as his knowledge of American life, from a copy of *Life* when I entered his library. Accordingly Mr Toivola acted as interpreter, though occasionally, to Mr Toivola's discomfort, we had direct exchanges. Mr Toivola, I am sure, felt that Mr Paasikivi was being indiscreet.

Mr Paasikivi chatted about an experience with Stalin which for a foreigner was unique. I asked him about the way Stalin behaved. Mr Paasikivi had been educated in a Tsarist Russian university.

"Well," said Mr Paasikivi, "Stalin talks much better Russian than he did, according to all accounts. In fact, he talks the language well. He was always dressed in a military tunic, with Russian top-boots. He was very pleasant throughout, though Molotoff was severe."

Just before the interview ended the telephone bell rang. It came from Mr Paasikivi's co-negotiator in Moscow, Väinö Tanner, then Minister of Finance, now war-time Minister of Foreign Affairs. The message conveyed the news that the Soviet had denounced its non-aggression pact with Finland.

I didn't know the reason for the interruption till afterwards. For not by a shadow did Mr Paasikivi's face show that he had just been informed that Soviet-Finnish relations had taken such a grave turn. He simply continued the interview where we had left off. Later he bowed me out with simple Finnish courtesy, waiting in the hall while the white-cowled Finnish servant helped me on with my overshoes, and chatting the while.

Outside, Mr Toivola explained to me the reason for the interruption.

"That's Finland for you," he said, just by way of information when I expressed some astonishment that there hadn't been at least a little agitation on our host's part.

I wondered whether I should be in time to see the frontier before it became a front.

CHAPTER V

GOLIATH WITH A BIG FEAR

THE story of Moscow's demands on Finland goes back to the hectic days in which all European diplomacy was enmeshed after Munich. The war of nerves got even more furiously under way before the British-German peace in our time had had time to dry off. A story is current in Europe that even the fountain-pen originally chosen to sign the peace-in-our-time document was so faulty that it refused to function. At any rate, the pledge soon disappeared behind the clouds of impending war. It was thrust into the background by fresh Nazi aggressions against the Jews inside Germany and fresh aggressions against the flickering remains of Czechoslovakia outside. Britain, now thoroughly alarmed, decided to do some fence-preparing against the day when war with Nazi Germany might develop *à outrance*.

One bright morning, accordingly, the world was startled to see the usually prudent British scattering guarantees of protection among sundry states in Europe. Poland became one of the beneficiaries of Britain's bounty. Whitehall is said to have been startled into this distribution by a telephone message from some Mata Hari in Bucharest saying that Germany was all set for a descent upon Rumania. It became necessary to cover up this precipitate guarantee to the small nations of Europe, and particularly to Poland, by coming to some understanding with Soviet Russia.

The British found Moscow equally apprehensive with Britain over the fast-developing world crisis. But a vast gulf was fixed between their anxieties. Stalin had been more alarmed by Munich than by the collapse of Munich, and he still had an obsessive fear that the collapse of Munich in a British-German war was of less significance than some future resuscitation of Munich. The European war, in short,

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appeared to be as phoney to the Kremlin as to Senator Borah.

This is what comes out of the record of the Finnish negotiations. Stalin fears that looming over the horizon a grand coalition will one day arise against Soviet Russia. The man in the Kremlin has always seen either a German or a Britisher under his bed. Now he foresees under it a Britisher and a German in unholy capitalist combination as counter world-revolutionists. That's *der Tag* or *die Nacht* to Stalin—perhaps a poetic retribution for the part he played in fomenting world revolution before he veered nationalist.

Hence the new 'preventive encirclement strategy' which came out of the Kremlin on the heels of Munich. In Stalin's fear-struck view there was no better defence than to scal up all entrances to his dominion against attack.

Now defence is a relative term. I mean that the extent of a nation's defence needs depends upon the extent of its territory. Even the United States thinks of its defences in hemispherical terms in such devices as 300-mile safety belts. Canada, let alone Central and South America, has felt this hemispherical concern of the defensive Uncle Sam. Stalin's bailiwick also happens to be a vast slice of the habitable world. And it seemed necessary to Stalin, therefore, to repair fences on an equally vast scale.

Stalin's ideas of a safety belt are, of course, different from Roosevelt's. So are his methods. The Russian's plan is to cajole his neighbours into dependencies, and if cajoling fails to make them dependencies by hook or crook. Under it, as Mr Paasikivi remarked to me, Finland would probably have less independence than the old Grand Duchy of Finland had under Tsarist rule. Roosevelt's safety belt, on the contrary, is a comity of American nations wedded to the principle of mutual non-interference and of collaboration in policy towards the outside world.

Why Stalin should have started with his Baltic neighbours in blasting out a safety belt is apparent when you think of his fears. He might have chosen Iran or Rumania or even Turkey. He turned to the Baltic because the Baltic seemed

to be the most immediate problem, as the map demonstrates, in Soviet defence.

To think for the moment only of Baltic Finland. Finland is a thousand-mile fence along the Russian border. At one point in the Finnish negotiations Stalin, reminding the Finns of this fact, burst out, "Who among the Great Powers but Soviet Russia would stand for an independent Finland stretching so far along its most vulnerable frontier?"

In Stalin's mind there were other considerations besides the frontier which made the master of the Kremlin anxious to give Finland the initial going over in the light of the world situation as he saw it. Who knew but that in the world ferment Finland might become a tool or even a part of the territory of Russia's potential enemies? Finland, historically and sentimentally, was friendly with Germany. As I have said before, as I shall show later, Stalin had his suspicions over the current German contacts of the Finns. And there was the Gulf of Finland giving entrance to the city of Lenin, Leningrad, and the Baltic beyond. Only by modifying the Finnish frontier, only by gobbling up the Gulf of Finland and as much of the Baltic as could be gobbled up, only by controlling Finland, could Stalin feel himself protected against the machinations of the outside world.

One of the knowledgeable Finns with whom I have discussed these matters is Eljas Erkko. Mr Erkko was Foreign Minister during all the negotiations with Moscow. On my return from the Finnish war I found him installed in Stockholm as Finland's Minister. On the outbreak of war he had voluntarily stepped down in order to relieve the new Finnish Government of any possible embarrassment in the event of a resumption of the Moscow negotiations.

A portly man and a corpulent is Erkko, still on this side of fifty, but one can still see in his frame the athlete who over twenty years ago served the gestating Finland in a more physical capacity than even the raw diplomacy of modern times calls for. As a matter of fact, he was one of the officers in the nucleus of Finland's army, the Civil Guard. And his job in the civil war out of which came the new

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united Finland was to rush the Civil Guard to any place where domestic and Russian Reds were making raids.

"Remember," said Mr Erkkö, nibbling some Russian caviare at Stockholm's Grand Hotel, "that the Russian is a Tartar, and that when the Tartar was a nomad and wanted to protect his camp he always sought to clear a protective zone for about 500 kilometres all around it."¹

Accordingly, as preliminary insurance of his great design, Stalin dickered with both British and Germans after Munich. He asked of both a present of his Baltic gateway.

Sometimes the British do go around bearing gifts. Sometimes the gifts, moreover, belong to other people. But Stalin's price was so brutal and so barefaced in its audacity that no Briton with any honour left in his bones could pay it. Moreover, Russia again in the Baltic is offensive to any Briton with any memory left of Britain's nineteenth-century anti-Russian policy. It is doubly offensive with Stalin running Russia. Stalin got a refusal from Great Britain.

Nevertheless the British found themselves the target of abuse from *intelligentsia* in America as well as Britain for not selling the Baltic States down the river. These *intelligentsia* will see what the Moscow negotiations implied when the British take their courage in both hands and publish the record in a White Paper.

There is no doubt that the price asked of the British for a Russian pact included acquiescence in the extinguishment of Finnish independence. The Finns are grateful to the British for refusing to be accessory to the crime—a word, incidentally, which sounds like a Sunday-school picnic to one who witnessed the bombing of Helsinki. But they feel that it was only the degree of Russia's demands that Britain objected to. The Finns feel, right or wrong, that Britain would have bartered away some of their territory and rights.

"I wonder whether the British will publish everything in their White Paper when it comes," said a Finn suspiciously.

And the Finns bear a grudge against the British for not forewarning them against Stalin's designs. There was no

¹ The Tartar came out again in the widespread clearance of the Russian side of the Karelian frontier two years ago.

need for any official or unofficial *démarche*. The opportunity was afforded most handily and informally when the last British (military) mission dropped off at Helsinki on their disgusted way back to London. Foreign Minister Erkkö invited them to lunch. But the British were so full of their disgust that they forgot or omitted to tip off their Finnish hosts even after consuming a good deal of Finnish good cheer.

Most of the disgust was voiced by a man who can even outdo the Finns in the mouth-filling complications of his cognomen. He is Admiral Sir Reginald Aylmer Ranfurly Plunkett-Erle-Drax. At lunch the conversation turned on the possibility that the British might one day have a fleet in the Baltic.

"Possibly," agreed the Admiral, "and I'd know what to do with it."

The Finns thought of the German menace, but were surprised to hear the Admiral, forgetting Kiel and other minor matters, blurt out, "Turn all the guns on Kronstadt."

Which was all very interesting to the Finns, who can outdo any British admiral in Russophobia, but scarcely informative of the reason for the outburst.

So the Russians shifted to Nazi Germany. And the Germans offered to pay the price.

The fact seems to be, however, that the Germans offered to pay the price under a terrible miscalculation. Collection was dependent upon war breaking out between Britain and Germany. And von Ribbentrop imagined that by snatching Soviet Russia away from Britain he would frighten the British into keeping peace with Germany at any further German price. In *Mein Kampf* Hitler writes: "The present rulers of Russia do not at all think of entering an alliance or of keeping one." Von Ribbentrop signed up with Moscow, rather, for the purpose of frightening Britain. Never was there a bigger miscalculation.

Stalin knew better. He knows the British better than von Ribbentrop does—even though his knowledge comes from psychological insight and von Ribbentrop's comes from actual acquaintance. Stalin knew that the British would live up to their Polish pact.

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Stalin signed up with Nazi Germany at the very moment that Nazi Germany agreed to pay the Baltic price which the British had refused to pay. Even if the British had offered to pay, Stalin, I think, would have signed up with Nazi Germany, and for three reasons: (a) it would bring on war, and therefore help him to collect in the Baltic; (b) it would delay the belligerents in the feared common assault on Soviet Russia some time in the future; (c) it would keep Germany turned westward for the time being.

Stalin knew that a signature with Hitler would provoke war between Britain and Germany. Then he would collect his safety belt around his Baltic frontiers with less danger to himself. He got much more than is known out of the Germans. One of the subsidiary prizes was a present in Moscow of the plans of Finland's Mannerheim Line. Every Finn knows it. The giver was General Arniké, formerly in German service at Helsinki, who had helped the Finns with their defences. To the honour of the German Army, Arniké's fellow-officers presented him with a Browning pistol, and told him he knew what to do with it. He did.

Stalin, then, figured out that war would check the belligerents in their inevitable (to him) conjunction of forces against Soviet Russia. Perhaps, indeed, they might be permanently disabled. And then Stalin might—who knew?—be able to make his safety belt the jumping-off ground for the pristine world revolution which so many observers before the Finnish war felt he had foresworn.

Finally, Stalin would rather be on the German than the British side in the interim mix-up. *Mein Kampf* is still on the record as a Nazi Bible, and in respect of Bolshevik Russia as a German Bible. But Chamberlain and conservative Britain's Russophobia is on gramophone record. A story I have heard in half a dozen capitals is that Stalin has in his possession as a gift from von Ribbentrop a gramophone record of this British design. It is an account of British conversations in Germany. Chamberlain is said to have spoken to Hitler of "the common danger" of Bolshevik Russia, and a hidden microphone picked it all up. Sir Nevile Henderson is said to have used more or less the

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same words to von Ribbentrop when Britain's William Strang was already in Moscow talking over the preliminary details of a British-Russian agreement, and a microphone is said to have picked that up too.

Britain's object before Munich was to turn Nazi Germany's face around, from west to east. This is what was called appeasement. It came to flower at Munich. Even after the collapse of Munich there seemed to suspicious Stalin's eyes no slackening of the British desire for eventually that same kind of appeasement.

One day in December I was talking with a high British official over the so-called phoniness of war-making between Britain and Germany.

"It's different in England now," he said, as if admitting a gentlemanly war up to then. "We're just fed up with the Germans, especially after the nabbing of our officials on the Dutch border [the Venlo incident of November 6], and now we really mean business."

"I wonder whether Stalin knows?" I commented.

"I wonder," was all he said musingly.

And suppose that Stalin had signed up with the British. Suppose, further, that a war had broken out with this line-up. In a Russo-British war on Germany the British would still have sought to turn the Germans east and let Germany and the Soviet fight it out. It would have been Albion ruling the waves and fighting it out on land to the last Russian.

So the Soviet made what is euphemistically called a compact with Nazi Germany.

"It should never be forgotten," remarks Hitler in *Mein Kampf*, "that the preservation of a State or Government is the highest aim of human existence, not the preservation of its kind." That was how Stalin regarded this treaty between two men whose reciprocal name-calling was still echoing throughout the world.

The Germans, no less than the British, kept the Finns in the dark about Stalin's safety-belt ambitions. German behaviour throughout has hurt the Finnish people keenly. After all, Germany helped Finland to independence in 1917

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by landing troops at Hangö (Finnish sentinel at the mouth of the Gulf of Finland) to serve as reserves for Field-Marshal Mannerheim in expelling the Red invader. A commemorative statue erected by the grateful Finns marks the spot where the Germans landed. It is with mournful regret, therefore, that the Finns refer to the way that the Germans have turned on them. The Finns show their regret in the diffident manner in which they mention General Arniké's handing over to Moscow of the plan of the Mannerheim Line.

Official Finland's regret is mixed with chagrin. I don't impute Finland's neutrality in the slightest when I say again that for months back Finland seemed to have been following German advice as well as its own counsels to start work on the fortification of the Aaland Islands. I have mentioned this matter in a previous chapter. The Finnish Minister to the Soviet continued to try to win Soviet consent to fortification down to the autumn of 1939. The Russians cannot fail to have noted with some concern, moreover, the visit to Germany in the midsummer of 1939 of Per Svinhufvud, an elder statesman in Finland with the prestige of a *pater patriæ*. Nor the guard of honour which at the same time the veterans of the 27th Jaeger Regiment, the Finns who fought for Germany in the World War, formed for Hitler during a reassembling in Germany.

Certainly there was deep suspicion in Moscow that Finland was in cahoots with Berlin. The sum total of the suspicion came out after Moscow and Helsinki had come almost to the breaking-point. G. E. R. Gedye, writing from Moscow in the *New York Times* on November 27, reported :

Some diplomatic circles in Moscow believe that the exceptional violence of *Pravda's* language is secretly inspired by anger at the reported Finnish efforts to obtain support from the country's former friend, Nazi Germany, against the Soviet Union.

It was a crazy suspicion, of course. Here was Finland accused of trying to be friendly with the Soviet ally. And,

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anyway, why shouldn't Finland try to make friends wherever she could make them in view of the threat to her integrity contained in the Soviet swallowing of Finland's opposite coastline in Esthonia? Crazy, but there are many crazy things happening in war-time Europe.

It was the Russians themselves who put the Finns completely on guard about Stalin's sinister scheme. Coming soon after the British through Helsinki was Boris Stein, Soviet Ambassador to Italy. He dropped off also to partake of Finnish refreshment with the Finns. And over the coffee he essayed a feeler about the Soviet need for naval bases on the Finnish side of the Gulf of Finland. It was just a feeler, but in the general turmoil of the world crisis the meaning was plain enough. Erkkö met the issue squarely.

"Where does our non-aggression pact with you stand in all this?" the burly Erkkö demanded.

Finland signed a non-aggression pact with the Russians in 1928. It had been working pretty smoothly so far. When any incident had taken place there was invocation in Moscow and Helsinki simultaneously of the joint inquiry on the spot which the pact provided for.

"Oh, that!" said Stein, with the airy manner of a Bethmann-Hollweg. "That is only paper. What we need are concrete proofs of non-aggression within our grasp." The times had already changed the sheep's clothing of the Russian Bear.

Stein went on his way to Rome, and left Helsinki in a new state of awareness. The Finns then saw what happened to the Poles, a people ten times their number. They saw one Baltic state after another take the trail leading to Moscow, and come back with their sovereignty shorn. They awaited their turn with a patience which has endured centuries of trouble with Russia. It came on October 5, 1939.

On that date a very polite note signed by Molotoff appeared at the Finnish Legation in Moscow inviting the Minister, Baron A. A. S. Yrjö-Koskinen, to drop around and "discuss certain questions of a *concrete* political nature" in which the Soviet Government were interested. Or would

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the Finnish Government prefer to have the Foreign Minister himself come over from Helsinki to discuss them?

Said the spider to the fly! It sounded ominous to the Finns in the light of the Stein feeler—the more ominous because there was attached to the *billet doux* no note of particulars. Helsinki thought the matter over very carefully. The Russians had added “as soon as possible” to their initial invitation. Apparently they were so un-Russian as to mean “as soon as possible” *à l'Américaine*, because a reminder came to the Legation within twenty-four hours to hurry up. It was R.S.V.P. with a vengeance.

There was no alternative but to accept. So the Finns sent in their acceptance between October 7 and 8. But they decided not to dispatch the Foreign Minister, because, first, the ‘concrete’ questions were not specified, and, secondly, the initial object was merely to establish contact. Accordingly they sent one of their ablest diplomat-statesmen, Juho K. Paasikivi. Indeed, they were so prompt in suiting action to words that they gave Mr Paasikivi his rail ticket even before the Russians received the acceptance. Mr Paasikivi took the train to Moscow in company with a staff of Foreign Office and military officials.

By this time the world had got into a ferment about the prospect of the Kremlin enjoying a barbecue with the body of Finland. Finland isn't Esthonia, after all. She is a sizable country—actually the sixth biggest in all Europe. And she is a nation of quality, to boot. She had just attained her majority as an independent state, but she had acquired enough laurels to give her a Nobel prize in civilized government. Many Americans, as I have said, think of Finland as a model nation solely because of her singular standard of probity in paying her foreign debts. But I went to Finland in 1937 to look into Finland's model behaviour in many other respects besides debt-paying. In wisdom of government, in economic and financial statesmanship, in social reforms, and in the arts and crafts of individual achievement—the Finns had a record to be proud of.

Mr Paasikivi's trip to Moscow consequently reverberated throughout the diplomatic corridors, not least the White

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House, and in the halls of numerous indignation meetings throughout the civilized world.

The first meeting between Stalin and the Finns was slated for October 12. But Molotoff found some urgent visitors on his doorstep before he could attend the meeting. One was Ambassador Steinhardt, bearing a personal intercession in behalf of Finland from President Roosevelt. The Ambassador was received with the respect which a ward boss reserves for a higher-up who has to be smoothed down.

Of both Mr Paasikivi and Mr Erkkö I asked whether Mr Roosevelt's intercession, if that's the word, had any perceptible result. I recalled that I was in Washington when the *démarche* was made. And I was struck at that time by the verbal support for the President which I heard in the most unlikely quarters. Newspaper-men, for instance, aren't usually sentimental about the news they gather, but I heard in the Newspaper Press Club in the capital the warmest sympathy expressed for little Finland.

War hadn't broken out when I spoke to Mr Paasikivi, and, naturally, he said the President's *démarche* had been useful, and the Finns were extremely grateful to the President.

Mr Erkkö was less diplomatic. War had then come, and the critical times didn't permit of idle compliments. He didn't think that the *démarche* had had any effect upon Stalin except to intensify his determination to crush Finland. Actually, of course, the Foreign Minister had only to cite by way of evidence Moscow conversations and their break-up in war.

Not so respectful was Molotoff in his reception of a caller on the heels of Ambassador Steinhardt—namely, the Swedish Minister. The Swede got what one might inelegantly call the bum's rush. Sir Nevile Henderson illustrates this new type of diplomatic work-out in an account given in State Paper prose of an interview with von Ribbentrop :

His reception of me that evening was, from the outset, one of intense hostility, which increased in violence as I made each communication in turn. He kept leaping from his chair in a state of great excitement, and asking if I had anything more to say. I kept replying that I had, and, if my own

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attitude was no less unfriendly than his own, I cannot but say in all sincerity that I had every justification for it.

That's more or less what happened to the Swedish Minister at the hands of the usually impassive Molotoff. Which must have been very disconcerting to the Swede, for the Swedes are ceremoniously polite, and seem to suffer excruciating pain in the presence of impoliteness.

Having got rid of these 'inconvenient' callers, Molotoff hurried off to the first conference with Mr Paasikivi, and found Stalin already opening the meeting with Assistant Commissar Potemkin. So the historic parley began.

I have talked over the Soviet motive with many Scandinavian and Baltic statesmen. They are equally divided between what I might call the Paasikivi and the Erkko schools. Mr Paasikivi believes that the Soviet aim is primarily military, or defensive—pathologically defensive, if you like. Mr Erkko, on the contrary, thinks that the aim is primarily political, or world revolutionary, and that the essence of the Bolshevik drive is to bring other peoples under the Soviet sway, Finland first of all. Neither mentioned Peter the Great motivation of a *Drang nach Westen* ending up at Narvik, on the Norwegian coast.

As I have said, I am a Paasikivi man. It should be noted that, with all due respect for Mr Erkko's sincerity, the Finns will the sooner obtain allies if the outside world comes to believe that world revolution is the primary Stalin motivation. Moreover, Mr Paasikivi was a delegate at the Moscow conversations, and had had an opportunity to study Mr Stalin such as few foreigners have had. Finally, Mr Erkko himself had supplied me with historical warrant for the Paasikivi view when he told me how the nomadic Tartars cleared out safety belts for themselves.

Be that as it may, the theories amount to the same result in their tragic realization in Finland. Security is the means uniting both defenders and expanders the moment that an aggressor passes over a national frontier. Moreover, this 'preventive encirclement strategy' of the Soviet Bear brings along in its train the Soviet system. And, since nothing succeeds like success, a Russian victory in Finland would

obviously tempt Stalin to use Finland as a jumping-off ground for world revolution, and show the Trotskyists that he was a better man than Lenin.¹

In this connexion it is rather interesting to contrast Lenin and Stalin. In 1907 Lenin came through Sweden. In conversation with Fredrik Ström, a Socialist who is now chairman of the Stockholm City Council, really Sweden's Herbert Morrison, Lenin said that when the Bolsheviks came to power all oppressed peoples would be liberated, "Finland first of all."

Writing in the *Pravda* on May 15, 1917, moreover, Lenin said :

The relation of Finland to Russia is the question of the hour. Here we have an unequivocal future. The Tsar and others are against an agreement with the Finnish Diet. They want to subjugate Finland to Russia. The class-conscious proletarians and the Russian social democrats, true to their programme, are for the freedom of Finland as of other non-sovereign nationalities.

Finland was annexed by the Russian Tsars through a deal with Napoleon. If we are really against annexation we must come out openly for Finland's freedom. After we have said it, and practised it, then and only then will agreement with Finland become a really voluntary, free, and true agreement, and not a deception. . . . Comrades, workers, and peasants, do not fear to recognize this people's right to independence.

Stalin, of course, has repeated this policy many times as a Bolshevik article of faith. He still talks liberation, and all the leaflets peppered with machine-gun bullets and interlarded with bombs which subsequently descended on civilian Helsinki stressed the 'liberation' of Finland. To the new Stalin liberation is seen as protection under the Soviet wing against the ravages of a united Western assault against Bolshevism.

¹ A Soviet plan to absorb Finland is said by Karl Albrecht in *Das Verantens Socialismus* to have been shaped in 1930-31. At that time there was a Fascist Putsch in Finland. The primary motivation of that plan was doubtless more political than military.

CHAPTER VI

LILLIPUT IN MOSCOW

MR PAASIKIVI had told me that Stalin, who attended seven of the eight meetings, put all the Soviet cards on the table at the October 12 opening conference in Moscow. Afterwards I heard from an equally authoritative source that the initial cards comprised only general demands. They fell, as I have said, into three categories : (a) a mutual-assistance pact; (b) rectification of the 1000-mile frontier between Finland and Soviet Russia; (c) the lease of naval bases on the Finnish coastline and of islands in the Gulf of Finland belonging to Finland.

Mr Paasikivi heard Stalin out, and then, when the dictator asked what he thought, the Finn replied, pleasantly enough, "I'm wondering if that's all."

Stalin, I am told, greeted the sally with a wintry smile. Mr Paasikivi rebuts the suggestion that Stalin is as humourless as Ivan the Terrible.

"He certainly took my reply with a smile and—if this is also a testimony to his sense of humour—spent the remaining sessions in trying to teach me [Mr Paasikivi emphasized the word 'teach'] the wisdom in Finland's own interest of giving in to Moscow."

To outsiders this latter remark will sound as if Stalin was singularly without humour. The effort to *teach* Mr Paasikivi that Finland could be saved only by admitting a Trojan horse is explicable only in terms of Stalin's obsession over a world of anti-Stalinites.

To another Finn who was in close touch with the Finnish negotiations I put the Paasikivi testimony to the Stalin sense of humour. The answer was very abrupt. War had by that time broken out.

"It's the humour of—what do you say?—a wife-beater, a sadist," he said curtly.

Only one of the demands on Finland sounded concrete at the initial October 12 meeting. This was that Finland should sign a treaty of mutual assistance with the Soviet. In other words, that the fly should commit itself to the spider's care, and even invite it.

Now the Finns had prepared themselves for this demand when they were ruminating on what they would do when they were invited to follow their Baltic neighbours into the Bear's lair. And Mr Paasikivi had been instructed to return a categorical 'no.' He did.

Stalin then countered verbally by asking whether the Finns would agree to a treaty or *partial* mutual assistance.

To this Mr Paasikivi hedged by remarking that under the Finnish Constitution all such matters as had been mentioned by Stalin would have to be submitted to the Diet.

Stalin wasn't at all discomposed. His alleged humour came again to the surface.

"We can guarantee you at least a 99 per cent. vote," he said seriously. The Finnish delegates listened to what to them was a grim threat of the meaning of the treaty of mutual assistance. As a matter of fact, Stalin, as events proved, felt that all Finland was waiting for Stalin to save them. But in Stalin's words the Finns saw Finland's independence ebbing away.

Mr Paasikivi, by no means disconcerted, ejaculated another negative to the proposal for even a treaty of partial mutual assistance.

So the conference turned to a general discussion over what Stalin described as the "defence of the Gulf of Finland." Would Finland agree to help Soviet Russia to strengthen its defence of the Gulf of Finland and Leningrad?

It was too late at this initial conference to go into details, but Stalin found time to mention, among other matters, the possibility of leasing territory on the Finnish side of the Gulf for thirty years. He also dropped a hint about the need for frontier rectification, and for the cession of Petsamo, the sea outlet in Arctic Finland, the Finnish portion of the Rybachi peninsula near by, and the Finnish islands in the Gulf of Finland.

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Two days later, on October 14, the second meeting took place. This time the Russians came with a written proposal.

By way of preface they explained the purpose of the negotiations from their standpoint. They said that in view of the world situation they wanted to strengthen the security of Leningrad. The city of Lenin is their second city, their sentimental capital, and contains munition plants and shipyards and lines of communication vital to internal Russia. The Russians thought that the protection of Leningrad would be achieved if Finland were to enter into strong friendly relations with the Soviet Union.

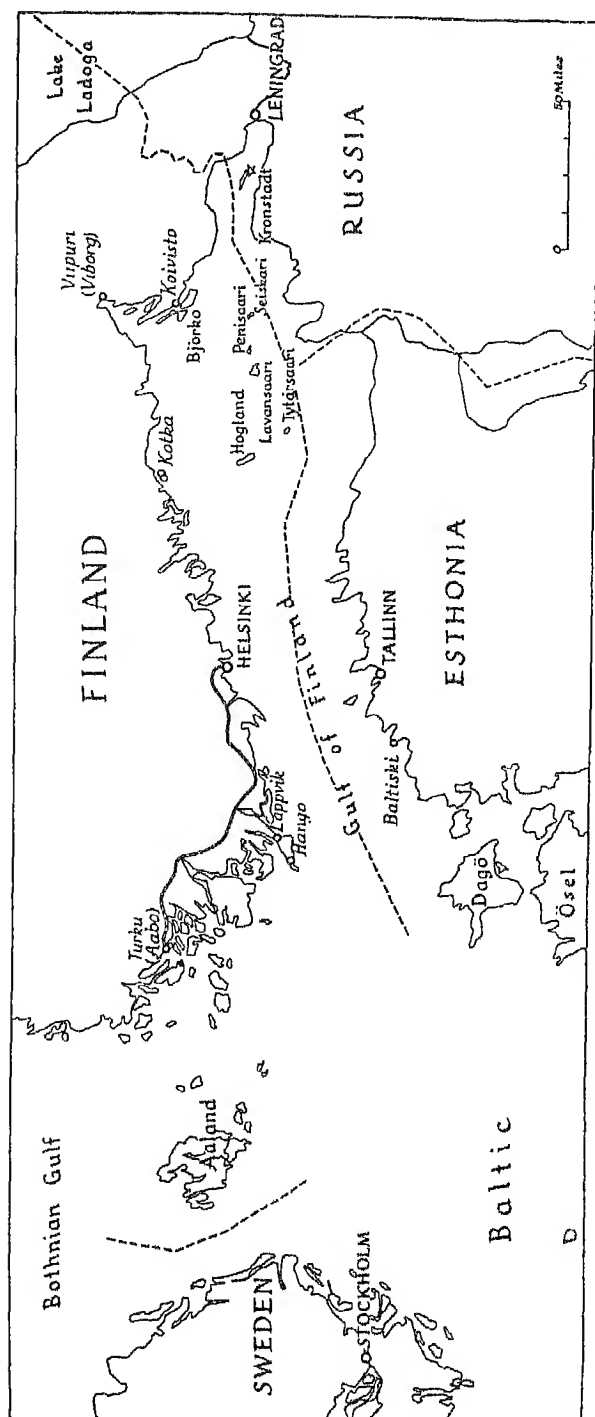
In more detail the Russians proposed Soviet fortifications on the Finnish side of the Gulf of Finland as they had obtained permission to fortify the Estonian side. Only by such means could war and transport vessels be prevented from entering the Gulf and seizing the islands of the Gulf and Leningrad.

At the same time a general settlement of Soviet-Finnish relations might be effectuated. The Finnish frontier in Karelia was now only thirty-two kilometres from Leningrad. This should be moved back north and north-westward so as to include Terijoki, among other places, within Soviet territory. In the north Petsamo and the Finnish part of the Rybachi peninsula should come within the Soviet.

From this memorandum one gathers the Soviet approach. It differed from Germany's in its dealings with neighbours. Germany wanted *Lebensraum* ('living space'). It would have been a joke which even Moscow could scarcely perpetrate to ask Finland for *Lebensraum*. In that memorandum Moscow, rather, showed itself mortally afraid of a grand coalition rising up against Soviet Russia. Against this eventuality Moscow wished to make the Gulf of Finland a Soviet lake. Frontier rectification fell in the same defence category in the Stalin lexicon.

In respect of the frontiers there might be some justification for change in Karelia, if not in Petsamo.

Finnish Karelia does march close to Leningrad. At the same time there are Finns in Russian Karelia. The entire



THE GULF OF FINLAND AND THE STRATEGIC POINTS LISTED BY STALIN IN HIS DEMANDS ON FINLAND

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elaborating the details of the Russian proposals. Here they are :

1. Hangö, town and harbour, for specified distances should be leased to Soviet Russia for thirty years so that the Russians could build a modern naval base, complete with extensive fortifications.

(Hangö stands like a sentinel on the Finnish side of the Gulf of Finland. It is well fortified by the Finns. Indeed, it covered itself with glory in this respect when war broke out. The cruiser *Kirov* took advantage of low visibility, and came within range of the Hangö batteries. Two shots found the *Kirov* on starboard and port, and it had to limp across the way to Tallinn, being towed humiliatingly into harbour.

Directly opposite to Hangö, sixty miles away, is Baltiski, or Baltischport, the Gulf tip on the Esthonian side, which the Russians had already 'persuaded' the Esthonians to cede for Russian fortification. Thus with Hangö the Russians would have been able to make the Gulf of Finland unquestionably a Soviet lake.

At Hangö the Russians weren't content merely with the cession of town and harbour. The proposal likewise provided for permission to keep at Hangö one infantry regiment, two batteries of anti-aircraft guns, two flight regiments of 120 aeroplanes all told, and one tank battalion. In *personnel* this would have meant the stationing at Hangö of 5000 men. Such a proposal would have put the Finnish capital of Helsinki as well as the Gulf of Finland at Soviet mercy. It would have squeezed the life, let alone the sovereignty, out of Finland.)

2. The Lappvik group of islands, forming the Finnish Solent east of Hangö, should be available as an anchorage for the Russian fleet, thus adding to the Soviet's grip over the Gulf of Finland and over Finland itself.

3. Islands and territory should be handed to Soviet Russia : in the Gulf five islands, chief of which are Hogland, Seiskari, and Koivisto (Björkö), part of Finnish Karelia, and Petsamo and the Finnish part of the Rybachi peninsula. Total territorial demand amounted to 2761 square kilometres.

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4. As compensation for territorial cession the Soviet would hand over to Finland 5529 square kilometres of Russian territory in Russian Karelia north of Lake Ladoga. This amounted to almost double the requested territorial cession from Finland.

The difference was that one was strategic and the other uninhabited marsh-land. Still, the proposal amounted to a swap on a businesslike basis.

5. Finland should strengthen the Finnish-Soviet non-aggression treaty with a new article pledging both signatories against making any arrangement which even 'indirectly' would mean a threat against the other signatory.

(This was the vaguest item in the Russian proposal. But, as the Finns interpreted it, it would have meant that even a change in Finland's Government could be deemed a violation of such an understanding.)

6. On both sides of the Karelian frontier all fortifications should be destroyed, including Finland's famous Mannerheim Line, and only frontier guards left.

7. The Soviet Government was not against the fortification of the Aaland Islands with Finland's own means, but only on condition that no foreign Power, including Sweden, had anything to do with those fortifications. This meant the tearing up of existing arrangements governing the Aaland Islands, both the one among the League Powers and the one between Sweden and Finland.

The bill of particulars was too much for the Finnish delegates to swallow at one sitting. They suggested an adjournment. In fact, Mr Paasikivi thought that they had heard enough from Stalin to take his demands personally back to Helsinki and seek fresh instructions. Accordingly Mr Paasikivi returned to the Finnish capital with his staff.

Finland's President and Cabinet were astonished at the comprehensiveness with which the Soviet proposed to absorb Finland. But there was no question of keeping away from Moscow. Finland had to go back. And it became the task of Finland either to persuade Stalin to moderate his demands or to delay the negotiations while Finland strengthened her defences. For this purpose the Finnish

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Government appointed a second chief delegate to accompany Mr Paasikivi, Väinö Tanner, now the war-time Minister of Foreign Affairs, and one of the group I have called "Finland's Big Three." He played Daniel to eke out Paasikivi's David.

The Finnish counter-proposals were very businesslike. They were presented at a conference on October 21. Mr Paasikivi as chief delegate read them to the attentive Stalin. The Finns declared they were ready at any time to consider any proposal which would strengthen the security of Leningrad.

At the same time, suggested the Finns pointedly, they must likewise take into account their own safety and, they added, again with point, their own neutrality in the European conflict. Stalin must also keep in mind that Finland was a constitutional democracy, that any change in the Finnish domain had legally to be submitted to the people as represented in the Diet. This wasn't a dig, but a sober fact.

At this point Stalin came back to his reminder of what Soviet power would be in Finland after the acceptance of the Soviet demand. "We could answer for Parliament," he said. "Indeed, we could guarantee a 99 per cent. majority, as I've said already, for any arrangement we make together."

The remark was uttered with all the quietness which characterized Stalin at the Finnish-Soviet conferences. But to the Finns there was something dreadfully discordant in the Stalin reminder. It was all too true. Granted the Soviet demands, there would be no more free Finland, no more freely elected Parliament, but a puppet assembly engaged in ratifying a tyrant's *Diktat*. Stalin, however, imagined that all Finland was itching to overthrow its 'capitalist clique' of a Government, to judge from the confident way in which he subsequently launched the invasion of Finland.

But Mr Paasikivi had a memorandum to read, and he continued to elaborate the counter-proposals, after mentally noting the Stalin interruption.

These counter-proposals may be set out *seriatim* :

1. Finland was prepared to give up three islands in the Gulf of Finland, and to throw in another island that the Russians didn't mention, either to make four or just for good measure. And, if there was any mystic attribute attached to the number five, the Finns pledged themselves to discuss an arrangement about a fifth island.

(Some Gulf islands don't appear in detail on any but big-scale military maps. These are no more significant than rocks jutting up out of the water. But three of main importance are recognized by the general run of cartographers: Hogland, Seiskari, and Koivisto (Björkö). The other three entering into discussion were Tytärsaari, Lavansaari, and Peninsaari.

Hogland, scene of a famous Russo-Swedish naval battle centuries ago, is a sizable isle situated right in the middle of the Gulf. Tytärsaari is south of Hogland, and Lavansaari, Peninsaari, and Seiskari stretch out along the same line towards Leningrad. Koivisto hugs the Finnish Karelian coastline. The island that the Finns threw in gratuitously is Peninsaari. In addition, they were prepared to give up Tytärsaari (which is really two islands), Lavansaari, and Seiskari. They were likewise prepared to talk over an arrangement about Hogland. But Koivisto, they felt, was part of their coastline, and they refused to agree to cession.

Parenthetically, when the war broke out Hogland was partly evacuated, and Seiskari was totally evacuated. But this didn't prevent them both from being heavily shelled. Hogland suffered a couple of days of intermittent bombardment, and when the five inhabitants put out to sea in a little fishing-boat, the boat was chased by a Russian torpedo vessel, and sunk with the occupants. Seiskari had nobody on it when the Russians appeared. How much shelling it got I don't know, but the Finns were vastly amused on the day I left Finland to hear the news coming out of the Moscow air that the workers and sailors of Seiskari had that day passed a resolution thanking Soviet Russia for their deliverance from the Finnish yoke !)

2. As to frontier rectification, Finland declared its willing-

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ness to move back its Karelian frontier. It proposed a line more favourable to itself than the Russians offered, one that didn't give to Russia the frontier town of Terijoki, which, as already mentioned, became the *situs* of the Moscow puppet Government for Finland. Terejoki is important to Finland only because they are trying to make a seaside resort out of it. This was its virtue for the Russians in the days when Finland was part of Russia and Leningrad was known as St Petersburg.

Petsamo and the Finnish part of Rybachi should remain Finnish.

3. Not an inch of Hangö would Finland cede, either for base or anchorage. The Finns declared that any such act would endanger the integrity of Finland, because in the hands of another Power Hangö would be a perfect base for attacking Helsinki. It is the master-key of Finland.

4. The Finns proposed that any alteration of the Finnish-Soviet non-aggression pact to include the Russian proposal for an article banning any arrangement which might constitute even an 'indirect' threat to the other party should omit the word 'indirect.'

(Stalin at this point nodded his head, and that subject was never argued subsequently.)

5. As to the Aaland Islands, Finland informed the Russians of their obligations to the League Powers under the 1922 agreement.

(No further reference to the Aalands was made by either side.

All talk of a mutual-assistance pact, partial or otherwise, had been dropped, and the Finns didn't think there was any necessity of bringing it up again.)

Two days later, on October 23, a written answer came from the Kremlin, and it was read at another conference.

1. The Russians declared that it was absolutely necessary to have a naval base at Hangö. This was the central point in the entire negotiations. The Russians at the same time declared that they were perfectly willing to consider a diminution of the garrison from 5000 to 4000 for the land forces, and then only for so long as the European conflict

lasted. This may have been significant as showing the fear of a Finnish-German attack or eventually of an anti-Stalin coalition growing up among the belligerents. But Stalin insisted on retaining Hangö as a naval base.

2. The Russians didn't think that the Finnish counter-proposals about the Karelian frontier went far enough. They proposed a new line situated between the original Russian proposal and the Finnish counter-proposal.

3. The Russians insisted on having Petsamo and the Finnish half of the Rybachi peninsula, and stuck to their original claims for the islands in the Gulf of Finland.

So the points at issue fell to three, but they still constituted such a threat to Finnish independence that Paasikivi and Tanner decided to take them back to Helsinki in person. In Helsinki the President called all the Parliamentary groups together. It was felt that in the crisis the situation should be handled by the elected representatives of the people rather than by a Government which had been formed out of Social Democrats and Agrarians in coalition. The M.P.s equipped the plenipotentiaries with new instructions.

These instructions were presented at a Finnish-Soviet conference held on November 3. This conference was notable because for the one and only time Stalin wasn't present. Another engagement prevented Stalin from attending, though an irreverent newspaper-man just out of Moscow said he wouldn't be at all surprised if Stalin had been listening all the time in another room, if not at the keyhole!

Only Molotoff and his under-secretary Potemkin appeared, and in the absence of the master, therefore, the conferees simply contented themselves with reading and amplifying the fresh Finnish *démarche*.

The Finns in their new memorandum insisted upon keeping the Russians out of Hangö. There could be no backing down on this point. However, they made moves to compromise the other points at issue. One was Hogland. Here the Finns said they were prepared to cede the southern part of Hogland. The Finnish attitude all through was that any territory which seemed even to veer towards the Estonian (or, should one frankly say 'Russian'?) side of

the Gulf of Finland might just as well be handed over. All they wanted was to keep intact within their own territorial limits.

Nevertheless they were ready to make more sacrifices of their own territory. What was strategic to the Soviet wasn't necessarily strategic to Finland. And even the marshland to be taken in compensation might yield to the zest for development which has characterized this twenty-one-year-old stripling among the nations. Accordingly the Finns now said they would move back even farther on the Karelian Isthmus to a new line which would leave both Terijoki and Raivola to Russia. This would have brought the Russians up to the Finns' forward line of frontier defence and fairly close to the Mannerheim Line.

But, with Stalin away, there could be no discussion of the Finnish memorandum. Next day, November 4, Stalin turned up, and immediately started the ball rolling about the least contentious issue—namely, frontier rectification. The conferees even went so far as to take up in some detail the question of compensation. There was little realty on the marshy waste which Russia was going to give to Finland. But a good deal of realty was involved in the part of Finnish Karelia which might become Russian under any general swap: churches, railroad, telephonic systems, barracks, lighthouses, and whatnot.

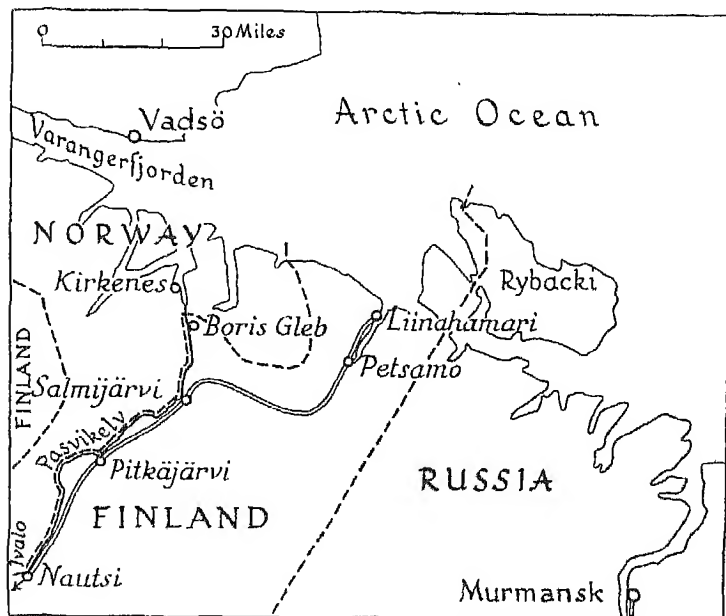
At one point in the discussion Stalin, whose mind was always on Hangö, interjected, "Why not *sell* us Hangö, if you don't want to lease it?"

This was more than a sudden inspiration on the part of the crafty Georgian. Finland had argued that a lease of Hangö to a belligerent in everything but name would violate their neutrality as well as their territorial integrity. With Hangö under Soviet sovereignty there couldn't be any question of a violation of Finnish neutrality. It was a casuistic argument. The Finns themselves use a less euphemistic term, and refer back to it as the argument of a shyster lawyer.

"That is impossible," retorted Mr Paasikivi, who was trained in the law himself, but not that kind of law.

LILLIPUT IN MOSCOW

Then the Russian dictator, his mind all obsessed with Hangö, asked whether they might talk about an alternative idea. Why not the same kind of arrangement to apply to the Lappvik islands forming the Finnish Solent east of Hangö which they had been discussing for Hangö itself?



THE FINNISH CORRIDOR TO THE ARCTIC OCEAN

In that case the Russians might forget all about Hangö. It will be recalled that hitherto all that Stalin had asked in the Finnish Solent was the right of harbourage for the Russian fleet. Finland, incidentally, has fairly good fortifications on those Lappvik islands.

In explaining this sudden switch of approach by Stalin Mr Erkko said to me, "Stalin is a man who knows what he wants."

The slickness of the manoeuvre was getting more than ever transparent. And Mr Paasikivi decided to meet the Stalin tack head on. He replied that the Finnish Solent was so close to the mainland that there could be no discus-

sion on that subject either. It would have been as if England were to give up the Isle of Wight or America Long Island. Hangö or Lappvik would hold in subjection Helsinki and all the other Gulf ports of Finland. Everything entering the Gulf would have to pass under Russian guns.

To all those objections Stalin listened quietly. He pressed his points rather in the manner of a good neighbour anxious to come to agreement than in that of a dictator threatening a neighbour state. As Mr Paasikivi said to me, "He tried to *teach* me the wisdom in Finland's interest as well as the Soviet interest of giving in."

Mr Paasikivi told Stalin that no Finnish Government could ever give a foreign state a foothold on the Finnish coastline. Finland must keep aloof from any such involvement in the European strife.

Stalin, reassuming the *role* of liberator of small nations, but in a different guise from the guise recognized up to now by the world's *intelligentsia*, replied that Finland was too small to defend its neutrality against any big Power. He wasn't thinking of Soviet Russia as the big Power, I am told. It was apparent that he had other big Powers in mind, for his attitude remained the attitude of the saviour. In a manner quite paternal he reminded the Finns, "Look at Poland!"

Mr Paasikivi merely observed without specification that Poland's position was different from Finland's.

Anyway, added the irrepressible Paasikivi, Mr Stalin seemed to leave completely out of account the possibility that Finland might be able to defend herself against even a big Power.

Mr Paasikivi knew, as Stalin apparently didn't, that the Finns had already put a lot of thought and sinew into their defences. The Mannerheim Line is a case in point. It is built on ideas partly borrowed from the Maginot Line and partly borrowed from German genius, though Finnish granite takes the place of concrete in the Finnish construction. It is a tribute to the national unity. First of all a student society volunteered to do the work. The Government, though it had not instigated the proposal, accepted

it gladly, and work was begun under military supervision. Many Finns in addition to students have given one working day, or the equivalent of it, to its construction. In addition, every town in the granite area gave the stone for nothing.

Obstinately Mr Paasikivi rejoined, "We must stick to Hangö and our coastline."

The conferees turned to the Karelian Isthmus, and the Finns executed another retreat on the map, but not much. They also said they were prepared to discuss an adjustment on the Rybachi peninsula.

Nothing happened then for a few days. And the Finns took the opportunity to speak with Foreign Minister Erkko in Helsinki. Could they do any more retreating? And what should they say if Stalin came back, as he was bound to do, to Hangö? Koivisto also seemed to be another sore spot with Russia. Mr Erkko told me his reply was categorical about both Hangö and Koivisto, though Koivisto, being close to the base of the Gulf, is, of course, of far less strategic significance to either Finland or Russia than Hangö is.

The next meeting took place on November 9. Stalin came to the point without delay.

"What about Hangö?"

The reply came without hesitation in the form of a repetition of the Erkko instruction, which was the Hungarian refrain, "Never! Never! Never!"

"Finland cannot consider giving up Hangö. We cannot consider giving up Koivisto. We cannot discuss any proposition that any foreign Power shall establish a military base on our territory or inside our territorial waters."

Stalin remained unperturbed, and then responded, as if noting the new finality in the Finnish instructions, "Nothing doing, eh?" Or, in the exact Russian, "Nitchevo ne boudet?"

The dictator said no more on the subject, and the Finns hurried on to say what they were prepared to do in the Karelian Isthmus. They essayed another retirement from the last proposed demarcation. It is the testimony of all the Finnish participants to whom I have talked that there

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was every indication that a compromise could have been arranged at least about the Karelian frontier if there had been no other question involved.

But Mr Paasikivi wished to get out of the new proffer the last dram of credit for the national sacrifice.

"Here we are offering an agreement about frontiers which will deny to us any satisfaction we now get from the people's cries of 'Paasikivi!' 'Tanner!' when we leave and return to Helsinki," he told Stalin.

The remark was uttered semi-facetiously. But it is a fact that the Finnish people were just as determined as their delegates to uphold the integrity of Finland. Every move in Moscow was followed by Finland's four million. No delegation had such a solid backing from its public opinion. No delegation was more hedged in by public opinion. So far the delegation had seemed to behave in a manner which the Finns believed to be authentically Finnish.

What the people didn't know was that the delegates had been far more amenable to compromise than the people would have been. They didn't know to what extent their delegation had retreated. Accordingly a goodly portion of Helsinki's 300,000 people used to troop to the railroad station and greet the delegates coming and going.

Eyewitnesses of these scenes say they were unforgettably solemn. The national anthem, *Vårt land*, used to rise up to heaven from the surging throng. Here is the first stanza of this apostrophe to Finland by Runeberg :

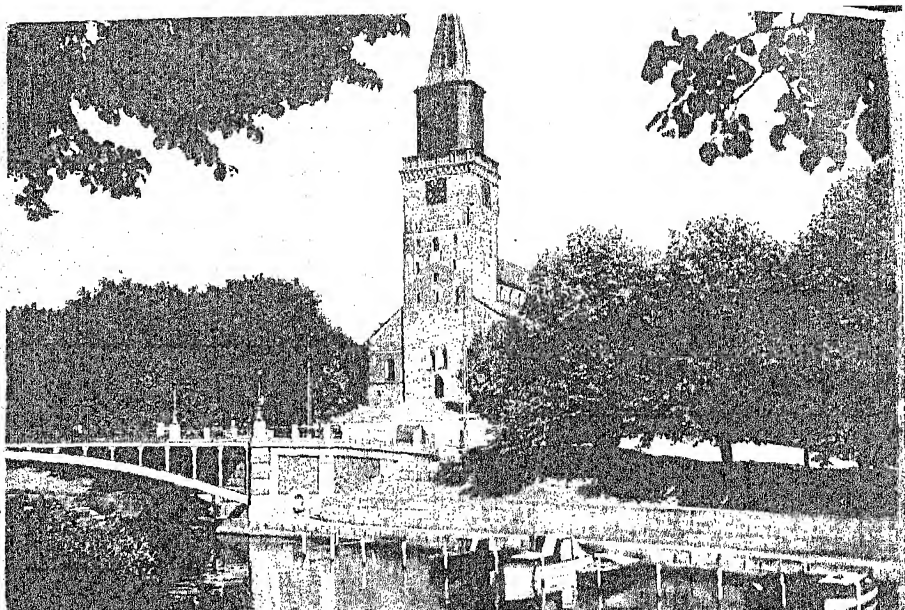
Our land is poor ; true, we reply,
For him who reckons gold.
The stranger proud may pass us by,
But we our land yet glorify ;
For in each crag and fell and wold
A golden land we hold.

And then the crowds sang the choral pledge, "Here, dear Finland, take our Holy Oath," which I subsequently heard sung many times by Finnish soldiers on the march.

"There will be no 'Paasikivi!' no 'Tanner!' when we get back to Helsinki with such an agreement," repeated Paasikivi, thinking partly of these scenes and seeking, with



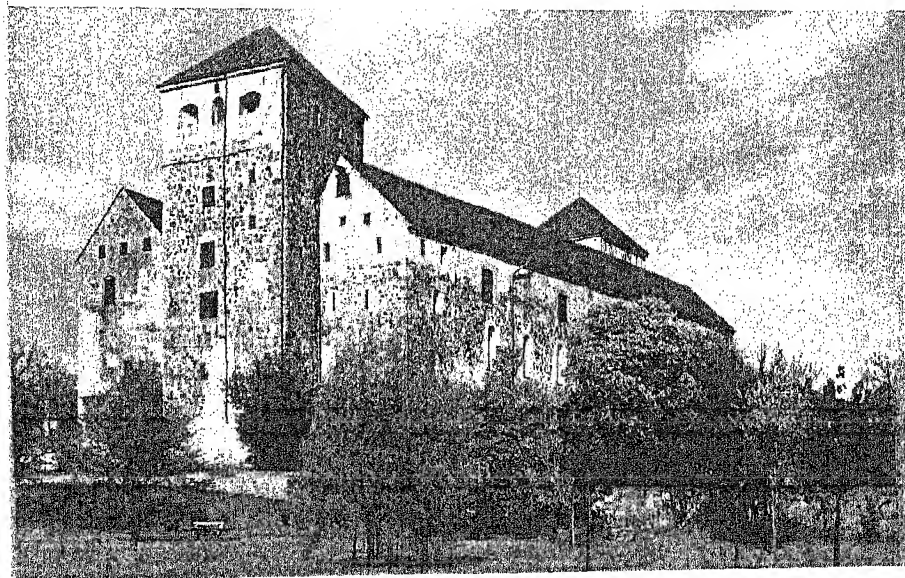
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the skill of a diplomatist, to impress the Adamzad of the Kremlin with the extent of Finland's concessions.

Stalin replied, " They will sing for you ! "

There was no irony in his voice. The delegates swear that he believed that even for an agreement with the Soviet on the Soviet's own model the people of Finland would acclaim the Finnish signers. Where had he been those last few weeks ? Immured in the Kremlin, shut off from external influences, and a law unto himself. Stalin, with a power that a Tsar never held, had nobody with whom frankly to consult but himself, though, as I have mentioned, Zhdanoff, Kirov's successor as boss of Leningrad, the man who had been infected with the defence phobia, is said to be closest to him.

So Stalin neither knew in general the limitations imposed upon negotiations conducted by representatives of free peoples (in spite of the constitution he had just granted the people of Russia) nor the extent in particular of Finnish national sentiment. This is plain from the event that followed. His Minister to Finland, Dercviansky, who couldn't speak a word of any language but Russian, had repeatedly assured him that Finland would fly apart at the slightest provocation. His assurances had the endorsement of Kuusinen in Moscow. Kuusinen, who was set up as Premier of the puppet Government in Terijoki, had been a Communist M.P. in Finland before he was thrown out. Since then he had been acting as head of the Scandinavian Department of the Third International. His knowledge of latter-day Finland, to say the least, was sketchy, and both Kuusinen and Dercviansky depended for their information on lackeys.

It is doubtful, indeed, whether they would have dared to report the contrary to their master. Heads of States have a habit of attracting yes-men, men who simply tell their chiefs what they know those chiefs want to be told. Especially is this true of tyrants. Sir Nevile Henderson, in his Final Report, makes a comment about Hitler which is equally true of Stalin. Henderson writes :

The tragedy of any dictator is that as he goes on his *entourage* steadily and inexorably deteriorates. For lack of freedom of

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utterance he loses the services of the best men. All opposition becomes intolerable to him. All those, therefore, who are bold enough to express opinions contrary to his views are shed one by one, and he is in the end surrounded by mere yes-men, whose flattery and counsels are alone endurable to him.

Stalin was grievously misinformed about Finland. He had only himself to blame. The purges make the remaining sub-leaders yes-men who shake in their shoes so violently that they are able only to stammer out their yeses.

Accordingly Stalin had the benefit of the best misinformation extant when he told Paasikivi confidently that for a Sovietized agreement with Finland the Finns "will sing for you!"

The negotiations by this time had got into a blind alley out of which there seemed no possibility of blasting an exit.

"We were—what you say?—stymied," said one of the negotiators to me.

It was Finland's rigid refusal to hand over any coastline that brought about the impasse. Hangö or its equivalent was what Cromwell would have called the "worm" in the Russian scheme. The frontier dispute, as I say, could easily have been reconciled, though the Finns would have been stiff-necked about losing all their Arctic corridor, if Stalin had insisted upon nipping Finland off altogether south of Petsamo. The Finnish delegation saw no further need to stay in Moscow, and prepared to leave on November 11. They were loath to go, because they knew that the Russians, balked of their demands in negotiation, wouldn't acquiesce in Finland's refusal.

The truth, however, is that the Finns had just about abandoned hope of an agreement as far back as October 31. On that day Molotoff had gone on public record with the general drift of Soviet demands upon Finland. These had been spread over world newspapers. The Finns were very sad when they read the speech. It was difficult then for the Finns to compromise with the Soviet even over the frontier question. And it seemed to them even more difficult for the Russians to retreat without considerable loss of face.

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At the time of the Molotoff speech the Finnish delegates were on the train back to Moscow. They had got to Leningrad when news reached them of the Molotoff speech. A question arose as to whether they should be brought back. It is understood that Foreign Minister Erkko actually wired them to leave the train and await instructions. But after a full Cabinet meeting late in the night it was announced that they had been told to go on. Erkko had relied on an early version sent out of the German official news agency which was said to have been stronger than the official Soviet version. The full version apparently persuaded even Erkko to agree with his colleagues that the effort to come to an understanding with the Soviet should be continued.

But the prospect of agreement had been clouded by the Molotoff speech undoubtedly.

"After that speech," said Mr Erkko to me, "it became a question of prestige for the Soviet."

Not so difficult for a Bolshevik perhaps. I covered all the Soviet's negotiations with Far Eastern countries when they entered into diplomatic relations in the middle twenties with China and Japan. A. A. Joffe was the Soviet herald, one of the first Soviet diplomatists, and the man who signed Russia's name to the Brest-Litovsk Treaty. One day, I recall, we were talking over a current proposal that Japan might buy out the Russian share of the island of Sakhalin.

"But," I said, "the sale of Russian territory would damage your prestige, wouldn't it?"

The bald-pated Joffe looked at me quizzically.

"Young man," he said, wagging a fat forefinger, "don't be misled by your experience in other countries. We are realists, and there's no such thing to us as national prestige. If it pays us to sell territory we'll do it."

Where so much trouble impended for Finland the delegates, however, were eager to explore any opportunity of a solution. A lingering hope seemed to come to them before November 11 was out. Just before midnight a letter arrived from Molotoff in which the Soviet Foreign Minister tried again to put over the slick argument that Stalin had offered

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over Hangö. By selling instead of leasing it, Molotoff explained, Finland would avoid any difficulty over the maintenance of its neutrality in the European conflict. He protested that the Finns hadn't properly understood the Soviet position.

Was Molotoff in hope of resuming the talks? The letter certainly sounded like an invitation to stay, and the Finnish delegation accordingly decided to postpone their departure. But no further communication was received from the Kremlin.

So the Finnish delegation on November 13 wrote a good-bye letter to Stalin. The Finns said they regretted they couldn't find any basis for agreement. They hoped that at a later date negotiations might be resumed, and that these would lead to a satisfactory result. The letter wound up with thanks for Stalin's hospitality. No high official from the Soviet Government saw off the departing Finns. Only the assistant of the Master of Ceremonies was at the station, a lowly official indeed. The neglect seemed to bode ill to the Finnish delegation.

It is plain, I think, that the entire Russian demands upon Finland were focused upon Hangö or some equivalent base near by where the Soviet could establish a naval base and harbourage. For the besetting fear in the Kremlin, to repeat, is the danger of an attack on Soviet Russia coming out of the European conflagration. To Stalin alliances and line-ups seem to be as fluid as the alliances and line-ups in the Napoleonic wars. His own is perhaps the most fluid. Against *der Tag*, therefore, he wants to make sure of control of the Gulf of Finland.

One would think that the hold that Stalin had wrested from the Esthonians on the Esthonian side of the Gulf would have given to Stalin this security. Mr Erkko thinks so. But from other sources I gather that Baltiski and Ösel do not afford the harbourage that the Russians require for their fleet. Guns from the Esthonian side, of course, couldn't govern the sixty-mile-wide entrance of the Gulf. But a fleet based on a port at the entrance to the Gulf could do so. However, when I was in Stockholm there was a report

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that in this respect the Russians had found their Esthonian acquisitions disappointing.

And it is well known that the Finnish side affords the better harbourage. At the Versailles Conference, I am told, the White Russians told the big Powers that Hangö was essential either for an attack on Soviet Russia or for the security of the Russia they hoped to regain. A British manœuvre during the 1919 intervention had proved it. I don't know whether Admiral Plunkett-Ernlé-Drax took part in that intervention. But when he told the Finns that he would like nothing better than to have a shot at Kronstadt he was expressing a wish which had already been realized in action. In 1919 the so-called Björkö (Koivisto) patrol had stolen out of Hangö waters and inflicted severe damage on Russian shipping and property and the Kronstadt base of the Gulf.

Stalin doesn't seem to care how he rouses world opinion by the brutal manner in which he is carving out his safety belt. This is shown in what, relatively speaking, is a lackadaisical regard for censorship. In these pages already have appeared extracts from newspaper dispatches which, *mutatis mutandis*, would never be allowed to get out of most of the other big nations in Europe.¹ Formerly the Soviet Union were not so insensitive. They were anxious to keep the support of the *intelligentsia* and the world's workers. Now they don't seem to care. This disregard for world opinion, in my view, is because of Stalin's intense preoccupation nowadays with his extra-mural plan for national defence against the menace as he sees it of a world combination against the Bolshevik State.

¹ The Soviet censorship was restored in full force on December 30, 1939.

CHAPTER VII

PREPARING FOR WAR

IN my hotel room in Stockholm on December 17 Baron Aarno Armas Sakari Yrjö-Koskinen told me what had happened in Moscow after the Finnish delegates left on November 13. The Baron, a Swedo-Finn, the father of whom was the first pre-independence politician to learn Finnish, is a courtly diplomat of the pre-Hitler school. He collects pictures, and he keeps a detailed diary, edged in gilt.

Not all Finnish diplomats have been brought up in diplomatic manners, by the way. There was one Foreign Minister, for instance, in whose immaculate tail-coat used to hang a Finnish knife suspended from a belt. One day a German envoy came to present his credentials. And he is said to have been astonished when the Foreign Minister flicked up his tails and pulled out a Finnish knife and slit open the formal-looking document. The Baron doesn't look the kind of man who would wear a belt, let alone a knife.

On November 13, after seeing the delegates off, the Baron drove back to his legation. The prospect didn't seem propitious. That night there had come out of his radio a harbinger of war which showed how closely the Bolsheviks were copying the Nazi technique. Sandwiched in the news was a tirade against the Finnish Government. "Bandits of capitalism" is the favourite Muscovite phrase for the Finnish Government, and it was used that night, and repeated *ad nauseam* from that night on.

For thirteen days (or nights) the radio demonstrations against Finland went on. Then on Sunday November 26 Molotoff sent for the Baron. It was 9 P.M., and Under-Secretary Potemkin stood at Molotoff's elbow. Yrjö-Koskinen didn't quite know what to expect. To judge from

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the radio demonstration, the next move should logically be another act in the Greek tragedy. But back on November 11 Molotoff, in his final letter of explanation to Mr Paasikivi, had seemed to be keeping open the negotiations. It might be. . . . Hope always lingers in the diplomat's breast.

But the hope was only a flickering one. For that day the *Pravda* had outdone even the creature Press of Berlin in vituperation. The editorial was a long stream of insults thrown at the head of the Finnish Premier, Aimo Cajander. I give the following description from the dispatch in the *New York Times* of November 27, written by G. E. R. Gedye, from Moscow :

Among the epithets applied to the head of the Government of a neighbouring state are "clown, crowing rooster, squirming grass-snake, marionette, small beast of prey without sharp teeth and strength, but having a cunning lust." Premier Cajander is accused of "standing on his head, talking upside down, smearing crocodile tears over his dirty face, and weeping the repulsive tears of a clown imitating the crocodile." He is warned that he will have to learn how Josef Beck and Ignace Moscicki feel to-day (Foreign Minister and President respectively of the old Poland).

You couldn't very well expect an effort to resume negotiations after an editorial of that kind in a subject newspaper. So the Baron awaited the reason for the Molotoff summons without much hope.

It was to receive a Note. And the Note turned out to be a 'resolute' protest against an alleged bombardment of the Russian lines on the Karelian frontier by Finnish artillerymen. It said that at 3.45 P.M. on Sunday November 26 Red Army forces north-west of the Russian front village of Mainila had been fired upon from the Finnish side. In all there were seven shells. One non-commissioned officer and three privates had been killed, and one sub-lieutenant and one non-commissioned officer and seven privates wounded. The details were given exactly. Soviet troops, having strict orders not to reply to any provocation, had refrained from returning the fire, it was said.

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The Note referred to the bombardment as 'provocational shelling.' It went on to say that in the Stalin-Paasikivi negotiations the Soviet Government had pointed out that this concentration of Finnish troops near Leningrad—meaning mobilization—not only menaced Leningrad, but was a 'hostile act' against the Soviet. Now there had been an actual attack. It was an 'abominable attack.'

But, the Note continued, the Soviet Government was not inclined to exaggerate 'the abominable attack.' For it might have been due to the 'bad management' of the Finnish command. All that the Soviet Government wanted to do was to make sure that there was no repetition. Therefore the 'resolute' protest was coupled with a demand for the immediate withdrawal of Finnish troops to a distance of 20 to 25 kilometres from the frontier. This would be a precautionary measure.

Such a withdrawal would have meant the abandonment of Finland's forward defence works, though not the Mannerheim Line.

The Baron listened attentively as the Note was read. It was very correctly worded, Molotoff's manners were distant but irreproachable, and there was no scene when the Baron made a verbal reply on the spot. Yrjö-Koskinen said that it seemed highly improbable that there had been such an incident.

Much the same language was employed by the newspaper reporters in Moscow. Mr Gedye uses the word 'incredible.' Molotoff had protested, as a hostile act, at the concentration or mobilization of the Finnish Army at the frontier which was referred to in the Soviet protest of November 26, and which was charged against the Finns repeatedly by indignant workers and Red Army units. Comments the Moscow correspondent of the London *Times* in the newspaper dated November 29:

In justice to Finland it must be pointed out that the first hostile act of this nature was committed by the Soviet Union, which began mobilization in the Leningrad district in the month of September, and remained mobilized while negotiating upon the demand for Finnish territory.

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A pointed, not to say courageous, comment to come out of Moscow.

Anyway, continued the Baron hopefully, the two countries, fortunately, had a non-aggression pact providing for on-the-spot investigations by a joint mission. Both countries had used such a means of avoiding trouble since they signed the pact in 1928, and more than once. Why not try the same method again? Molotoff didn't say anything, and the Baron left after talking to the immovable Russian for half an hour. Next day Monday November 27, he sent the Soviet protest to Helsinki.

But the Moscow ether now turned blue with abuse. Gedye says that the *Pravda* article "must have been written some eighteen hours before the alleged incident." It looks in the light of subsequent events as if the *Pravda* and not the Finns had fired the opening shot of the war. On Monday night the radio described the incident as "a brazen provocation by the Finnish military clique." It reported great indignation among Red Army units.

The Baron could see the handwriting on the wall. He awaited the response from Helsinki.

The Finnish Government's reply was submitted at 1 P.M. on Tuesday November 28. It amounted to a flat denial of the allegation of a Finnish-created incident at Mainila. Instead, the Note asserted, the firing came from the Russian side, and the shells fell in front of an open field in front of Mainila, perhaps in connexion with military exercises. Foreign Minister Erkko gave an exact description of the incident as culled from the diary of a soldier which I was shown later at the front. His reply wound up by suggesting that, instead of a unilateral withdrawal by the Finns, both sides should withdraw an agreed distance, and concluded by suggesting formally what the Baron had already requested informally—namely, a joint commission on the spot as provided for by the non-aggression pact of 1928.

Bold language from the Government of 4,000,000 people to the Government of 190,000,000! There are those who think that the Finns must have had some support in thus standing up to the Russian Colossus.

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From whom? Nobody in—shall we say?—knowledgeable circles had imagined that Britain had had anything to do with it, as Communists in America, desperate for excuses for the Soviet's extraordinary conduct, suggested. From the Soviet's ally, the Germans? It was the Germans who were thought by some to be responsible for the Finnish backbone. Gedye has already been quoted as saying that some diplomatic circles in Moscow believed that the violence of *Pravda's* language was secretly inspired by anger at the "reported Finnish efforts to obtain support from the country's former friend, Nazi Germany, against the Soviet Union, though these efforts apparently have been in vain." Perhaps. It would be quite logical that in view of the vaulting danger of Moscow the Finns should turn to Germany; in fact, anybody who would help them against a Colossus of a neighbour who was obviously preparing to fall upon them. But the only smell of a German connexion I got in Helsinki was that the Germans might have been egging on the Finns in order to embroil Russia. At any rate, a highly placed Finn on the eve of war told me that possibly the Germans wanted a Finnish diversion in order to see the Russians engaged in the real war instead of sitting ensconced on frontiers waiting to pick up war spoils. They knew better than the Bolsheviks what the Russians would be up against. Otherwise I ran into no German trail in Helsinki. And I think that Finnish boldness was much more attributable to Finnish pride.

"It's the obstinacy of a deal table," said a Russian to me later in Stockholm.

Four hours elapsed after the Finnish Government's reply had been received on November 28, and then Molotoff sent for the Baron again. Potemkin was present. Molotoff didn't mention the Finnish reply, but produced a fresh Note. This denounced the non-aggression pact.

The document began by saying that the Finnish reply to the Mainila allegations reflected "profound hostility" to the Soviet Union. It was a "contemptuous attitude" to deny the "abominable" and "villainous" shelling. The concentration of Finnish troops so close to Leningrad was an act "incompatible with the non-aggression pact concluded

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between the two countries." The suggestion that both sides should withdraw equally from the frontier was rendered absurd by the fact that a Soviet withdrawal would mean bringing back the Soviet troops to the very suburbs of Leningrad.

In this last-named respect the Soviet Foreign Minister was, of course, quite correct. One wonders why the Finns made a proposal for common withdrawal at all. There are several reasons, I think. The Finns weren't the original aggressors, or even the original mobilizers. All the circumstances point to the fact that they were likewise innocent in the Mainila allegation. Why should they back down when they were right? The Finns are like that. At the same time I believe that deep in their bones they still felt even at this late hour that the Russians were bluffing. They are too rigid to be bluffed, and they thought they were safe in calling the Soviet bluff.

The *dénouement* was now coming fast and furiously. The Baron listened in silence to the denunciation of the non-aggression pact. But when Molotoff had finished reading he expressed astonishment at the abruptness of the Muscovite procedure. Molotoff heard him out. Then, in the most solemn tones, he reminded the Baron that Finland had committed an act of aggression against the Soviet Union. As an afterthought he added that Mainila wasn't the only instance of provocation, either.

In my Stockholm apartment the Baron told me that throughout the exchanges the Soviet Foreign Minister had behaved as if he thoroughly believed what he said. Molotoff apparently was a good soldier.

"He seemed to be carrying out orders," reflected the Baron pensively, "like an automaton."

But the entire timetable of the pre-war schedule was too perfect to occur without the most studious preparation. The Russians, with their national slogan of *Nitchevo*, aren't time-conscious, after all. In this case nevertheless they were almost ahead of themselves. Listen to Gedye's account in the *New York Times* of November 28:

The timetable of events shows that if the Soviet version of the firing is correct the Russians were certainly favoured by

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fate, for the Finnish 'outrage' followed so promptly on the heels of *Pravda's* violent attack on the Finnish Premier the same morning as to fit miraculously into the framework of the revived anti-Finnish campaign. Later developments went like clockwork too, putting to shame those who complain of the customary Russian dilatoriness.

Pravda's abusive editorial was on the streets about 11 A.M. Four and three-quarters hours later—at 3.45 P.M.—the Finnish guns, according to the Russians, opened fire. Although the incident occurred at a frontier post far beyond Leningrad, the Soviet machinery for reporting to the Foreign Office officials was so expeditious that within another four and three-quarters hours all these necessarily complicated pieces of technical procedure were completed and the Russian Note was ready for presentation to the Finns, whose Minister was summoned at 8.30 to receive it. [To be accurate, Baron Yrjö-Koskinen told me 9 o'clock.]

In less than another four hours it formed part of the mid-night broadcast, the evening's musical programme having been interrupted even earlier, at 10 P.M., for the transmission of a brief account of the incident. Another four hours later night-shift workers throughout the country were being shepherded into special meetings in their factories during the 4 A.M. dinner pause to record the necessary protest. Alert Press photographers were on hand to photograph the workers' faces registering indignation, which with full reports of the meetings graced the pages of *Pravda* when it was printed this morning, just over another four hours later. It was really a remarkable achievement of smooth-running machinery.

Soviet newspapers on the morning of Wednesday November 29 carried all the Notes that had been exchanged. The denunciation of the non-aggression pact came first. Vitriolic tirades against Helsinki and resolutions against the 'capitalist clique' of Finland filled the remainder of the newspapers. The Baron the previous evening had already 'phoned the Soviet denunciation of the non-aggression pact to Helsinki.

I heard of it myself, as I explain in an earlier chapter, almost immediately, for at that time I was closeted with Mr Paasikivi at his home at Helsinki, listening to his account

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of the Moscow negotiations with Stalin. We were interrupted by a telephone call from Mr Tanner relaying the message that the pact had been denounced, and Mr Toivola gave me the news as we took our leave.

But Baron Yrjö-Koskinen is reading to me from his Moscow diary. At 1 P.M. on November 29 the Minister got a telephone message from Foreign Minister Erkko saying that the reply to the Soviet Note denouncing the non-aggression pact was being hurried up. But he wasn't to present the reply when it came till he had received collateral instructions on how to present it. The formal Finnish reply arrived at 6 P.M. But before the collateral instructions had come the Soviet Foreign Office was again on the telephone. It was Potemkin's secretary.

"You are requested to come to the Foreign Office at 10 P.M.," the official told the Baron, in stereotyped tones.

The telegram arrived from Helsinki just after the Baron had left the Legation for his interview with Potemkin.

Arrived at the Foreign Office, the Baron was ushered into the Assistant Commissar's presence. The Baron knew that the hunt, aided and abetted by the intense hue and cry, had now got its quarry. There was no waiting. Potemkin handed a Note to the Baron breaking off diplomatic relations with Finland.

He had scarcely finished when the telephone bell rang. It was an *attaché* at the Finnish Legation saying that the telegram of instructions had arrived. It was too late. Evidently it would have been too late no matter when it arrived. But the Baron turned to Potemkin, and asked permission to submit the Finnish reply to the denunciation of the non-aggression pact formally to the Soviet. Potemkin replied that he could not give an immediate answer, but would get into touch with his Government and let the Baron know. The Assistant Commissar, however, added a warning as the Baron prepared to take his leave. He said he felt that, in view of the fact that the Soviet had already made its decision, it would be useless to present the Finnish reply to Moscow's denunciation of the pact of non-aggression.

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This Finnish reply and telegram of instructions may be described in passing just for the sake of what Al Smith calls the record. The reply declared Finland's willingness to withdraw its troops *unilaterally* to a distance far enough away from the frontier as couldn't possibly be interpreted as endangering Leningrad. In Erkko's exact language :

My Government is ready to settle with the Soviet Government the question of the removal of Finnish defence forces stationed on the Karelian Isthmus, with the exception of the frontier customs guard forces, to such a distance from Leningrad that it could not even be alleged that they threatened its security.

The Finns, in short, no longer asked the Russians for simultaneous withdrawal.

This back-down from the firm stand which the Finns had taken wasn't adopted without some argument in the State Council by which the exchange by this time had been conducted. President Kallio, I understand, was against it. His attitude was the attitude of an honourable man who refuses to truckle to gangster bluster.

"We are right. Why don't we stay right?" he is reported to have said.

Mr Erkko and the Cabinet, however, won him over to more resilient diplomacy.

It seemed from this back-down as if the Finns at last realized that the Soviet meant immediate business. I don't think the realization had been borne in upon them till Molotoff had denounced the anti-aggression pact. The Helsinki correspondent of the *New York Times* apparently agrees. In the issue of November 30 he writes:

The Finns also believed that the Russians will not attack before carefully investigating the alleged border incidents.

This correspondent ought to know much better than I, for he is a Finn, close to the Government, and is now in America on an official mission for the war-time Finnish Government. In the same paper the Copenhagen correspondent, reporting either from the same source or Helsinki correspondents of the Danish Press, said :

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Even the highest circles expressed some astonishment at the rapid development of events.

He added an item of fact to support the generalization. General Ostermann, the Finnish army commander, was in Helsinki on leave, and spent that critical Wednesday night at a Helsinki hotel with his family. It is clear, I think, that the Finns didn't expect war when it was launched upon them, though, as events showed, they were prepared for any emergency at their frontiers.

Moreover, it is clear from the final Erkko Note, I think, if one still requires such evidence, that the Finnish Lilliput didn't want to engage in war with the Soviet Brobdingnag.

The telegram from Helsinki accompanying the Erkko Note added a new note of conciliation. It said that if the Soviet would continue the Paasikivi-Stalin negotiations where they left off Finland would be willing for its part to discuss the other Soviet demands.

It was another desperate effort to save Finland from war, but neither the reply nor the telegram could arrest the curtain on its way down as scheduled in the Kremlin for performance.

"What happened, then, to the Note and collateral instructions?" I asked the Baron.

"Well," he replied, "I was determined to get them into Soviet hands. I waited till 1 A.M. on November 30 for Potemkin to 'phone again as to whether I might present our final offer, still hoping that the end might be averted, and, not receiving any message, I decided to send the Note by courier."

"Was it received?"

"Well, I don't know how you'd put it. The courier got a receipt, and the Note wasn't returned, but that's the last communication of any kind I had."

By that time Molotoff himself was polishing off his phrases for a radio speech from the Moscow station. He was speaking as the Baron had decided to send the Finnish Note to the Foreign Office. Molotoff spoke of the "patiently conducted negotiations with the Government of Finland concerning proposals which in the present alarming international situation

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it regarded as the minimum essential for insuring the security of the country and especially for the security of Leningrad."

All that the Soviet had encountered was "irreconcilable hostility." There had been aggression on the frontier. And all that the Soviet had got for its protests was "a brazen denial of the facts." The patient Molotoff could only put down the attitude of the Finnish Government towards the negotiations and the incidents to "foreign imperialists." Certainly such conduct couldn't possibly reflect the attitude of the Finnish people.

Molotoff took occasion to make clear the policy of the Soviet Government for the sake of the record. He said that it was "maliciously" slanderous to say that "we aim at seizing Finnish territory." He said, "We firmly hold that the Finnish people should itself decide its internal and external affairs in a manner it deems necessary itself." Equally slanderous were the foreign allegations that the Soviet aimed at measures imperilling Finland's independence or even at interference with her internal or external affairs. "We consider her," said Molotoff, "an independent and sovereign state."

In the light of what happened this speech was either the last word in cynicism, from the use of which even the old partitionists of Poland would have shrunk, or a revelation that Molotoff had thoroughly deluded himself that all Finland was really awaiting Soviet deliverance. In Molotoff's case I gather from the Finns that the latter construction is probably correct. One wonders what satisfaction the Commissar is now getting from the Kuusinen Government which the Red Army just managed to squeeze over the frontier for the acclaim of the 'real' Finland.

One thing is clear: if, as Hobbes says, "every man ought to endeavour peace as his only hope of obtaining it," Finland had endeavoured peace.

Just after 9 A.M. that morning, November 30, I was awakened from my bed at the Hotel Kämp in Helsinki by the sound of exploding Soviet bombs. War, or whatever fancy name international slaughter is called, had been

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launched on Finland. Simultaneously the Red hordes came pouring over the frontier in the Karelian Isthmus with all the death-dealing paraphernalia of modern warfare.

I had been standing myself on that frontier, looking across at Mainila, the scene of the *casus belli*, only eighteen hours before.

But this is another story. The Baron we left in his legation in Moscow looking lugubriously at the bare receipt of a Note in which the Finns had humiliated themselves in an effort to prevent war. He tried to telephone to Helsinki. But even then, some hours before the attack, he couldn't get through. All through the day he got only the telephone operator's response, "All communications are down!"

He managed, however, to establish contact through Tallinn, Esthonia, and when he heard the news of what had happened he decided to ask for his passports. The application went in on December 1.

But the Soviet weren't going to let the Baron go before they had got out of Helsinki the rest of their own legation. Most of them hadn't been there for weeks.

I know that for a personal reason. In Helsinki on the previous day I had had a message from my office in Boston urging me to have a look-see in Moscow before I finished my investigation into Baltic conditions. It was awaiting me at the Hotel Kämp when I arrived at Helsinki. Little did they think how they were imperilling my life in asking me to go anywhere near the Soviet Legation at a time when Soviet-Finnish feeling was running so high! I knew I was going to see Mr Paasikivi before catching the train for the frontier. But I thought I would employ the afternoon in finding out how the situation stood in respect of a visa for Soviet Russia. First of all I telephoned back to Stockholm and left a note for our Moscow Ambassador, Mr Steinhardt. Mr Steinhardt was then visiting in Stockholm, and, coincidentally enough, had suggested when I saw him there that I go back to Moscow with him. Then I went round to the American Legation in Helsinki. The Minister was out, but the Consul-General, to whom I presented my Russian problem, picked

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up the diplomatic list, and showed me the names of one Soviet official after the other with the word 'Absent' after it. There were one or two left, but only the minor officials. Certainly Dereviansky wasn't there. Parenthetically, in view of what he must have reported to Stalin about Finnish unpreparedness, one wonders where he is now.

When the war was launched on Finland on Thursday November 30 the rest of the Soviet staff rushed down to the harbour and took refuge on the German boat the *Donau*. The boat stayed in harbour throughout the aerial bombardment. In fact, the Russians came near hitting it on the second day of the bombardment, December 1. In Helsinki we imagined that the quiet that followed after December 1 was due to the presence of the *Donau*. I don't think, on reflection, that we were right.

At any rate, Baron Yrjö-Koskinen thinks that he was held up in Moscow till the *Donau* could get away, and not only get away, but, as the Baron felt, arrive safely at Tallinn. The *Donau* pulled out, and got safely through the mine belt which the Finns had laid down in Helsinki waters on December 5. It was the fourth consecutive day, incidentally, that Helsinki had been spared. But the Baron, in spite of the earnest solicitations of the much-rebuffed Swedish Minister, wasn't allowed to entrain till December 7.

"I suppose the Swedish Minister took over Finnish interests in Soviet Russia," I asked, without thinking.

"Oh, no!" replied the Baron, with the shadow of a smile. "By that time there was a new Finnish Government—don't you remember?—at Terijoki. And they took over Finnish interests! I distributed my personal belongings to the Italian and Swedish Ministers for safekeeping, including my pictures, of which I have a collection."

Thus the Baron really had been an interloper all the time! The Baron wondered whether he would ever get out of the country. And he was, in fact, arrested. When the train arrived at the Latvian border his coach was uncoupled, and there he remained under arrest for six hours. The Baron, scrupulously fair, thinks that the incident had nothing to do with Moscow. He feels that the incident was

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due to some misunderstanding between Moscow and the local police.

"Just administrative confusion probably," said the Baron.

At any rate, after running up a restaurant car and allowing him to eat they attached a new train to his coach. It was a goods train, and behind a load of miscellaneous freight the Finnish Minister to Moscow finally crossed the Latvian border !

I was curious to know what sort of life the Minister had led in Moscow during the war. He said that he was allowed to go out and pay farewell visits. He didn't notice anything untoward in the streets. He was the victim of no demonstrations. His military guard was increased from one to three, and there were agents of the OGPU stationed on the pavement outside. That was all.

I asked these questions of the Baron because one got the impression that the Finnish war was being inspired more from Leningrad than from Moscow—that the Finnish campaign was in part a Leningrad party.

The Baron wouldn't be drawn away from his diary to talk on conditions in Moscow.

I had heard something about those conditions in an account of the Turkish wait in Moscow while Stalin talked with the Baltic statesmen. My informant put the Turkish wait down as a Stalin blunder. Not, as you might suppose, because the wait offended Turkish susceptibilities, but because the Turks had had an opportunity to look round. And they had seen bread-lines lengthening, Soviet troops badly equipped, and other evidences of deterioration. That settled the matter as far as the Turks were concerned. They determined then and there to sign up with the British instead. But the Baron had nothing in his diary on that subject.

I had kept the Baron long enough, and since he wasn't in the mood to talk over his impressions of Moscow I let him shut his gilt-edged diary without pressing him further.

CHAPTER VIII

FRONTIER INTO FRONT

EVERYWHERE I went in Helsinki on the afternoon of November 28, or thirty-six hours before the Soviet Union struck at Finland, I found women knitting.

They were knitting at Stockmann's, Helsinki's famous department store, when I stepped in to buy a pair of rubber overshoes. These were made, incidentally, by a co-operative factory. I went on to a bank, where the tellers seem to be mainly women, and found the clerks in the same preoccupation. At the telegraph office, where I had to apply for a pass in order to send collect messages to my newspaper, I could scarcely get attention for the knitting of the women behind the counter. Throughout the capital, indeed, the gentle sound of needles coming together had filled the air for many days. And many nights too. Behind the drawn blinds you could sense a quiet clicking around the firesides of those quiet neighbourhoods. I know that because when I told the United Press correspondent that I had made a note of this public knitting in my initial dispatch to my newspaper he growled, "I sent that weeks ago. That's about the only thing we've had to report, waiting here for something to happen."

Peace and content seem to come from women knitting. There was something inexorable about the handiwork of Helsinki women, it's true, but somehow their busy needles gave off a feeling of confidence too. For they were knitting unhurriedly, without fuss. Indeed, as I reported that day, Helsinki was much less nervous than Stockholm. During the Moscow negotiations women and children had been sent away from the capital as a precautionary measure. Fully 75 per cent. of them had returned when I arrived. The schools had reopened, and life seemed pretty much as usual, except for this all-absorbing knitting.

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At the telegraph office, where I had to make a clerk drop a stitch with my gentle reminder of my presence, I inquired the reason for the knitting. I knew why, of course. But I wanted to hear her explanation.

"Just for our soldiers at the frontier," she explained soberly, without making any point in her answer.

This was before I went to see Mr Paasikivi. I left the Finnish negotiator's house at about eight o'clock. It was apparent that the sand was rapidly running out of the hour-glass, and that only a miracle could prevent the Soviet Union from forcing war on Finland. Would my contemplated trip to the Karelian frontier be postponed? Mr Toivola, the chief of the Press Department of the Foreign Office, who had acted as my interpreter with Mr Paasikivi, thought not. But he didn't seem at all sure. His chief concern was to get off to a meeting of extra-Cabinet officials who intended to talk over the situation created by Molotoff's denunciation of the non-aggression pact. He told me to await a call from him at the Hotel Kämp.

Accordingly I went back to my hotel and wrote a dispatch to my newspaper on the day's happenings. In all honesty I could say that Helsinki was much calmer than Stockholm. For that was, indeed, the case. Stockholm feared the unknown, whereas Helsinki was in the presence of the known, and was holding up its head in a manner which signified that, war or no war, Helsinki would be ready. Deep down, I think, the people felt that the Russians wouldn't dare to invade Finland. In this respect the people had taken their cue from the Government. As I have said, General Ostermann, the army commander, was that day on leave with his family in a Helsinki hotel. And the Government acted as if it believed that the Russians were bluffing.

My dispatch didn't take long, and on coming downstairs I ran into Mr Toivola. It was then about half-past eleven.

"We're going," he said. "Are you ready? Train goes at midnight."

"In a minute," I said.

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I went back upstairs and brought down a bag which I hadn't had time even to unpack.

Mr Toivola was waiting with another member of what seemed to be a sub-Cabinet. The Press chief left me with his friend after promising to meet me at the station. I offered to give the friend a lift, and in the taxi quizzed him about the meeting.

"Oh," he said, "we came to the conclusion that the Russians must be bluffing. If they come—well, we can't beat them in the long run, but we are confident that we can throw back the first wave. Anyway, the Cabinet meets to-night to send a reply to Moscow."

"What about the Germans?" I asked. I had asked the same question of Mr Paasikivi, and he had replied—rather, Mr Toivola had replied for him—"We cannot talk about the Germans."

It was this official who gave me the opinion I quote in the last chapter that the Finns thought the Germans might possibly be egging on the Russians in order to embroil them in war.

"Incredible" I reflected at the time. It was not till later that I thought perhaps 'acquiescence' might be a better description than 'egging on,' and that there might be an ultimate object on the part of the Germans to use the Finnish diversion as a weapon with which to frighten the Scandinavians into doing their peace-making with Britain.

At the station I had to wait for Mr Toivola's party. This gave me time to look round. And there is something about Helsinki's station that makes one want to look round. In architecture modern Finland has become a model for architects everywhere, and the station at Helsinki is one of the best examples. Agnes Rothery, in her book *Finland: The New Nation*, calls it "one of the most impressive monuments in Europe." Another author is superlative. J. Hampden Jackson, in his *Finland*, says, "There are no finer railroad stations anywhere than Finland's." My inexperienced eye agreed.

Three years ago I thought of Helsinki as a boom town in a Victorian setting. The railway square is boom town,

though without the shoddiness of boom towns. All around rise magnificent buildings which are approached from cobbled roads. But the *ensemble* isn't as pleasing as the individual achievements. Somehow it seems higgledy-piggledy. New Helsinki has just 'grewed' without a layout. Grouping comes from taste and culture, and in Finland will, I suppose, come later. What strikes the eye immediately, however, are these incomparable buildings of the new Finland.

The native material for the new Finnish architecture is granite. Finland is like Vermont and Scotland in having a stony soil. The country has various designations: 'the land of ten thousand lakes,' 'the land of forests,' and so on. But Finland could equally be called 'the land of granite.' For granite is so prevalent that it has worked its way into the national character. In this respect the Finns are like the Vermont farmers and the Scottish crofters. And, as Ellsworth Huntingdon would say, perhaps the explanation of the character of all three peoples is the stoniness of the national soil.

I am told that it is difficult to use Finnish granite in its natural state in architecture. The granite contains a streak of iron which leaves a line of rust in the buildings. But some kind of processing beforehand has now got rid of the iron for such purposes. And the new structures in Helsinki are said to be free of it.

Eliel Saarinen is the architect of the railroad station. He attained such fame with his creation that he was invited to America. There he is to-day—in Detroit, I think. He and his contemporaries blazed a new path for modern Finnish architecture. Looked at from the sea, Helsinki used to seem quite bulbous and opulent in a dress borrowed from Byzantine and neo-Gothic styles. Now the Finnish architects are making their capital severer in form and more functional in design. This is borne out in the railroad station. The red granite tower shoots up like a beacon, tall and thin, and is surmounted by a black roof with shutters showing four genii of light. Decoration is reserved for the huge and inviting and very functional entrance.

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In the days to come that tower became in fact a beacon calling the bombed civilians in Helsinki to take advantage of the transportation facilities within. Saarinen created no formal monument at the railroad station. Functionalism, very definitely, is his aim. And within forty-eight hours of this re-examination of mine the ample entrance and interior were functioning smoothly and ceaselessly in swallowing up most of Helsinki's 300,000 people, and channelling them swiftly on their way to safety. I said in my broadcasts to America that the usefulness of the station at this time of national peril must have seemed to Saarinen in America the grand testimony to the worth of his noble creation.

Urho Toivola came along with other members of the party just before the train was due out. A breathless man is Mr Toivola. How he got any sleep I don't know. He seemed to be at the beck and call of everybody. With him as he rushed into the station were several other members of the party, to whom there was no time to be introduced.

"This way," called out Mr Toivola, as he strode ahead to the platform, with the rest of us after him.

It was the Leningrad express that was going to take us to the frontier. All the passengers were already aboard—most of them, I suppose, asleep. They were bound for Leningrad and Russian towns beyond. For this was a through train, going over a line built in Tsarist days on the five-foot Russian gauge.

Now Soviet Russia was almost an 'enemy' already. And it was the oddest sensation to realize that this train after we left it would speed on into 'enemy' territory without let or hindrance. Yet by that time we would be somewhere on the Finnish side of Karelia, peering across at the 'enemy' lines. The thought somehow took the risk out of our enterprise.

Mr Toivola stopped when we got to a special coach reserved for our mission. We had a few minutes to spare. And our host then made introductions all round. I discovered there were two other newspaper-men in the party. One was Norman Deuel, of the United Press, who had come from Moscow to Helsinki some months before to report the

Finnish-Russian crisis from the Finnish end, and the other Dr Gösta Attorps, a distinguished writer for the *Svenska Dagbladet*, of Stockholm. And on the train two officers of the Finnish general staff awaited our arrival. One was the Press chief of the Ministry of Defence, Colonel Honko ; the other, Lieutenant Kivijärvi. Both of them greeted our party most hospitably, and we sat around in a compartment which they had already transformed into a bar, and improved the new acquaintanceships which had been thrown together so hastily.

Attorps and I found a common intellectual meeting-ground, which we cultivated later in Stockholm, on Swedish characteristics. I poured out my impressions into his critical ear. To him I am indebted for many corrections of my pell-mell impressions. I started out as usual by asking him about the stratification of Swedish society.

"In a way the stratification seems to be English, but it isn't, and I'm wondering whether it isn't professional," I observed.

I told him various stories I had heard in Stockholm. A well-born girl who was stopping for a while with an equally well-connected family in the country took a job in an office. Before then she had walked side by side with her host to the railroad station *en route* to Stockholm. After she got the job her host stalked on ahead, and in the train took his seat in another coach. What did that mean? It certainly wasn't English.

"That is definitely an exception, just a personal idiosyncrasy," said Attorps. "In Sweden there is much more of the common touch about the nobility than there is in Britain. The two countries aren't unlike, but in Sweden the nobility have been more resilient. They have co-operated in putting through social reforms—at least they have co-operated more than the British aristocracy have co-operated with the social reformers. And they don't leave their mark on Sweden as they do in Britain. In Sweden, for instance, there is no House of Lords sitting on a birth qualification only. It's an elective second chamber in Sweden."

"Aren't the aristocracy being swallowed by a new

plutocracy too?" I asked. "I don't think they are in England. They thank God for their aristocracy in England—not for what they are, but for what they have saved the country from. I mean the plutocracy."

"There are dominant plutocrats in Sweden, of course," Attorps agreed. "First the Kreugers and then the Wennercrens. Money is a gilt-edged passport in my country as elsewhere. And I suppose the aristocracy don't stand up to it. You must remember that the aristocracy is poorer, poorer than in England. And less tenacious in holding on to privileges."

I was reminded of what an old-family Swedish count had said to me in Stockholm: "You don't inquire into pedigrees any more. You reserve such inquiries for hogs."

We talked into the night as the train speeded on to the frontier. I decided that Attorps was very much like the cultivated Swedes I had met in Stockholm: acquiescent in social reform, going along with it, but traditional to the core. That may seem to be a contradiction in terms. But it makes up the pragmatism which enables the Swedes to be so constructively progressive.

I told Attorps of the admiration in America for the Swedish way.

"Yes," he said, "we read about it. But Americans seem to forget the fact that we are both a mature and a small country. Our maturity has given us a remarkable self-restraint."

"Capek says it's easy to govern a nation of gentlemen," I interjected.

"I don't know about that," Attorps responded. "But when you come back to Stockholm you might look at the Skandinaviska Banken in the Gustaf Adolf's Square. There's the bank that was said to be backing Kreuger. Well, when Kreuger committed suicide you would have thought there would have been a run on that bank. There was nothing of the sort. It is true there was a flock of people outside, but they were newspaper reporters and photographers. The crowd collected, but it was to look at the reporters and photographers! The Press—what do you

say?—were baulked of their prey. There was nothing to report or photograph. It was funny to see how the tables were turned, but it was a testimony to the national self-restraint, I suppose.”

“Certainly that makes government easy.”

I recalled a chat with Ivar Rooth, Sweden’s Marriner S. Eccles at the Riksbank. I had inquired of him for an index giving the velocity of circulation, or the turnover of money. This is the index showing a sort of curve of national behaviour. When people are full of extreme hope or extreme fear they spend money fast. When in doubt the people, on the contrary, slow down their spending. Was there such an index in Sweden? I found there was no such index, and Mr Rooth had added, by way of explanation, “You see, our people seem to be always normal.”

The Swedish way, then, is more a tribute to the Swedes than to Swedish institutions. The general run of the population is formalized in a pattern of behaviourism. I had written to that effect after my last visit. Those who think they can simply take over Swedish laws and institutions forget that these have grown out of a Swedish *milieu*. What is good for one country is not necessarily good for another. I had written that Mayor La Guardia had a far more difficult task than the entire Swedish Government.

But it was long past bedtime, and I left Dr Attorps to talk with the others about Finnish strategy.

I was awakened in the early morning by our arrival at Viipuri, or, in Swedish, Viborg, the seaport which before the end of the year Russian guns were shelling from the Russian side of the Mannerheim Line. We were some two hundred miles away from Helsinki. It was still dark outside. But there was a stirring in the coach, and presently Lieutenant Kivijärvi knocked at my door. I let him in, and he inquired whether I would like to have the inevitable *kaffe*. The idea sounded inviting, and the Lieutenant himself came back with a cup of coffee.

We talked about himself and Viipuri. *Kivijärvi* in Finnish means ‘Stonelake.’ *Järvi* for ‘lake’ became familiar when the war broke out. But this was my novitiate, and my

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tongue had difficulty in encompassing 'Järvi,' which in Finnish sounds like 'Hehrvi,' but isn't quite. Accordingly 'Kivijärvi' became 'Stonelake' in our conversation. It was his suggestion, one that came from the manner in which he was addressed by his foreign friends.

An excellent cicerone Kivijärvi turned out to be. Young and good-looking, he was really in business, and his uniform testified only to temporary service under Finland's conscription law. I gathered he was the managing director of a corporation engaged in making candy. He had travelled far and wide, and knew many languages. He deemed it part of his job to tell me about Viipuri.

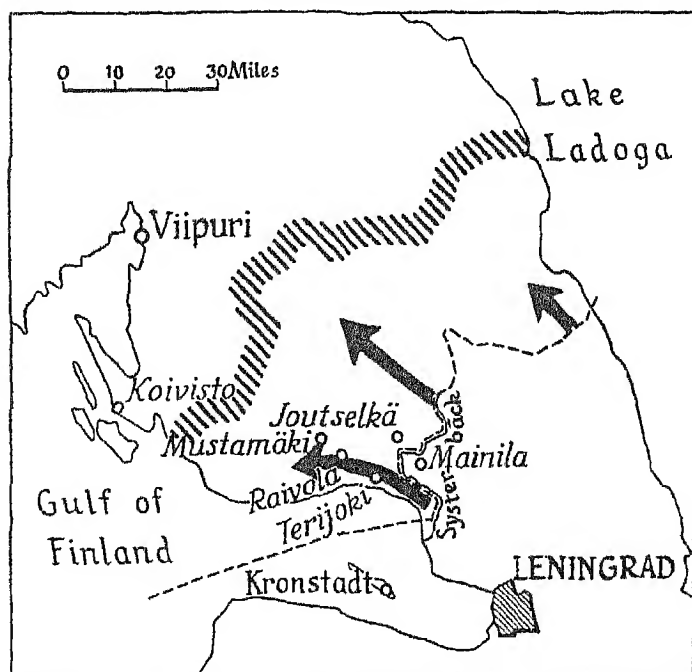
Viipuri is the capital city of Karelia. Mr Paasikivi had told me that this eastern part of Karelia is less dour than the western. Music, for instance, is well developed. The Karelians are like the Welsh in their love for music. Some of the carols sung in England, I recalled, were said to be Karelian. The lighter side of Karelia is probably due to the fact that in pre-independence history the Karelian branch of the Finns came under Russian influence, while the western Finns were growing up under Swedish influence. There seems to be no ethnological difference. It is only in temperament that Finland's east is separated from Finland's west.

The musical life of Viipuri, I was told, adds to the charm of an old-world city. Stonelake said that the town itself grew up around a castle built during the Swedish crusades with Finland in the thirteenth century. The Swedes regarded the place as the citadel of the west against the Russian east. Stonelake recounted some of the legends associated with the history of successive Russian attempts to storm the city. One of them told how the constable of the castle forced the enemy to raise the siege by showering them suddenly with barrels of flaming pitch and tar. He is supposed to have invoked magic to put the stuff on fire. The city fell to Russia in the Thirty Years' War, known in Finnish history as the years of the 'Great Wrath.'

Viipuri's importance to the new Finland is due to its location. It is an ancient port with historic connexions with the cities of the Hanseatic League. But it sprang into signifi-

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cance when a connexion with a string of inland lakes was established by canal. Finland is Europe's biggest exporter of sawn timber, and a good deal of it goes out of Viipuri. Down a string of elongated lakes 'way up-country the logs



THE KARELIAN ISTHMUS, SHOWING THE MANNERHEIM LINE AND MAINILA, SCENE OF THE FRONTIER INCIDENT, STALIN'S CASUS BELLI

are floated south-east, south along the canal, into Viipuri. Viipuri stands second to Kotka in export tonnage.

"You must stop off at Viipuri when times are better," wound up Stonelake.

"I'd like nothing better," I responded.

I wondered then whether it might not be too late to see Viipuri in its pristine charm, as I have been too late in respect of some of the towns in Spain which I had once planned to visit; and as I read of Viipuri being pounded by Russian guns the wonder grows.

It was quite light by this time, and the other members

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of the party were already in the corridor looking through the windows. I joined them.

This was Karelia—or, rather, the Karelian Isthmus. If you will look at the map you will see that the Karelian Isthmus is the bottle-neck of land based on the Neva and Leningrad which is enclosed between Lake Ladoga and the Gulf of Finland. At its opening width it is less than fifty miles across. But it widens out after it gets into Finnish territory to about double that distance. We still had sixty miles to go to the frontier—almost the length of the isthmus.

"This is where Hiawatha comes from," said Kivijärvi.

"Hiawatha!" I exclaimed.

"Our Hiawatha," he said.

Then Kivijärvi told me about *Kalevala*, one of the world's fundamental folk poems. It was written a century or so ago by Elias Lönnrot, son of a village tailor, who spent most of his time in Karelia hunting up traditional tunes and tales, which he wove into his epos *Kalevala*.

Afterwards I looked up foreign critics to see whether they attached any Finnish importance to *Kalevala*. I found this description by Andrew Lang:

We find no trace of an aristocracy. There is scarcely a mention of King or priests. The verses of the poem are really popular heroes, fishers, smiths, husbandmen, medicine-men, or wizards, exaggerated shadows of the people, pursuing on a heroic scale, not war, but the common daily business of primitive and peaceful work.

Finland's frontier with Soviet Russia leaves most of this Karelian Isthmus to Finland. It must be one of the world's longest frontiers, incidentally. Altogether there are a thousand miles of it. Striking down from the Arctic, the line cuts through Lake Ladoga, the biggest lake in all Europe, and ends a little beyond Terijoki, on the Gulf of Finland. At this point the Finns are less than fifteen miles from Leningrad.

Of course, the frontier is a projection of the surveyor's compass, and nothing else. It is so arbitrary that it separates one branch of the Karelian family from the other. But for

Hangö there might have been a chance for the Stalin-Paasikivi negotiations to rectify it. Strategy, however, outweighed ethnography. And so there remain Finnish Karelians and Russian Karelians, though with only political reason. They are scattered on both sides of the long frontier north and south of Lake Ladoga.

But the isthmus is a mighty problem in itself without thinking of the problems north of it. And it invited a look backward as our train took us towards the southern end of the Finnish-Soviet frontier. Through this isthmus down the centuries came first the original Finns, and after them successive waves of Tartar invaders. The Finns found the nomadic Lapps in possession. The newcomers drove them north, and then settled down. And they called the country after this very countryside, *Suomi*. *Suo* means 'marsh,' and through the windows we saw a soggy, flat landscape, three-quarters covered with trees, and all of it under snow.

The scene to me had quite a Christmas-card look. Snow had been falling in the night—falling so lightly that it clung to the serried trees. It seemed no different from Eastern Canada and parts of rural New England in winter. Finland is even more densely wooded, indeed. Of the entire country no less than 75 per cent. is forest and water, and here we were passing through forests of pine, spruce, and birch.

Most of the country, indeed, is tree-land. Thus the forests are the real source of Finland's wealth. And well Finland takes care of its wealth. New saplings in the marshy clearings testified to the manner in which the prudent Finns have kept their land reforested since the day of their national birth. No waste is allowed in Finland. The national motto is conservation, even though timber is so plentiful that our train was burning birch logs.

In the clearings the snow had piled up in drifts over lakes and bog-land.

I was about to comment upon the familiarity of the scene, when I observed Toivola rubbing his hands.

"Snow! Snow! Snow!" he said. "That is good. Just what we want. This will hold up the Russians if they start anything."

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Just what the Poles said about their General Mud, I thought. Only the rains didn't come with the Germans to make the mud, and the German army moved swiftly over hard roads, and had already conquered Poland when the rains came. The weather already seemed to be in kindlier mood towards Finland.

Another weather condition favoured the Finns. At this time of the year the temperature is generally below freezing-point. It was well above freezing-point that day. So that the snow lay deep and soft on the ground. Assuredly there was reason for Toivola to rub his hands.

Rested from his rushing labours, and obviously delighted with the weather, Toivola began to talk about Karelia. In less anxious times he is a scholar who writes about his country. I observed we were on historic soil of both Russians and Finns.

"Yes," he said. "This is where the Russians came through in 1808, and got Finland away from Sweden. It was promised as a gift to Alexander by Napoleon if he'd help to crush Sweden. There wasn't any declaration of war either. The Swedes let us down, but for some time after the Finns fought on. Even after we were conquered we got all kinds of privileges, which kept alive the nationhood we discovered in that war."

"One of those good peaces, like England's with South Africa and Bismarck's with Austria," I said.

"Yes, we kept our own law-courts, schools, universities, postal service, and so on," continued Toivola.

"Don't forget the customs barrier. We kept that too," Kivijärvi interrupted.

"It was really just a personal union with the Tsar, then?" I asked.

"Yes, that's all, just as it had been a personal union before with the Swedish King."

This, I am afraid, was news to me. I had had the idea that this personal union through a king was a British precedent set up as a way of keeping the British Commonwealth together. Actually the British borrowed the idea from both Russians and Scandinavians. Finland was a

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Grand Duchy under the Tsar, with the Tsar Archduke of Finland, and under the Swedes the Swedish King was Prince of Finland, or an equivalent title.

Toivola explained how the sense of unity which the Finns discovered in the campaign of 1808 had burgeoned into a nationalist movement aimed at throwing off both the personal union with the Romanoffs and the subjection to the Swedo-Finns who administered the country on behalf of the Tsars.

But the time was the present, especially to newspapermen anxious to get background of any impending campaign. It was apparent from a look at the countryside that General Terrain would fight for the Finns with General Weather. Flat it certainly was, but those forests would cramp the movements of a mechanized army. Even the clearings, we could see, were already covered with barbed-wire entanglements and *chevaux de frise* and slashed with trenches.

Colonel Honko told us something about the layout of the isthmus in terms of defence. The job of shoving an army through the isthmus would be the beginning of a costly operation. Fifteen to twenty miles back was the Mannerheim Line, a series of defences built on the model of the Maginot Line, complete with underground passages and ample storage capacity for food. The difference between the Maginot and the Mannerheim Lines was that one is built out of concrete, the other out of Finnish granite.

The Mannerheim Line stretches all the way across the Karelian Isthmus. It is not, however, a single construction, like the Maginot Line. In this great land of lakes the barrier has to pass over lakes and the Vuoksi river. Defence works are here placed on the lakeside and the river banks in case the invader were to use the iced-over waters for transport. Colonel Honko and his fellow-officers spoke of the Mannerheim Line with a confidence which was justified by subsequent events. At the end of the year the Russians were still battering at this bastion and trying desperately and unavailingly to carry it also by escalade.

"And then there's this terrain to get over," said the Colonel, waving his hand to the wooded landscape

outside. "And on the other side of the Vuoxi river it's worse."

This Vuoxi river, out of the falls of which all Finland gets its light and power, cuts down the middle of the isthmus. It flows into Lake Ladoga, a lake which is the biggest lake in all Europe. The terrain differs north and south of the Vuoxi. We were going through the flat southern territory, but north the landscape is hilly and full of granite, and ideal for defence. Early in 1918 a White army unit had been cooped up north of the Vuoxi. They couldn't make any progress, nor could they be dislodged. This episode was instanced to the correspondents as showing the difficulty of making an attack from the north.

All our strategic thoughts were bemused by the isthmus as the only gateway into Finland. Subsequent operations showed that there are other methods of attacking Finland. The isthmus became a siege operation, while the Russians penetrated the frontier from the Murmansk railroad north of Lake Ladoga. One attack tried to cut through the mountainous defiles and interstitial passages between the lakes around the head of Lake Ladoga. The object here was to drive down to Viipuri behind the Mannerheim Line. Another, and the most important, operation tried to cut the Finnish waistline in two, the main object of Russian strategy in 1808. This was destined to shut off the rail communications around the Gulf of Bothnia with Sweden. And a fourth was aimed at nipping off Finland's safety-valve in the Arctic at Petsamo. In the isthmus, however, you could think only of the isthmus. And we got the impression that this was the only practicable entrance for the conquest of Finland.

Logging camps seemed to be the main sights on this sixty-mile run from Viipuri to the frontier. Occasionally a village came into view. One at Mustamaki, or Black Hill, took our attention. It showed old and new in extraordinary juxtaposition: a disused Russian church, bulbous with Byzanticism, next door to a co-operative store.

Alexander didn't interfere with the Lutheran religion of the Finns, either. But some of the Karelians took up the

faith of the Russian Orthodox Church. I was told that a few thousand religionists of this faith are left in Karelia. They have their own prelate, but he is such a loyal Finn that only the previous day he had called upon the Karelian people to resist Soviet pretensions. If the church at Mustamaki looked backward, the co-operative store next to it looked forward.

Soon after our train pulled up at Raivola, six miles from Terejoki and thirty miles from the frontier. We had arrived at our destination, and we got off the train, which went on to Leningrad, thirty miles beyond.

At Raivola to greet our party were the officers in command of the frontier guards and a civilian appointed by the Government whose job was to help to keep peace on the frontier and report any incidents to the Foreign Office. Preliminary sign that the Finns wanted no trouble! We chatted a while. Both officers and civilian reported all quiet. We were then led to waiting cars—Chevrolets, too—and my companions were Kivijärvi and an officer of the frontier guard. Our goal was the frontier opposite Mainila, which was in a north-easterly direction.

Still the snow fell lightly over the tree-covered landscape. It seemed to me more than ever like a Christmas card. The road led through even denser forests than we had seen on the train journey. The gentle snow had stuck in clusters to all the bare branches. Along the road we passed sleighs drawn by horses in high Russian collars. Some of them, I noticed, were full of skis.

“Skis!” I exclaimed.

“Yes,” explained Kivijärvi. “Ours is an army on skis, and, now that the snow has come, skis are part of the regulation winter equipment.”

The Finns are expert on skis, as, indeed, they are experts at most sports. Finland was second in the Olympic games in 1912, 1920, 1924, 1928, 1932, and in 1936. A pretty good record for a little country with neither the means for fostering organized sports nor the leisure! And how the Finns had been looking forward to entertaining the Olympic teams in 1940! You will see a picture of the stadium in

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Helsinki. But I cannot hope to give you a picture of Finnish anticipation. Everywhere in Helsinki I had seen pictures on posters and elsewhere of Väinö Aaltonen's statue of the runner Paavo Nurmi. That was to be the symbol for the 1940 host. Russian bombs have ruined the prospect, alas! and the last I heard of Nurmi, now a respected tradesman in Helsinki, was a story that he had been using his car for twenty-four hours without sleep in getting women and children out of the bombed capital. It must have been a sad day for Nurmi in more senses than one, and for all Finnish athletes who were preparing to outshine even their meritorious record in the Olympic games.

But the Finnish skiers are building up records even more glorious than the records they might have made in the Olympic competitions. The Finns ski to battle. And on one occasion a unit ski-ed sixty miles, and then threw the enemy for a great loss. It is the Finnish version of mechanization, I suppose, though ski-fighting isn't as new as it sounds, since, Kivijärvi told me, Swedes and Finns fought on skis against Russia in the Finnish war of 1808-9. Three years before a Swedish captain had fixed up a ski stick with a bayonet attached to it.

I looked constantly out of the window for signs of war-time concentration or dispositions of troops. There were no such signs. Even the frontier guards were few and far between. We passed them only in groups of three or four walking as if off duty. Some, I noticed, had white overalls. On skis, I reflected, the Finns in their whites would make an unseen army, and fleeting targets for the enemy. Ghosts from hell to take the place of the Scots ladies from hell!

The uniform of the Finnish soldiers is field-grey. They have top-boots. And for headgear they wear a forage cap with flaps which can be pulled down over the ears. All of them had one of those Finnish knives attached to their belts. The rifle looked strange to me.

"Finnish?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," said Kivijärvi. "All made in Finland."

"The sight guard looks strange," I observed. "It's so wide and distended."

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"That's one of the features of our rifle. In fact, it gives the name to it. We call the rifle the *fystrykonva*, which literally means 'standing ears.' It's the name for the Finnish dog, a sort of lap-dog, I guess, with flapping, big ears."

Now we were running parallel with the frontier. Kivijärvi and the frontier officer had been talking together. I asked what the officer thought about life on the frontier.

"It's so quiet," he said. "The only thing we have for entertainment is the radio programme from Moscow telling the world that we are kicking up a din. We are so bored that we'd like to get back to the lights at Helsinki."

He was a placid-looking officer with an ample girth, who puffed away at his cigarette as he answered my questions.

"Any activity from the Russians?" I asked.

"Well," he replied, "they are obviously moving guns about behind their lines. But we can't see them, because every once in a while they send up a smoke-screen. That must be the reason."

As if to illustrate the officer's remark, we saw some smoke in a hollow in the woods. But the officer doubted whether that smoke had drifted over from the Russian lines.

The countryside bristled with defences as we neared the dividing-line between Finn and Russian. Every hundred yards or so on the road gaunt blocks of granite lay on either side. They were ready to be pushed over the path on the first sign of a Russian attack. In the forest clearings equally huge stones stood on end like miniature monoliths. The clearings so decorated looked like cemeteries. Actually they were intended to be cemeteries for hostile tanks.

"We started that work when we read about the tank invasion of Poland," commented our guide, following my gaze at the cemeteries.

They were the tank traps that tripped up scores of Russian tanks when they came charging over the frontier, though, as one of the pictures illustrating this volume shows, the Finns by the end of the year had done even more damage than the tank traps. Their trick was to hide in six-foot-deep manholes, jump out on the approach of a tank, and hurl

a log into the machinery or an incendiary bomb at the gun crew.

Here was an interesting memorial which our cicerones wished us to inspect. It was a small pyramid erected in 1931 in front of a farmhouse to 500 Finnish peasants who routed a Russian force of 5000. Time, 1555.

When hadn't the Finns been in collision with the Russians? This frontier incident must have been in the time of the Vasa dynasty of Sweden. I was rather vague about the details, and none of the party could offer enlightenment. Life in those far-off times, apparently, was one war after another. When the Finns weren't fighting the Russians they were fighting their liege lords, the Swedes. It was the sort of life that made survival a reward for the fittest. That and the climate and the effort to wring a living out of the stony soil.

It must have been the incident in 1555 that gave the Finns their Russian arithmetic. In all seriousness every Finn believes in his bones that one Finn is worth ten Russians. The shrine on the frontier seemed to provide some kind of basis in precedent for this arithmetic, and the early stages of the present conflict with Russia provide a modern proof. I was told that the monument at Joutselkä had become a shrine for the frontier guards.

This was the name of the place which we had now arrived at—Joutselkä. Opposite was the Russian frontier village of Mainila, where the world-shattering incident on Sunday had supposedly taken place. We were to return and look it over. Now we piled back into our cars for a view of the situation farther north. We arrived plumb up against the frontier at Jäppinen. Huge stones were pulled across the road. The red-and-white fence marking the frontier also was down. Red, of course, stands for Russia, and that was the colour on the Russian side. On the Finnish side the fence was white. A tangled mass of tree branches covered the entire obstruction. Immediately beyond flowed a trickle of a rivulet still unfrozen called the *Systerbäck*. *Systerbäck* means 'frontier river.' At one time the river had a low earthen foot-bridge across. This too had been smashed in.

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On the Russian side of the rivulet the road appeared again, leading up a sharp hill, and disappearing around a bend at the top.

To me this kind of frontier already looked like a front. We got out of our cars a respectable distance from the broken-down bridge, and the officer on guard came out of a cabin to greet us. Together we walked to the bridge and gazed up the hill. On top rose a huge watch-tower. In it, our frontier officer told us, were the Russian observers. I suppose the rest of the civilians felt the trepidation that I felt in such close proximity to the outposts of an army which at any time might come swooping down on the Finnish positions. As it turned out, they came within eighteen hours of our inspection trip. Perhaps, Colonel Honko suggested, it might be well not to stay too long in that neighbourhood, lest we invite attention, hostile or otherwise. The suggestion sounded eminently sound to this neutral.

Our party then retired behind a tree on the roadside, while the officer brought up the men who were on duty at that spot on Sunday. We were there, of course, to investigate the Mainila incident which had caused so much fuss in Moscow. Opposite our tree was a tree which the Finns used for observation purposes. I recognized the nest between the branches as the usual 'sentry-box,' with room enough for one sentry and his telephonic apparatus.

The men were privates Martti Märkelä and Viljo Pekkanen. I took out my notebook, and this is the deposition I wrote down:

Pekkanen was in the observation tree at 2.45 P.M., when he heard two shots. Then there were three more. He heard the shots faintly, but the explosions were violent. Immediately he took a compass direction of the sounds, and found they came from a south-easterly direction. Märkelä was on observation duty some little way east of the post where Pekkanen was stationed. He verified the evidence of Pekkanen, and said his compass showed the sounds as coming from a south-south-eastern direction.

The officer of the post produced a map, on which we

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traced the origin of the sounds as heard by the two Finnish sentries. They could have come only from the Russian side.

The two youthful sentries told their story quietly. One couldn't imagine them making it up out of whole cloth. Nor could one imagine them with the ingenuity to keep a cooked-up story straight under the questioning of a dozen cross-examiners, foreigners as well as superior officers. I couldn't, of course, put my questions direct. But Dr Attorps was able to do some direct questioning, and it was perfectly evident that any questions which either Deuel or myself asked were put direct to the sentries.

All the details of the firing we committed to our notebooks.

It was time to go back south-east in the direction of the shots. We took along the frontier map and compass directions of the officer in charge. Then we got into our cars again, and returned to a place near the Finnish memorial to the peasant defenders of 1555. Again we were right on the edge of the frontier. And this seemed more like a front than even the Jäppinen bridge. We were back at Joutselkä, standing on a ridge behind a roadside barrier of dense spruce. Down below flowed the Systerbäck, at this place wider than at Jäppinen, but still not frozen over. Barbed wire formed a fence for the river bank.

The ground then rose to a few farm buildings which made up the Russian village of Mainila. We had now arrived opposite the place where the compass directions of Pekkanen and Märkelä showed whence came the shots which they had heard, and which, in fact, Moscow, and through Moscow the world, had heard on the previous Sunday afternoon.

We gazed out across this No Man's Land of about three hundred yards. The officer on duty wouldn't allow us to take the chances we had taken at the Jäppinen bridge. We were well shielded by the hedge. But every time we ventured into the open he pulled us behind the trees. I borrowed the glasses of one of the sentries, and could see groups of Russians crossing from one building to another. It was then about

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noon, and I supposed they were going over the way for their midday meal. They were about 350 yards away from our party.

At this post there were three Finnish sentries who had been on duty on Sunday afternoon. We were asked to put our questions freely, and were given the utmost latitude in our cross-examination. This was the deposition:

Urbo Sundvall said he was on duty at that spot at 2.30 P.M. He saw eleven Russians in the field sloping down in front of the foremost building at Mainila. A horseman came riding up. He stopped for a moment to talk to them, and then all twelve went away in a westerly direction. The horseman went a short distance with them, then wheeled around and disappeared at a gallop in an easterly direction. Ten minutes later Sundvall heard a shot fired crosswise from the east, and in a matter of twenty seconds a shell exploded just where the men had been. It was a loud explosion, and seemed to make a big hole, because a lot of earth was thrown into the air. The shot was succeeded by six more, all the shells exploding in the same field. The last shell exploded at 3.05 P.M. Ten minutes later six men arrived on the spot where the shells had fallen, stayed three minutes in inspecting the ground, then went back. No dead or wounded were taken away, the spot being deserted at the time.

It was now the turn of the other two sentries to step forward. One was a corporal, Toivo Hänninen, and the other a private, Onni Savolainen. They hadn't seen the whole of the shooting. From a post higher up the road Hänninen saw five explosions, then had to leave his post, and Savolainen, who took his place, saw two. In other details they corroborated the evidence of their comrade. I gathered from their evidence that the shells came from a Stokes gun, a trench mortar which fires at close range, and which discharges shells at a high trajectory.

The soldiers at Joutselkä certainly looked as honest as their comrades at Jäppinen, and equally incapable of keeping a false story straight under the brunt of intense questioning.

What was the reason for this strange performance on the

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part of the Russians? Foreign Minister Erkkö, in his denial of the charge that the Finns had done the firing, hazarded that the Russians must have been indulging in 'military exercises.' This explanation was what Molotoff called 'brazen.' Well, the circumstances of the case seemed to demonstrate that the shots had indeed come from the Russian side. I don't know whether you would call the exhibition a military exercise. The circumstances of the Soviet diplomacy before and after the Mainila incident demonstrated that the Russians created the incident not for military, but for diplomatic exercises.

What on earth the Russians were up to appeared honestly to puzzle the Finns. There seemed to be only one explanation in the light of subsequent events. It is difficult to be absolutely barefaced in telling falsehoods, and the Russians had to have a pretext of some kind for going to war. Other than this 'exercise,' we were assured, everything had been quiet, deathly quiet, though it was perfectly obvious to the Finnish soldiers that the intermittent smoke-screens meant that the Russians were bringing up guns on their side of the frontier.

On the Finnish side there was absolutely no activity. There were no troop movements. There was no building of trenches or gun-pits such as would be necessary for preparations for an offensive. In fact, we didn't see any troops at all during the whole of our inspection, only frontier guards. We just saw sentries watching, watching hawk-eyed for the slightest stir in the Russian lines. It was obvious what would then happen. The frontier guards would fall back, but would set off mines. We had the feeling that the whole area was thoroughly mined. That we were correct in our surmise was shown later by a report in *Pravda* :

A dead horse, a barricade, a felled telegraph-pole, may explode upon contact. The houses, shops, offices, and churches at Terijoki are all mined. The mines are hidden under manure, snow, or bushes, and are exploded beneath the Soviet tanks.

When I read this I recalled my feeling when I was in that

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neighbourhood and the gingerly way I handled anything that looked suspicious.

In the *Svenska Dagbladet* of November 30 Dr Attorps wrote his account of our inspection trip. He came to definite conclusions.

It follows clearly where the shots came from. They came from a point east of Somerikko, south-east of Jäppinen, and south-south-east of the observation post of Private Märkelä. This point can have been situated only in Russia. Every other possibility is ruled out.

I myself wired to my newspaper that our trip "seems to confirm" the Finnish denial. Norman Deuel, I believe, didn't wire a story, because of subsequent events, which quickly made our visit a stale, though not unprofitable, enterprise news-wise.

It was now time for our midday meal. The snow continued to fall, and the weather had got colder, though it couldn't have been much below freezing-point. Lunch, we were told, was awaiting the party at the headquarters of the frontier guard. This was some distance behind the frontier. Accordingly we climbed back into our cars, and were borne swiftly away.

Nothing broke that winter silence except the soft fall of the snow on the trees. Scarcely a soldier had we seen on the way between Jäppinen and Joutselkä. We encountered the biggest group at the frontier headquarters. This turned out to be a rambling wooden structure which in happier days had apparently housed the entire animal stock of a good-sized farm. Fifty or so men were stretched out resting or playing cards in the hayloft. We passed through into what seemed to be the harness-room, which had been transformed into an officers' mess, and half a dozen officers rose to bid us welcome.

The radio at the same time was giving forth the news from Moscow. Our hosts wanted to turn it off. But I asked what was being said.

"Just the whole of the diplomatic correspondence about Mainila, together with some comments of the disturbances

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that are supposed to be still going on here," said the officer, in an amused tone.

Well, I had left Mainila only a quarter of an hour before, and if there were any disturbances I hadn't seen them. It was so quiet, indeed, as to be almost oppressive. The news seemed to add a postscript to the circumstances of the case against Soviet Russia. I wished that we might continue to listen to this lurid description of what was happening on this very spot of frontier. But lunch was ready, and the officers, apparently, welcomed a chat with strangers after the Muscovite intelligence.

The smell of cooking announced that the meal was ready. We all seated ourselves at a long, unvarnished table. Orderlies entered with big jugs of milk and the usual appetizers of herring and cheese. Then came a monster tureen of soup made of potatoes and veal, with side-plates of steaming boiled potatoes, bread and butter, and more cheese. A meat course of the same veal wound up the meal, which we washed down with liberal libations of sweet milk.

"All Finnish food?" I asked Kivijärvi.

"All except the salt!" he responded.

"So much the better for your balance of international payments," I said.

"Well, we need to nurse all our foreign exchange, I suppose," he agreed.

It was the simple nourishment of soldiers' fare. We were naturally curious about these as well as other conditions of life among the Finnish military. It turned out that the officers had precisely the same meals as the men. This was an extension of the Finnish tradition decreeing that landowners must eat with the farm-hands, I was told.

Not so pleasant memories came back to me as I heard of this eminently wise and fair arrangement. I served with the British Army in the last war. A boy of eighteen, I saw British officers in France enjoy better victuals than they had, I felt sure, at home, while the men had to be content sometimes with iron rations. The contrast sometimes made my gorge as well as my appetite rise in my throat.

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"The only difference in the Army is that we eat separately. It's a question of discipline," added the officer.

And excellent discipline seemed to prevail. Men bowed to the officers when they entered the room, with heels clicked together Prussian style. On the road our party received smart salutes.

Colonel Honko at lunch explained that the Finnish officerate is open to any soldier from the ranks. All that is required is a certain standard of education, and with that any man in the ranks can go to a military school.

This necessary standard isn't beyond the reach of the average Finn. For education has made rapid strides in the new Finland. Virtually everybody, even including the 3000 Lapps in Northern Finland, can read and write. In 1937 an educational impetus came when education became compulsory. So that in less than twenty years of nationhood the number of teachers and pupils was doubled. The figures are: 1918, teachers 6237; 1938, teachers 13,618; 1918, pupils 235,000; 1938, pupils 500,000. Not a bad record for a country of 3,800,000!

Withal, culture has advanced correspondingly. I take the following from J. Hampden Jackson's book on Finland:

More books in proportion to the population are published every year in Finland than in any other country, and the largest bookshop in Europe is the Akademinen Kirjakouppa in the Stockmann building in Helsinki. Whereas in England there are hardly a dozen decent bookshops outside the university towns, in Finland there is a bookshop in every large village, even within the Arctic Circle.

No, it isn't difficult in these circumstances for a youth to work himself up out of the ranks in the Finnish Army.

Here, I reflected, was another striking difference between Poland and Finland—even between Finland and the country with which it has an ethnic affinity, Hungary. Both Poland and Hungary still remain feudal and illiterate. Finland was similarly a landowners' paradise like the other peripheral dominions of the Tsar, and tenancy the rule. Under independence the tenants have been given the

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opportunity of buying their land outright at low prices. The result is that since independence the total of privately owned holdings has more than trebled. Also, two-thirds of the timber wealth in Finnish forests belong to the farmers, a fifth to the State and local authorities, and only a tenth to joint-stock companies, mostly the wood-working companies. Some of these latter, moreover, are controlled by the State.

It is clear, I think, that education and the division of land have combined to deepen the stake which every Finn has in independent Finland, that feeling which gave the Kremlin such a shock when the invasion was ordered.

After a rest, during which the scribes compared the notes they had taken of the on-the-spot Finnish version of the Mainila incident, our party motored to a country town farther back, to a house that had now become the frontier guard headquarters for the entire isthmus. Here we were entertained to coffee and cakes. Very few guards we saw, and no troops attached to their regiments, though there were about a dozen officers of the frontier guard at headquarters.

By this time the snow had turned to rain. Naturally the conversation riveted on the weather. I gathered that the officers shared the feeling I encountered among the folk in Helsinki that the Russians wouldn't dare to attack—at least in early December.

"When was it that Alexander invaded Finland—I mean the time of the year?" asked one officer.

"February," the rest chorused, giving the same impression as the Chinese that a hundred years back was only yesterday.

The ice comes very late in December or early in January, and lasts till April. Then the 'country of ten thousand lakes,' which is really the country of sixty thousand, finds ready-made roadways over its watery landscape. It is ideal for the invader, especially the mechanized invader, much more so than in the spring, when the frontier is mainly bogland. But of course a month had to go by before late December came.

I had made this observation aloud, and Kivijärvi re-

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marked, "Not so ideal, when you think of the other difficulties of the terrain. The Germans in Poland had flat land to go over, and there was no mud."

Poland again! But it was true that Finland differed markedly from Poland in terrain. And the weather too failed to fight for Poland, whereas outside we had seen cars bogged down in snow-drifts, and had slogged into our wayside *café* in snow-mud.

Dr Attorps told me afterwards that he had talked on the same subject with his *vis-à-vis*. He had spoken of the difficulty of tanks getting through the forests. Through the young birch movement was feasible, but very strong vehicles would be needed, he said, to penetrate the thicker firs. And then there were the tank traps in the forest clearings.

"And something else too," wound up the officer quietly. He meant the Finns themselves.

So we were escorted back to the railhead. After such a day I had a queer feeling again as I prepared to join a train which had come from Leningrad. You go to a 'front,' look at the 'enemy' through glasses, and probably feel yourself pretty daring; and then you come 'way back to the railhead and join a train which has come through from 'enemy' territory, as if nothing were happening. Queer!

My last sight of the frontier was a procession of mighty logs being hauled to the rear for improving the subterranean dwelling of the Mannerheim Line half-way between Viipuri and the frontier. We said our good-byes to our frontier hosts. And the Colonel, speaking in Swedish to Dr Attorps, remarked, "Tell them in Sweden that we are mounting guard here on the Karelian Isthmus."

At Viipuri a diner was attached to our train, and we had our final meal together. Here I came across another evidence of the *camaraderie* under discipline which I had observed along the frontier. Men and officers were dining almost cheek by jowl, though they didn't actually sit together. The men as they passed our Colonel Honko would click their heels and bow, but they would be quite at their ease as they sat at an adjacent table and ordered

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their meal. The sight, I felt sure, wouldn't have been witnessed in, say, class-conscious Britain.

"Terve!" exclaimed the Colonel, lifting his glass.

There was a hearty reciprocation in our acknowledgment of the Colonel's toast of welcome to dinner.

"I am sure the Russians wouldn't invite you to Mainila," observed Mr Toivola.

We were pretty sure that Mr Toivola was right.

I took Mr Toivola aside when we returned to our coach. In Helsinki he would again be off in a rush to one confabulation after another. I wanted to talk about economic Finland. And he wanted to talk about a loan to Finland. Even then a request had been made in Wall Street in a desperate effort to fill the holes in Finnish preparedness.

"I suppose if the Russians were to attack," said Mr Toivola, "our credit would just collapse. Even now our danger seems to have undermined our credit. Why? I cannot understand."

"It's a question of risks, not record," I ventured.

"I suppose so," he said regretfully. "I suppose we shouldn't have paid off so much of our debt."

Honourable Finland! In seven years, when the world at large was indulging in a riot of default and repudiation of debts, the Finns had won a singular record for financial probity. Every penny of interest had been paid. And the principal had been paid off to the tune of 90 per cent. In figures the foreign debt had been brought down from around 200,000,000 dollars to 20,000,000. Such a record should have yielded some velvet of credit, one would have imagined. But apparently not. Financial credit in these latter days has other criteria than the honesty and probity of debtors, just as in private life it isn't your integrity that counts when you ask for a loan at your bank, but how many paper promises to pay you can produce as collateral.

The train pulled into Helsinki late on Wednesday night, November 29. We found that in our absence diplomatic relations had been broken off between Finland and the Soviet Union, because, forsooth, of the Finnish provocations which had started at Mainila. Mainila we had left in a

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winter silence. But we had come back to a monster hubbub created by the mythical offence at Mainila. A strange world we lived in, and a fast-moving one, for our story was now too stale for newspaper presses, which required up-to-the-minute food. Frontier was about to be turned into front!

CHAPTER IX

CAUGHT IN HELSINKI

'Tis not a time for private stomaching.

Antony and Cleopatra, Act II, Scene 2

It was quite late when the Leningrad express arrived in Helsinki on Wednesday, November 29. And, as we then learned, the outlook looked as black as the night. But I was tired. On the Leningrad express I had had a snooze in my compartment while the rest of the party were talking in the 'bar' over the eternal situation. It wasn't a satisfactory snooze either. All I could think of was the prospect of a long night's sleep at the Hotel Kämp. So after bidding the party good night and thanking our hosts for our illuminating trip to the frontier I called a taxi and sped bedward.

How quiet appeared Finland's capital as I drove away! And it was quiet not only because the Finns are a quiet people. It was quiet because long ago this quiet people had determined to keep their capital quiet at the same time that they imported and used all the deafening habiliments of Western civilization.

Another pointer for America—this time for the noise-abaters! Half a dozen years ago the Finns had worked out a schematic programme of noise-abatement. No car was allowed to sound a horn, no steamer to whistle, no factory to hoot, no bicyclist even to ring his bell.

In other respects they could rely upon the co-operation of this quiet people. It was simply left to the street vendors not to call out their wares. Even such hot wares as the 'extra-seshals' are softly advertised. In their urban living, indeed, the Finns are so addicted to quietness that I shouldn't be at all surprised if the churches are bell-less.

Riding a taxi in such a quiet city late at night was like gliding through a canyon. A solidity about one's surround-

ings added to the illusion. It came from both the material and the style of the old buildings. Built of the granite which I had seen in the raw in Karelia, the old architecture, in general, was neo-Gothic, with vertical lines from which the protruding blocks almost shut out the windows, like arched eyebrows or pendulous sacs. Altogether a massive capital, more masculine than feminine.

Our hotel was one of such buildings, more than half a mile from the station. I had been told that the Hotel Kämp was built by a German named Kämp about sixty or seventy years ago. It was as old-fashioned as Queen Victoria. But I liked the view. We looked out on Esplanaadi Katu, or Esplanade Street, a wide thoroughfare fit to grace any metropolis. Rather it is two thoroughfares. For a raised aisle cut the avenue down the middle, an aisle that was almost a boulevard, grass-covered in the summer and bordered by trees.

The hotel stood opposite one of the concrete bays which break into the esplanade at regular intervals. They all seemed to be set off with statuary fountains. Inside our bay, as I had seen on Tuesday, was a statue of Runeberg, carved by his son, and carrying at the base the first verse of Finland's national anthem, *Our Land*, which Runeberg wrote.

But I felt rather than saw all this that Wednesday night as my taxi bore me to the Hotel Kämp. The hotel was almost deserted. And virtually the only thing I noticed in the vestibule as I waited for the lift was a board of theatre notices. So Thornton Wilder's *Our Town* was playing. And Dodie Smith's *Dear Octopus* too. I hadn't seen a show in weeks, and I determined to look in on *Dear Octopus* before I left.

So to bed, and a long, long sleep, till *Dear Octopus* looked in on me in the shape of at least eight Russian bombers.

It must have been about nine o'clock when the death birds woke me up. There was one explosion after another, seemingly about half a mile in the direction of the station. I scrambled out of bed and looked out. It was a perfect winter morning, with the sun shining out of a blue sky, unflecked save for one cotton-woolly ball of cloud. Inside

that cloud were the Russian 'planes. Against all the rules, let alone common sense, I looked up at them from my hotel window. They were about 3000 feet up, I should say. Through the trailing streamer of the cloud a couple of the 'planes could be seen in nebulous outline. I heard afterwards that the cloud was 'plane-pitted.

With its destructive freight this solitary cloud moved across the heavens like a Spanish galleon in full sail. You got the illusion, indeed, that the cloud must have borne the machines all the way across the Gulf of Finland, twenty minutes away. Mentally I parodied Wordsworth. They wandered ominously like a cloud. No lonely cloud, this. It carried death in its bosom. Presently it arrived overhead a little to my right. All the time the noise continued without cease—the dull detonation of exploding bombs breaking through a continual screech of air-raid alarms and the *rat-a-tat-tat* of the anti-aircraft guns.

I kept wondering whether the sirens or the bombs had sounded off first. It seemed to my half-awakened senses that the warnings came after the explosions. But I felt that there would be an argument, and since, as a 'chiel taking notes,' I wanted to keep everything straight, I tried to recall the circumstances of the crime.

In time of stress you sometimes think of silly things, and, wondering whether the bombs or the warnings came first, I thought of the story of the man who, going to work one morning and happening upon a murder, was called as a material witness at the trial.

"Exactly how far were you away from the scene of the crime?" the judge persisted in asking the man. After the question had been put several times the hapless witness blurted out, "I thought some damn' fool would ask me that question, so when I left the house that morning I took a tape measure along with me!"

Correspondents did, as a matter of fact, have some argument later about the priority of Russians or Finns. All I know is that the bombs woke me up first, and that the cloud looked as if it had come all the way from the Esthonian coast, and had hidden the 'planes from the men at the

alarms, no less than from my sight at the window of the Hotel Kamp.

What was clear beyond a peradventure was that the Bolshevik had taken a leaf out of the copybook of Alexander I in falling upon Finland without advance notice.

In 'civilized' war it's up to the other side to give the warning, even when waging an aggressive war. Here there was no announcement of hostilities at all except the hostilities themselves. It was the new method of bringing Government and people to their knees after the breakdown of diplomatic negotiations. A continuation of diplomacy more than a breakdown, rather. For this was a *Blitzkrieg* destined to overcome and conquer the Finns by terrorizing them from the air.

I turned to watch the people in the Esplanaadi Katu below. Apparently they had been caught going to work. The bombs, or the alarms, or both, had scattered them from the sidewalks, and they were hurrying to what the Finns call the *vuostosueya*, or the bomb-shelters. These I noticed now for the first time. They were dotted all the way down the middle boulevard of the Esplanaadi. No running I saw, though, now that the 'planes had disappeared over the top of our avenue, I watched intently, because victory or defeat of this type of diplomacy—war depended upon their behaviour. There was no panic. Within the range of vision the people simply stayed at the entrances of the bomb-shelters and gazed skyward at the Soviet apparition.

Helsinki's quiet ended from then on.

I cursed myself for not having put the story of our frontier trip on the wires the previous night. Now there would be no communications. Now we should have censorship. Still, I comforted my professional self with the thought that a story like that would be stale now. Perhaps I could work it in somehow in the story of this storied day.

Which reminded me that it was up to me to find out what had happened. I did some telephoning, dressed hurriedly, and dashed downstairs. People were talking excitedly in groups, wondering whether to stay inside or go

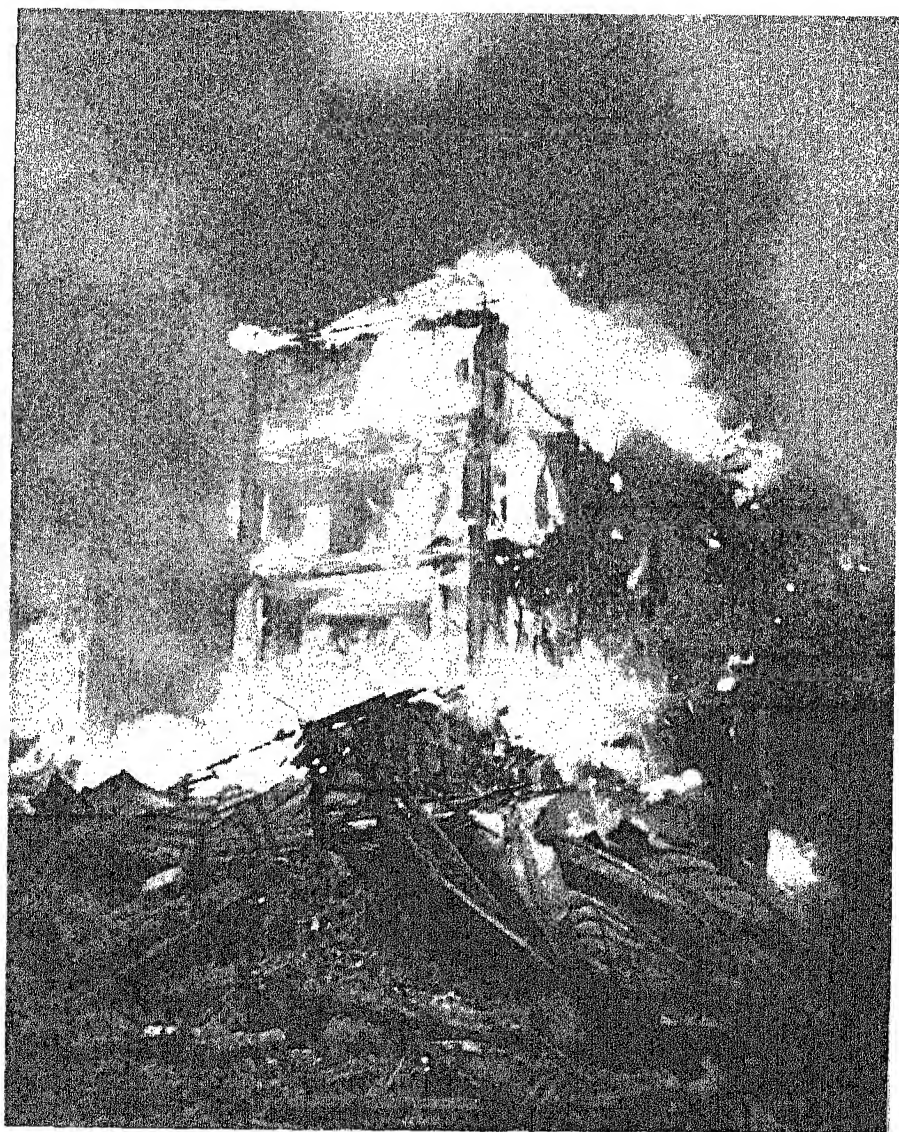
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across the way to the bomb-shelter. I called up the Press Department of the Foreign Office, or, if you prefer the Finnish, which I didn't, the Samomalehtiosasto. Yes, there would be a Press conference at noon.

So much for that. Till noon there was a lot to do in getting a general hang of what was going on. I tried to call a taxi. But, as by a miracle, all the taxis had been swept off the streets. About Helsinki I knew less than nothing, and my knowledge of the Finnish language was *nil* too. Better wait for the Press conference, I thought, and employ the interval in making a few telephone calls, and getting my message ready. So I started to go up to my room with several messages and letters which had already arrived.

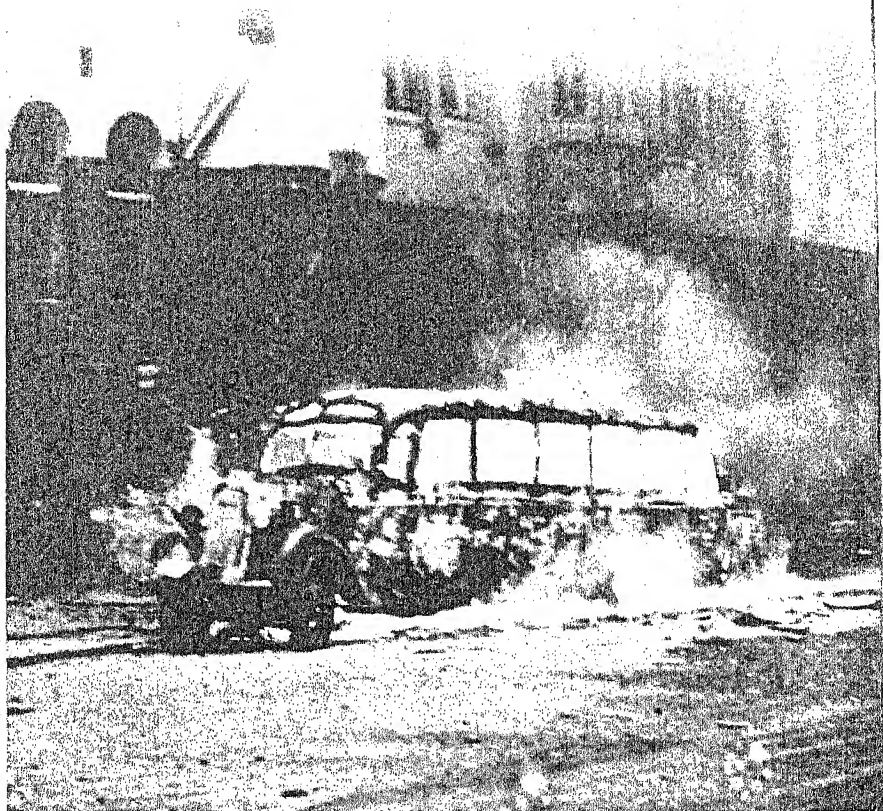
Just as I was moving towards the lift a crying child came in. She couldn't have been more than seven or eight. It was the daughter of the woman who tended the cigar counter just inside the door. The child had been singing morning prayers when the thing happened. Immediately there was pandemonium. The children ran out of the building calling for their mothers. This child had run all the way to the hotel. She clung to her mother, but wouldn't be comforted, and after crying a while got under the counter of the little cigar stand, and crouched against the partition like a puppy, trembling and speechless with fright.

Here was what some people thought a lesson for Britain. There had been a pretty thorough evacuation of Helsinki when the crisis with Moscow was at its height. Then the women and children had come trooping back. The authorities had even allowed the schools to reopen. This was the result! It seemed to give plausible grounds for the feeling that acquiescence in a people's natural instinct to return to family life in a situation where enemies are lying in wait for just such an opportunity of scattering death and destruction and terror among the civilian population was seriously open to question. At least Helsinki appeared to many to provide an object-lesson. There would have been less disturbance in the capital, fewer casualties among women and children, less danger of the



A HOUSE IN HELSINKI AFTER BEING HIT BY INCENDIARY BOMBS

Photo Pressens Bild, Stockholm



A BUS HIT BY AN INCENDIARY BOMB IN HELSINKI

Forty persons were killed in this bus.

Photo Pressens Bild, Stockholm

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spread of panic, if the original plans had been adhered to, according to this point of view.

In my room I called up Mr Ryti first. We chatted a while, and he asked me whether I had heard anything from the outside world. He had heard a rumour, he said, that Norway had been given an ultimatum to hand over its Arctic port at Narvik. Had I heard anything from the outside world? No. Well, if I did would I let him know? Of course.

Storm over Europe! What on earth had Stalin started in that part of the world which on the basis of a century and a quarter of peace had been working out a system of social democracy? It was the beginning of a wild day of wild doings and wilder rumours.

I got into telephonic touch with the American Legation, but the Minister wasn't in, and I wasn't able to speak with him till the afternoon. Then there was the broadcasting studio to telephone to. My friend Walter H. Mallory, to whom I had cabled on Tuesday night that I was going to the frontier, had apparently passed on the news to the broadcasting company in New York. At any rate, one of my morning messages was a cable from New York asking me to make arrangements with Finland's broadcasting company for a radio talk to America that very night. I arranged by 'phone to call at the studio before I went on to the Foreign Office.

With Rütta Parkkali too I had a telephone appointment. You may recall that she was the stout-hearted wisp of a Finnish girl I met on the *Drottningholm*. On Tuesday I had promised to 'phone when I got back from the frontier. I now found her at home. And after asking me what in heaven had happened she said she would come round for lunch, Stalin permitting.

I then plugged away at my dispatch amid a din of sirens. The raid was still on somewhere.

How, now, to get around? One of the bell-hops came to my rescue and offered to be my guide. Off we set for the Samomalehtiosasto. It was in bedlam, with resident newspaper-men of all nationalities (who for months had

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been waiting around for something like this to happen) besieging a couple of harassed secretaries for 'dope.' Out of the bits of news which these *attachés* were able to furnish we were in some position to obtain a drift of the damage in Helsinki. I learned for the first time, too, of the Soviet's simultaneous invasion over the land frontiers. It was all very scrappy, though. Accordingly a harassed Press secretary arranged to meet the Press again in the afternoon. In addition we all got an invitation to an extraordinary session of the Diet at 8 P.M.

Attorps, my Swedish companion at the frontier, walked back with me to the hotel. He was feeling depressed. At home he had a wife who was a Finn, and who, moreover, was expecting a baby. Still, he had to stay for a while in Helsinki. I gladly accepted his suggestion that he should move over to the Kämp so that we could work together.

The 'All clear' signal had been given, but the sirens were screeching another warning as we walked up Esplanaadi Katu. From my situation I could neither see any 'planes nor hear any bombs exploding. The people seemed this time to be even less perturbed than they were in the morning. Not till the next day did the police begin to clear the streets during the air raids. So that in the second raid the people merely went about their usual business—in my neighbourhood, at any rate.

As we walked along I mildly suggested that we might forearm ourselves with gas-masks. Attorps, however, didn't think that any would be available. And we had no idea to whom to apply. I made a mental note to go on a shopping expedition in the afternoon.

This afterwards proved to be a futile quest. It turned out that the gas-mask business was in the hands of the apothecaries, but Helsinki hadn't anything like enough gas-masks, and one of the bombs had apparently set fire to a store of them, anyway. I found people in desperation filling linen nosebags with powdered charcoal.

This certainly recalled old days in the World War. My battery of artillery had been in the first gas attack at Ypres. Soldiers fell prostrate to the ground without any apparent

reason. Then somebody sniffed and shouted, "Gas!" There's always some bright person in every group, and there was in this. He was a chemist or something, and he told the boys to tear a piece off their shirts, soak it in urine, and cover their faces with it. That was a quarter of a century ago, but here we were still in the same shape of primitive conditions of anti-gas defence.

I didn't tell this story to my worried Swedish *confrère*. Rather we talked as we walked to the hotel of how on earth to round up the story. At the hotel I left him to make arrangements for accommodation while I inquired for Rütta Parkkali. She hadn't called. Nor had she left a message. Was it—could it be—that she had left the city, this Lotta who on the *Drottningholm* had been fretting to get back in time for a Russian invasion? I began to entertain, I am afraid, a few masculine fears.

Only for a minute, however. More pressing problems soon extruded all thought of Rütta's whereabouts. I had to see the broadcasting company. On the way to the Samomalchtiosasto I had had time only to drop in, and it was difficult to make any arrangement, because the studio was full of confusion. I had promised to call again. So I missed out lunch, and went to see the director of the Yleisradio. The 'All clear' signal was given as I walked across the Esplanaadi Katu at 2.15.

The upshot of my visit to the studio—and it was a difficult upshot—was that I settled all the details of my projected radio talk, "if there is any studio left." Also I got a girl detailed off to act as secretary and cicerone. She was a mouse-like girl by the name of Rütta de Riz-à-Porta. She looked more Latin than Finnish, but I had seen all manner of ethnic types in Helsinki, and was beginning to wonder whether the amalgam was not the secret of Finnish strength, as in Britain and Japan and the United States. Without a word the willing Rütta came back with me to the hotel. We settled down to work, but no sooner had I started writing than the shrill alarm blew again. This was the second visitation, and it lasted all afternoon.

The air resounded with the raucous screech of the siren

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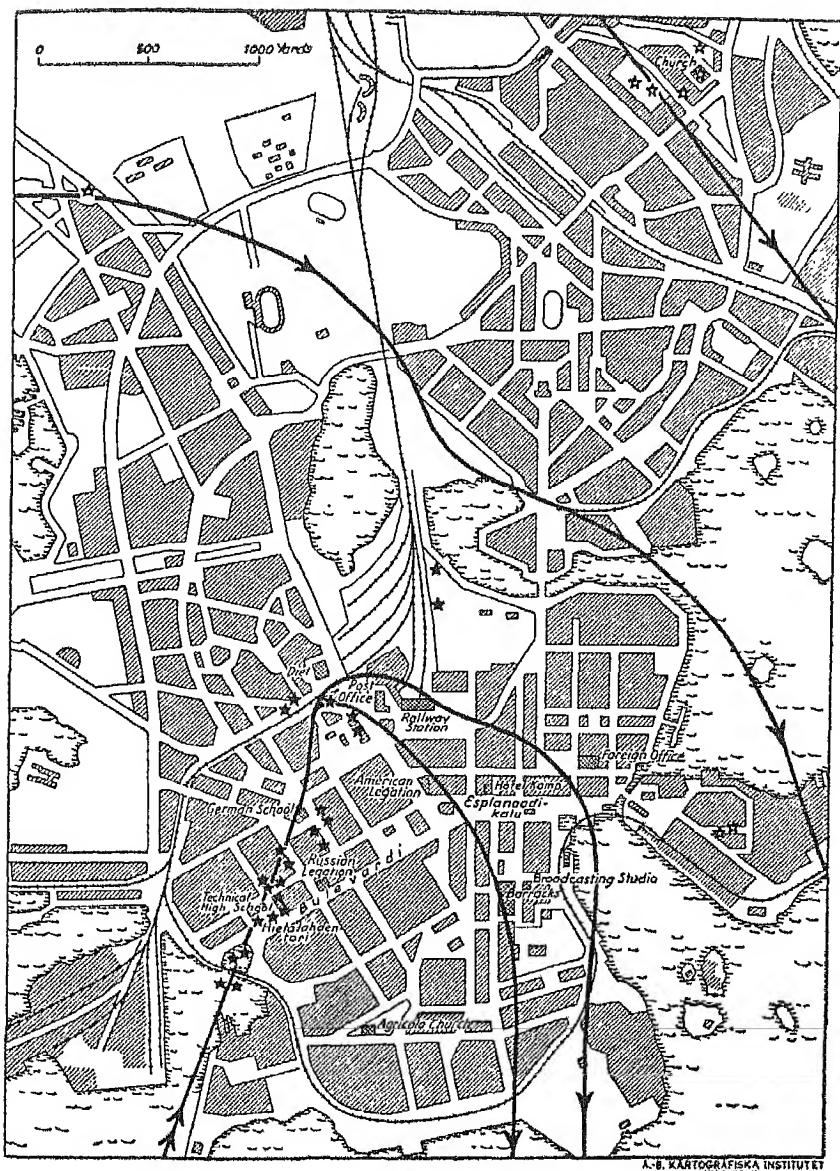
and the dull, intermittent sound of bombs falling. Where were they this time? You couldn't tell. We went downstairs and joined in the general chatter, as everybody talked at once, whether or not they knew one another.

More newspaper-men had arrived. How, I couldn't guess. Newspaper-men have a habit of springing up out of the ground when news is happening. If, as Bismarck says, history is made where things happen, journalism is too. The difference is that the newspaper-men always beat the historian on the job. These scribes were all set for big doings.

The scribes quickly put the Hotel Kämp on a sort of siege footing. Even sartorially they were prepared for what they would have called the best. Some had on ski suits, complete with ski boots, some wore breeches and leggings. A few of them were women, and they had on severely tailored suits. Typewriters they dumped in the smoking-room, which was separated from the entrance-hall only by an archway. That room was theirs from then on. The slightly bewildered help began to show action as the correspondents called for service in a babel of languages. And the guests, still crowding the entrance-hall, found themselves pushed around as the newspaper-men kept up a running line between their typewriters and a row of telephones standing on the ledge around the reception counter. At present they were mainly Scandinavian.

Stalin raised his terror at 4.33 precisely. I met the newcomers among the newspaper tribe at the Samomalchtio-sasto conference. There we pieced together some kind of a connected account of what had happened during the day. But the news was still scrappy. One of our number had been 'lucky.' He had been on his way from the station when an incendiary bomb had set a standing station bus on fire. It was at the stand near the station, and many of the passengers had been burned alive.

The stock-taking newspaper-men drifted back to the hotel in talkative and gesticulating groups. Now we made the restaurant on the other side of the entrance-hall a kind of annexe to the smoking-room. Where three or four newspaper-men get together, there you will find a club, a busy



STREET PLAN OF HELSINKI, SHOWING HOW THE RUSSIAN AIRMEN DESCENDED UPON THE CITY AND WHERE THE BOMBS FELL

mart of news-swapping. Big events make individual scooping a competition in writing or experience rather than a competition for individual stories. Most of the stories had been filed, anyway.

In Scandinavia, as in the Far East, English is sometimes used as a *lingua franca*. Here English was most often used because there were Americans and British present, and it was an all-in discussion. Many of the correspondents had been on the Western Front, and before that in Spain.

"This is going to beat everything," said a Dane.

"Only 1500 casualties over there, and we've been hanging around for weeks," responded another.

"Do you know that the Chasseurs d'Alpin made an attack, and were called back by Gamelin himself and reprimanded for it?" chimed in a third.

Now they all talked together.

"Yes, I'd heard that!"

"Shame!"

"And they're not allowed to go to the front any more!"

"The Americans knew what they were saying when they called it a Bore War."

"Gamelin—*sauveur des hommes*!"

It was all new to me, an interloper from an editorial desk, to which I had been tied these many years back. I was reminded of old correspondent days in the Far East. I hung around fascinated, particularly by the Dane, who was rubbing his hands in positive glee. He reminded me of the old lady who wanted the Germans to bring on their atrocities.

But Rütta de Riz-à-Porta would be upstairs. I found her with a message all typed. She lived with her mother, and I suggested that, in view of the day's bombing, she ought to see what had happened to her home and family. The danger had passed, and there would probably be no more bombing that day.

She had promised to go to the Diet with me later and interpret the proceedings. I told her not to bother. It seemed to me that I might trail along with the boys and could manage somehow. But she said she would come back, though, when I saw her out, trudging into Helsinki's

first black-out, I felt that I shouldn't see her again that night.

The Hotel Kämp was imbibing more correspondents by the hour. With them came officials. Knots of guests and correspondents and officials filled the entrance-hall. The restaurant was crowded.

I found the Dane still chortling.

"I have an idea," he said, "this is going to be the best story of my career. I've just been plain lucky. Everything has gone so well for me. Bus burning, and everything. Absolutely a scoop."

These Scandinavians had the advantage of most of the other foreigners. All outward communication had been cut off during the danger period. Neither telephone nor telegraph was available. But outsiders could make inward calls, and the Scandinavians had made arrangements beforehand for their offices in Oslo, Copenhagen, Stockholm, and other places to ring them up. Then they would bark out staccato fashion anything they had heard or seen. It was just like reporters on the outside in New York 'phoning in stories to rewrite men. I had rewritten that kind of barked-out news years ago on the *Sun*. The rest of us who had no outsiders coming through were just out of luck.

My own message, I supposed, was still languishing in some censor's office at the *posti*, perhaps hacked to pieces. Afterwards I found that my supposition on both counts was correct.

The telegraph office was located inside Helsinki's magnificent *posti*, or post-office, one of the modern buildings around the railroad square of which Helsinki is proud. Its facilities were equally magnificent. The trouble lay with the censors. Some were located at the *posti*. But others carried credentials as censors in addition to their duties as Press *attachés* at the Samomalehtiosasto. Actually they carried 'passed by censor' stamps in their pockets. To expedite your message, therefore, you had to buttonhole one of the lads of the Samomalehtiosasto in the Hotel Kämp, or wherever you could find him, push your message

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under his nose, and guide him firmly to some spare nook in the hubbub, where he would censor your message, and then cover it with the miracle-working stamp.

And these censors were pretty sticky about our messages. They didn't want us to say anything about the burning bus, for instance. Nor would they allow word to leak out of the bombardment of Enso, Finland's model industrial city in Karelia. I saw one censor cut a statement to a London newspaper that the Government was moving the departments. The correspondent protested, but the young *attaché* remained unmoved. Another censor stopped a statement that the Government would stay in Helsinki.

"But this has gone to the State Department, I know," expostulated the correspondent.

"That doesn't matter," retorted the censor.

In my case they deliberated whether they would allow me to say what everybody knew—namely, that the Finns were short of 'planes. And it was merely a passing remark intended to show that the Finns had been somewhat imprudent in buying out their foreign loans when they might have put the money in 'planes! Nor would they let me wire the Russian demands for bases in the Gulf, though Molotoff had mentioned those demands in his October 31 speech. The last straw was when a censor asked me to cut out political speculations which turned out to be well grounded.

It was an erratic censorship in those initial days. Nobody could blame the censors, though. For the times were erratic and confused. But the censorship did give the advantage to those correspondents with whom editors were able to get in uncensored telephonic communication.

What was worse in my case was that all through the bombing a correspondent of ours was stationed across the way at Tallinn. I didn't know of his existence, let alone of his whereabouts. He was in the same ignorance about my situation. If he had only known he could have 'phoned to me, and I should have been in the same fortunate professional boat as my Scandinavian *confrères*. As it was, he was wiring what he was picking up in Tallinn.

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Drifting into the restaurant one by one were officials from the Samomalehtiosasto. We attacked them almost savagely. Was it true that Sibelius had been killed? Sillanpää? The Russians had dropped leaflets as well as bombs? Had the officials any of the leaflets? Some of the correspondents, fortunately blessed with cars and interpreters, had seen the damage. But they wanted the exact details. Any official estimate of casualties or damage? How many had been downed? The officials didn't know much, but they gave us what they had.

It seemed that the Russians had dropped 250-500-pound bombs, both incendiary and high-explosive. They had flown as low as a thousand feet. The incendiaries had set blocks of apartment houses ablaze. The corner of the Technical High School was a junk-heap. Three bombs had struck it. One of the professors had been killed. The station hadn't been hit, though it had been shaken so severely that during the raids all the people threw themselves face down on the platform. Factories were in ruins. A Lutheran church had been partly demolished. Nobody could estimate the extent of the damage, but at least fifteen fires were still raging, and there must have been over two hundred casualties.

All this we heard of behind the granite walls of the Hotel Kämp. Fire-engines were fire-fighting, dashing hither and thither to stem the spread of flaming buildings. What we had heard had happened within a radius of a couple of miles of our hostelry. It seemed incredible.

All of it I put down in my notebook. There were a couple of choice items. There had been a direct hit on the German School. Some of the Finns, who used to like the Germans, call it the Hindenburg School. And the Russian Legation had had all its windows blown out. Hit or miss with the Russian bombers! The Germans had said throughout that they had "a full comprehension of the Russian action"! One wondered whether they would find this quite comprehensible. As for the Russian Legation, life is cheap to Stalin, judging from the way he later threw men into battle, and there was nobody in the Legation, anyway.

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It was the leaflet bombing that interested me most. I got several copies. They were all addressed to the Finnish people. One of them, which will be found at page 237, read :

We come to Finland not as conquerors, but as liberators of the Finnish people from the oppression of the capitalists and landlords.

Therefore let us not fight each other, but end the war and turn our weapons against our common enemies, against the Government of Cajander, Erkkö, Tanner, Mannerheim, and others.

Another read :

The Finnish Government represented by Cajander, Kallio, and Mannerheim has embarked on a military adventure against the Soviet Union. At the behest of the imperialists Messrs Cajander, etc., have broken off the peaceful negotiations with the Soviet Union and have transformed Finland into an armed camp, subjecting the Finnish people to incredible suffering. The provocations carried out from Finland against the Soviet Union were made in the interests of military imperialism. Down with the anti-popular Government of Cajander and Mannerheim!

Long live the alliance of the people of Finland and the Soviet Union!

Other correspondents grabbed other leaflets containing different messages. One began :

Soldiers! Put down your arms and return home and protect your families against starvation.

Another :

The perfidious provocation of the Finnish military leader clique has roused general indignation in our country and in the Red Army. All our tolerance is now at an end. We must take to weapons, but we don't go against the people of Finland, but against the Government of Cajander and Erkkö, who oppress the Finnish people, and have provoked the war against the Soviet Union.

Yet another :

Don't starve. You know we have bread!
Even to the hard-boiled newspaper-men the leaflets

seemed like a weird jest, a comic jest. But Jeremy Bentham had the explanation. He used to write about 'impostor terms.' A few there were even in the late eighteenth century! But in these Hitler-Stalin days the dictionaries seem to be sprouting them right and left. And very simple words had become impostors now. 'Liberation,' for instance. The only meaning of 'liberation' for scores of Finlanders that day had been a release from life itself. Thousands more must have been released from their homes or possessions. For the nation itself there was the manner in which Esthonia had been liberated to ponder over. 'Shoot' in "We must not shoot at each other" was even a simpler word. But this too had joined the new army of impostors. What it meant now one couldn't imagine. But one thing was certain—it had nothing to do with gratuitous bombing by Russian airmen.

It had been left to Stalin to blow the gaff on the entire world of lexicography!

The 'incredible suffering' and 'starvation' of the Finns might be just plain misinformation, of course. You can't find out anything about living conditions through a keyhole or even under a bed—even, as it proved, of Helsinki's air-defence system. Total national income in Finland went up between 1932 and 1936 from 13,900 to 20,500 million Finnmarks. It was probably another 2000 million marks higher by the middle of 1939. For the index of industrial production between 1936 and 1939 had gone from 110 per cent. to 122 per cent. of the 1935 level. Distribution of the national income is equitable too. Neither riches nor poverty can be found in Finland. It's not a country of extremes, but a fairly equalitarian country built up on a peasant foundation.

Naturally I had had no time to look into living conditions. So I shall have to invoke other investigators. One is Agnes Rothery, in *Finland: The New Nation*. She says:

There is no actual destitution. Such a thing as a slum does not exist in Helsinki or in all Finland.

In my flying trip three years before I had been taken out to see the tiny garden cottages and forest camps which Miss

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Rothery describes as rentable for such a modest sum that no family need be deprived of a week-end or an entire summer refuge in the woods or by a lake or in the open country.

An English investigator supports Miss Rothery's finding. And he goes into even greater detail. I refer to J. Hampden Jackson's book *Finland*. Mr Jackson says:

The only large town in Finland is Helsinki with its 270,000 inhabitants. There, if anywhere, one would expect to find bad living conditions. Yet there are no slums, because the town is scarcely more than a century old, and was intended from the beginning as an administrative and industrial capital. Town-planning was undertaken from the first, the big companies building flats for their workers at the same time as they built their factories, the town commercial scheduling definite areas for development and financing schemes to help town workers to build summer cabins within easy cycling distance of their jobs. The council even bought islands in the bathing resorts, whither people could be transported from the centre of the town at a charge of a penny or twopence.

It is difficult to compare living conditions. But the standard of Engels, economist and friend of Marx, is generally accepted. Engels discovered that rich and poor devote approximately the same proportion of their incomes to rent, heating, and lighting, but that the poor devote a higher proportion to food and a lower proportion to 'sundries.' The living standard is therefore highest in those countries in which the ratio of expenditure on food is least and the ratio of sundry expenditure highest.

The International Labour Office published such a calculation based on figures collected between 1933 and 1934. And according to this table the Finns beat the Germans, the Poles, the Czechs, the Swedes, and the Irish. There's been a betterment of the whole since 1934. And in Finland, as ocular evidence proves, general betterment follows the Baconian principle by being well spread.

Certainly in comparison with the Russians the Finns are in the luxury class. The Red Army are the aristocrats in the

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Soviet Union. But the Russian prisoners presented a pathetic spectacle of ill-clad, ill-nourished human beings. Listen to this from Edmund Stevens, the Baltic correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor*, who took over my assignment when I left Finland:

The filth of the men was indescribable. The toes of three protruded from their shoes. But why waste soap and shoe-leather on men whose sole function is that of cannon fodder?

In a later message Mr Stevens reported a Russian prisoner as saying:

All we get, anyway, is watery gruel and a quarter-kilo of black bread a day. Sometimes we vary our diet with charred potatoes found among the ruins of the burned villages.

Standards of life exist as well as standards of living. In Esthonia they had had some experience of the lowliness of the Russian standard of life. Into a Tallinn shop came a Russian soldier with a request for a pair of shoes. The fact that his shoes were holey was not what impressed the Esthonian. What astonished him was the number of affidavits that the poor, benighted Russian soldier brought with him as warrant for the privilege of buying a pair of shoes. His superior officers from sergeant to colonel had given the fellow written permits. Pathetically he produced them with the money at the bewildered Tallinn shoe-dealer's.

I am fully prepared to believe, and I have so reported elsewhere in this book, the Finn who, in talking over this kind of leaflet bombing, observed, "We have a living standard high enough now to talk about a cultural standard."

It would soon be time to go to the Diet. I was just preparing to go, when there came a shy knock at my door. It was the noiseless Rütta. She hadn't been home, but had been visiting friends near by, so as not to be late for the Diet meeting.

"My people—they are very angry," she said quietly.

She said scarcely another word as we left the Hotel Kämp for the Diet. Helsinki was completely blacked out. Only

the fitful gleam of burning buildings in the distance afforded any illumination at all. Fortunately I had dug a flashlight out of my baggage. I had found it among other going-away presents in my cabin on the *Drottningholm*. The card had been lost, and therefore I want here to say that it was one of the most useful presents I ever received. We joined a procession of people who were shuffling in our direction. I asked Rütta whether they were going to the Diet.

"No!" she said, almost soundlessly. "They are going away. They are going to the station. The Russian—he come to-morrow again, and the next day, and the next. Perhaps he bring gas next time."

Helsinki emptying! I said nothing, but tried to pick my way along with my trusty little guide. We got to the station square. Broken glass littered the sidewalks. My flashlight picked out a path across to the Diet. There was no noise now—just the quiet shuffle of people going away.

The Diet is one of the handsomest buildings in Helsinki. I had been in it three years before. It is the work of Sirén, a Parliament house of which any country might well be proud. Relatively, the Riksdag, in Stockholm, is just a schoolroom. Now it was shrouded in darkness. My little secretary began to pilot me up the long stone steps, when a light was flashed in our faces and we were told abruptly to "Halt!" The voice came from a tall man in full military uniform. He spoke English, but that was of no use, for he wouldn't let us go a step farther. He was the Mayor of Helsinki guarding the Diet.

Another Mayor of Warsaw? This mayor was running things, anyway. And nobody could go up those steps. It was like battering on a piece of Karelian granite to try to melt his stony countenance.

"But I was invited to the session," I expostulated.

"I can't help that. Nobody is going into the Diet."

"But I must go," I insisted, pulling out all manner of credentials.

"I am sorry," he said shortly.

"Have the members come yet?" I then asked, hoping I could find somebody who would let me in.

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"No."

Then he relented sufficiently to give me a morsel of news.

"It's no use going up there, anyway. They aren't holding the meeting there now."

At this moment I could just discern buses coming in our direction, and it suddenly occurred to me that they were taking the members away.

"Let me get on one of those buses," I said, making a move towards them.

The burly Finn barred my path, and said, without the slightest impoliteness, "I am very sorry, but you must go back now."

There was nothing to do but obey the Mayor of Helsinki.

In this direction lay the quarter in which Rütta lived. I suggested that she might go home.

"But you won't find your way back to the hotel," she ventured.

"Yes, I will."

My answer was much more positive than I felt. The Diet was only half a mile away, but the route was new, and the entire region as black as ink. But it was time to release the willing Rütta. She accepted my assurance and disappeared into the darkness. Somehow I managed to find my way to the Hotel Kämp.

The scribes had already departed for the Samomalehtiosasto. It was close on 10 P.M. If I wanted to give an up-to-date account for the American radio listeners I would have to follow them, and I again stumbled into the black-out. Eventually I arrived at the Samomalehtiosasto. Here we were told that the Diet had met "somewhere in Finland" just for the purpose of passing a vote of confidence in the Government. With that we had to be satisfied.

At the Hotel Kämp the newspaper-men who had not bothered to go to the Samomalehtiosasto were still gossiping over the eventful day.

"They were S-Bs, weren't they, those 'planes?" asked a newcomer.

"S-O-Bs, you said it," responded a New Yorker, with a grimace.

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Somebody then turned to me and asked whether I was going out of town for the night. I said no. I had a broadcast to give, and, besides, I had neither a car to take me out of town nor the inclination to go.

"But they say they are going to knock hell out of Helsinki to-night," he said. "We've all got cars, and we're going to a villa in the country, and coming back in the morning."

Then a Finn told me with a wry face that our legation had already packed up and gone to a place called Bad Grankulla.¹ I didn't know then where Bad Grankulla was. Afterwards I saw from my guide-book that Bad Grankulla is a seaside resort about fifteen miles west of Helsinki on the Gulf of Finland.

It seemed surprising for the legation to leave so precipitately. No pusillanimity is imputed, only policy. The policy, I suggest, is mistaken. I don't know whether one should go so far as to say that a Minister should stick to his legation as a captain sticks to his ship, but it does seem to me that the eyes and ears of the Government's representatives should be kept on the spot when events are happening which might call for high decisions and quick actions in Washington.

The flit, I suppose, was dictated by the latter-day desire to keep Americans from embroiling the Government in foreign quarrels. With this desire I have the utmost respect as a non-interventionist. At the same time the United States will become involved in foreign quarrels only of its own volition. Our geographical position—and how often the neutrals mentioned it enviously!—gives us time to think and the freedom, as Washington said, "to choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel."

¹ Bad Grankulla in due course became the capital of the foreign legations. I think Ambassador Steinhardt informed Molotoff on November 30 that this seaside resort was the new headquarters in Finland of the American Government. At any rate, Stalin didn't respect it. On January 13 his airmen swooped down on Bad Grankulla, though the place by that time was aflutter with the flags of most of the nations. Actually a bomb was reported to have hit the temporary American Legation. And so it was proved that moving a legation doesn't safeguard Americans in wars which are both irresponsible and waged vertically upon an entire country. This incident, by the way, supports a theory expressed in succeeding pages that wholesale evacuation of cities might be unwise, too.

Suomen kansalle!

Suomen sotilasjohtajajoukon katala provokatio herätti yleistä suuttumusta maassamme ja Punaisessa Armeijassa. Kaikesta meidän kärsivällisyydestämme on tullut loppu! Meidän on pitänyt tarttua aseisiin. Mutta me emme käy Suomen kansaa vastaan, vaan Cajanderin ja Erkon hallitusta vastaan, joka sortaa Suomen kansaa ja on provosoinut sodan Neuvostoliittoa vastaan. Me emme tule teidän luokseen valloittajina, vaan Suomen kansan vapauttajina kapitalistien ja tilanherrojen sorrosta.

Älkäämme siis ampuko toisiamme, vaan lopettakaamme sota ja kääntäkäämme aseemme teidän ja meidän vihollisiamme vastaan, Cajanderin, Erkon, Tannerin, Mannerheimin ynnä muiden hallitusta vastaan.

Translation

TO THE FINNISH PEOPLE !

The dastardly provocation of the military clique in Finland has aroused anger in our country and in the Red Army. Our patience is utterly exhausted. We are compelled to take up arms, but we are not waging war against the Finnish people, but against the Government of Cajander and Erko, who oppress the Finnish people and have provoked this war. We come to Finland, not as conquerors, but as liberators of the Finnish people from the oppression of the capitalists and landlords.

Therefore let us not fight each other, but end the war and turn our weapons against our common enemies, against the Government of Cajander, Erko, Tanner, Mannerheim, and others.

ONE OF THE LEAFLETS WHICH RUSSIAN AIRMEN DROPPED ON
HELSINKI WITH THEIR BOMBS BEFORE MACHINE-GUNNING THE
WORKERS' SUBURB

It seems much better to rely upon statesmanship than upon precipitate running away in keeping unembroiled.

Not a word had I heard from the legation or any member of the staff of the legation. This in spite of the rounding up of Americans which apparently had been going on. Neither the Consul-General nor the Minister, who both knew of my whereabouts, had sent me any notice. Yet I had called on the one and left a card on and spoken on the telephone with the other. From others I learned that the move out of town was dictated by a feeling expressed by a legation *attaché* that in the night or the next morning the Russians intended to demolish the station. Later I learned that the legation authorities sent messengers back late at night to transport remaining Americans to Bad Grankulla.

It wasn't only Americans who were acting in this manner. All the legations seemed to be either ultra-cautious or inclined to credit rumours. In particular, an Italian *attaché* was a fertile source of the "they're going to fill the place with gas" rumour-mongering. The British were credulous too. They had advised their folk to move several months before, and they rounded up all their nationals, to some of those nationals' disgust, on Saturday. The bruited justification was that a really big attack was coming at five o'clock on Sunday morning. And the forecast sounded so lurid that I know several Scandinavians who were sufficiently impressed—"they ought to know, surely!"—to act upon the warning.

With reason the Swedish newspapers afterwards acquired credit for Sweden by showing that the Swedish Legation was the only legation to stay in Helsinki.

In this kind of war the best ally for the bombs is Rumour. Indeed, Rumour can do more damage than all the bombs ever manufactured. The Russians had released Rumour with the bombs—not, in those grim times, in the feminine guise of a mere gossip, but in the form of the cloven-hoofed Pan. Pan was expected to complete the work of the bombs, with his horrendous pipe. Then there would be no more need of bombs, of invasion, of fighting. The

victory would be won. On Thursday night Pan had certainly worked his way into the Hotel Kämp.

That foreigners had listened to Pan was no encouragement to the Finns, nor were they heartened by these foreign alarms and excursions.

"Yes, some of the leaflets promised a return trip. They said that if Helsinki wasn't cleared to-night they'd wipe it all out to-morrow morning."

"I hear they're coming back with gas too."

I reflected that if this kind of rumour-mongering got going elsewhere the Finns would soon be licked. This sort of thing made the prospect look pretty bleak for the Finns as I took my leave of the crowded restaurant to prepare my script for the radio talk. Curt Bloch, of the *New York Times* picture service, left the group at the same time, and offered to help me by 'timing' my talk as soon as I was ready. It was the beginning of a deeper acquaintance.

When I got back from the studio the hotel was almost deserted.

"They've all gone away in cars," said the night porter.

I knew they would be back in the morning "just to see what was left of Helsinki," as one of them had put it.

It was 4 A.M. by this time, and I turned in, though not without looking up the faithful Bloch. He and I seemed almost to have the hotel to ourselves. I felt in my bones that the Russians wouldn't rob me of sleep, no matter what they did. In war-time France I'd slept standing up in trenches, and once went through an entire bombardment without leaving the arms of Morpheus. But that was years ago. That Friday morning the Russians again provided my reveille at breakfast-time. It was the beginning of another day of exploding bombs and air-raid sirens and *rat-a-tat-tat* and excitement.

Downstairs the newspaper-boys had already arrived, geared for action. Newspaper offices all over the world had now got the tip of silence that it might be well to get in telephonic touch with their correspondents. Telephone bells accordingly tinkled constantly. And bell-hops wove in and out of knots of people looking for particular scribes.

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"Call from Geneva for you, sir!"

"New York on the telephone, sir!"

"Stockholm calling!"

Every revolution of the swing doors seemed to augment the army of newspaper-men. To-day they were in a more military state of sartorial preparedness than yesterday's influx. They all carried the same kind of well-used typewriters.

And as they stamped in, gripping their typewriters like rifles on the trail, some colleague or other would utter a cry of recognition. It was a renewal of acquaintance that had been made perhaps on the Ebro. Then the colleague would drag the newcomer into the smoking-room and relieve him of his precious typewriter.

"Where's Toivola?" they all asked.

Toivola was the chief of the Samomalehtiosasto. He was the person who first armed you with your credentials and then retailed the news of the day. Toivola was indispensable. All the newspaper-men seemed to have had a cabled or written welcome from Toivola in reply to their inquiries. My own cable from Toivola began to feel more and more like a form letter as I listened to the refrain, "Where's Toivola?"

"There's no hurry, old chap," the insistent newspaper-man would be assured. "You'll be here for the duration. This is some show. No trotting around the Duke of Gloucester for a news story here, you know."

But the Hotel Kämp was no longer merely a newspaper hotel. Overnight the establishment had evolved into the headquarters for the entire Government.

The Hotel Kämp is Helsinki's leading hostelry. It is the favourite rendezvous at aperitif hour for Finland's officialdom. Private rooms upstairs are set aside for official dinners and extra-Cabinet discussions. You might say the hotel is *the* club for administrative Helsinki. Accordingly, when the bombs began to go off the officials flocked to the Kämp. There was so much to check up, so many notes and experiences to swap, so many decisions to take. Formerly the departments had been scattered among sundry private

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houses in Helsinki and the country. In other words, they had been blown off their centre. A new centre, therefore, had to spring up at the Kämp. It was resolved without a vote unofficially to move to the hotel the entire Government—at least the kingpins of the Government.

Unofficial Helsinki was represented at the Kämp too. It was their club as well as the Government's. Three years ago when I inquired for Sibclius I had been told that in all probability I should find him in the smoking-room of the Kämp. The warmth and companionship of a club calls irresistibly when big events are in the air. But when the events are bombs the desire for company is an accented gregariousness, and unofficial Finlanders accordingly gravitated to the Hotel Kämp as by instinct.

To some of these old *habitués* life had now become one long aperitif hour. They got an added exhilaration from co-existence with the entire Government and the world's Press.

Neither the Russians nor this extra pressure on the hostelry's facilities seemed to tax the management, though. The staff attended to everybody's wants with seeming effortlessness and unfailing regularity. Everybody seemed to get his telephone conversation with Stockholm or Timbuctoo.

"My call come through?"

"Anybody 'phoned?"

One after the other scribes would dash over to the counter and call across to the telephonist. How the girl cooped up in a tiny booth behind the counter managed constantly to produce communication with places near and far will always remain a mystery. And meals arrived somehow on the restaurant tables. Behind the scenes, no doubt, the cost was debited to somebody's account, but nobody seemed to care who paid for what. Meals were very incidental, anyway. To talk was so much more important, to talk of what was happening just outside. For when I was making these observations bombs were raining on Helsinki, and the Russians had begun to riddle the streets with machine-gun fire.

You couldn't hear a thing inside the Kämp for the granite of the walls and the hubbub inside.

One felt that one should have an end-of-the-world feeling. But to me life at the Hotel Kämp was a fascinating panorama. My *Dear Octopus*! I watched the scene with a growing sense that I was in the wings looking at some fantastic *tableau*. My hero was the *portier*, Lang. He was a gnome-like person in uniform, quiet, unhurried. He soothed those who wanted a telephone message to China. He saw that every call got to the right person. And he kept the entire spectacle revolving somehow on his own axis. I began to wonder whether everything wouldn't collapse if he departed.

Behind Lang's impassivity I tried to detect some reaction to this milling throng. But it was like finding out the cerebrations of a stone Buddha. At first I thought he seemed slightly flattered that the Hotel Kämp should suddenly have become the hub of the universe. Perhaps this new importance of an establishment in which a telephone call to Stockholm had hitherto been an event might have contributed to his own importance. I couldn't tell. I just rendered him my homage for carrying on. Indeed, he seemed to me a model of the way to act in an emergency. Everybody should continue to do his own job, and keep on doing it more persistently than ever, instead, as I have noticed, of trying to do other people's jobs out of a feeling that maybe those others are not up to doing the jobs themselves. Lang told me the secret of life in emergency: "Carry on!" For if the enemy get you to disrupt your individual or community life in advance of raids he has already started on the job of breaking down civilian morale.

These observations were still in my diary when I got back to Stockholm. Judge my chagrin over my standing as an observer when I read in the *Dagens Nyheter* of December 27 the following news item, under a Helsinki date-line:

Lang, *portier* at the Hotel Kämp, has been arrested. He was accused of having worked as a spy in German service. Hotel Kämp has been the headquarters of the foreign Press correspondents and the Foreign Ministry since the first days of the war. No details about his espionage have been published. Lang, however, has been questioned for several days.

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Still, I can pay tribute to the hotel as an establishment upon which the machinery of government and the activities of the world's Press seemed to hang while I was in Helsinki. Now the hotel is reported to be a hospital. Here's to its reopening in happier times! For in those early days the management did its job magnificently, whatever may have been the carryings on of some members of the staff.

Rütta de Riz-à-Porta came in just before lunch. Her eyes were red with weeping. She said that in the raid the day before her home had been damaged, and that her mother had been struck by a flying splinter. Helsinki seemed no place for a girl any more, and I took her back to the Yleis-radio, where, according to a 'phone message I had had, the studio was already evacuated of its womenfolk. Her silence was almost a match for her dutifulness, but she seemed glad to be released from her engagement as my helper.

"My people—they are very angry," she repeated, in farewell, with childlike simplicity.

Overnight I'd determined to see how the people of Helsinki were taking it. The nature of this kind of war seemed to make such an investigation much more important than an investigation of the extent of the physical damage. Later I saw some of the damage, but you can see enough of it from the illustrations accompanying these pages. How had the people's morale been damaged, if at all? That was more to the point. Bloch agreed to be my companion. A Swede, Bloch would solve my language difficulty, since Helsinki is a bilingual city.

'All clear' had already been sounded. And the other scribes had been dashing out two or three at a time on inspection tours. Not being blessed with cars, Bloch and I set forth on foot.

First we dropped in at an apothecary's near the station.

"Why aren't you closed?" I asked.

"I'm going to stay open as long as I can," the apothecary said. "That's the best thing I can do against the Russians."

Then I noticed that his window had been blown out.

"Yes," he said, following my glance. "That's from one of the blasts from yesterday's bombing. But it didn't stop

me from serving a customer. She wanted a cathartic, too."

We chuckled over the apothecary's sardonic humour.

Stockmann's, over which the American Legation is located, likewise was open. It is Helsinki's biggest department store. The girl clerks attended to my wants without any fuss. But, as with the people on the street, they had an alert look. It was the awareness of people who are giving you one ear and keeping another ear open for the unexpected. What would happen if the unexpected came? I wondered. I found that Stockmann's had a *vuestosueya* in the basement. The girls told me that as soon as the Russians flew over they simply dropped everything and went to the nearest lift *en route* to the basement.

"No pushing or anything?" I asked.

"No," they said, in some surprise. "We have got everything arranged very smoothly."

Just outside there was a little curio shop, and I thought of some excuse to drop in. Maybe I could find something for the person to whom this book is dedicated. I couldn't, but I made another purchase from an old lady, and as she handed my change over the counter she thanked me, and added, "God bless you for the day!"

"For the day!" I repeated, as Bloch passed on the prayer. The prayer was spoken with the fervency of an old Finnish Pietist. And the prayer was in my behalf! Herself the old lady had already committed to the care of her Protector for Him to do as He chose.

"She calls up all the comforting counsel of the Old Testament prophets," I said to Bloch as we left. "Who was it that said, 'Calamity is my providence. Out of fire and vengeance shall come light and love'? It goes something like that, doesn't it? Anyhow, if that's Finland I shall begin to pray for the Russians."

Bloch just nodded.

These people were not terror-stricken. Still, the rumour-mongering or the leaflets had stirred up a vague apprehension about gas attacks. No drugstore had any masks left, and it wasn't very comforting for one head-shaking clerk to

say, as we were leaving his store, empty-handed, "They say that Helsinki is going to be filled with gas."

"They say!" If rumour got hold of the population, then the Russians had won.

In the afternoon, just as I was leaving another store on the Esplanaadi Katu, the air-raid warning screeched again. One could now hear the hum of the 'planes distinctly, and then the *rat-a-tat-tat* of the anti-aircraft guns. The throb of these confounded 'planes was beginning to pass through the ear to the pit of your stomach. We had heard the implications of that hum in last night's account of mangled young bodies lying in the *morgue*. But those 'planes which were now over us intended to rub in the bombing. We found out later that they varied their bombing by swooping down on the workers' residential section and the roads leading out of town and sweeping the streets with machine-gun bullets. I must have had the advance intelligence in my tummy.

Police now were clearing the streets. They pushed us with others into an alleyway between two tall buildings. As we entered two men were talking politics. It was about a change in the Government. Elsewhere, in my chapter on Mr Ryti, I have explained how I came to know that a change was pending.

"Paasikivi's our man!" said one.

They all murmured assent.

This was something to see the Samomalehtiosasto about. I tried to move away, but a policeman got hold of me, and no brandishing of my passport or credentials would persuade him to release his grip.

"Well, we may as well improve the bombing hour," I suggested to Bloch. "Let's get permission to look inside a *vuostosueya*."

There was a bomb-shelter across the way, and after more parley the policeman allowed us to run to it.

This shelter was one of scores dotting the boulevard along the entire length of Esplanaadi Katu. No modern bomb-shelter this. A few planks stretched across the top, a narrow entrance, and a long tunnel only about three feet down, with benches on both sides. We had to bend down in

order to get in, and we had to squeeze between the people in order to find a place. It was most uncomfortable, and scarey, withal.

"I must suffer from claustrophobia or something," I said to Bloch. "Because I'm getting the wind up in this hole in the ground."

So to keep up my spirits I told him the claustrophobia story from the Bank of England. The Bank of England after Munich thought they had to build a *vestosueya* by way of preparing against air attack. So they sent a *questionnaire* to the staff. One of the questions was, "Do you suffer from claustrophobia?"

It seemed a pertinent question in view of the project. There was a unanimous negative from every department except the stenographers. From their department came one yes after another. Montagu Norman looked astonished when the bunch of answers were put on his desk.

"Bring me the statistician," he ordered.

The statistician arrived, and on being asked to work out the ratio made a quick calculation, and said 98 per cent.

This was too much for Mr Norman. He dispatched the office manager to the stenographic department for an explanation. In due course the manager came back and told how the head of the department had said to him, in reply to his question, "We didn't know what the word 'claustrophobia' meant. But we looked it up in the dictionary, and it says, 'Fear of confinement.' Of course we suffer from claustrophobia!"

It cheered me up to tell the story. I don't know about Bloch. He was all ears for any wisp of conversation for my log. The people were quite quiet. A man started to light a cigarette, and a lady said to him gently, in the words that Bloch passed on, "You better don't smoke, my dear."

This lady then talked with Bloch, and said she had been in a *vestosueya* several hours during the air raids. She looked across at some young girls. They were giggling. She observed that yesterday other girls like them were near to tears from the shock of the initial invasion.

"You soon get used to it," she added philosophically.

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Yes, indeed. Man has come up from the animal world because of his adaptability, I suppose. In recent years civil populations have shown how quickly they can accustom themselves even to war dropping on them.

A Finn beside me said sombrely, "We always start at 0, expect 0, and are glad when it's 1."

I don't know exactly how he wanted me to apply the remark to the Russians, unless he meant that the danger hadn't been half so bad as was expected.

Eventually the police allowed us to file out of our dug-out, and I insisted on going to the *posti*. I had a newspaper message in my pocket to send. And it had occurred to me in the *vestosueya* that in lieu of a present, which might never get to America, a cablegram to my youngster, Stephen, might not come amiss. If it were delivered he might get a kick out of it, and his friends at Phillips Exeter (the American prep. school at Exeter, N.H.), too. This didn't take long, though there was more rubble and broken glass in the station square than we had encountered the previous day.

Then we hastened back to the hotel to learn what had happened. We were just in time to see radioed messages giving us outside news. First there was a report of Molotoff's denial to Ambassador Steinhardt, in reply to President Roosevelt's *démarche*, that Soviet airmen had bombed civilian populations. He said the Soviet Union had only bombed aerodromes (with grim humour the Finnish papers featured this remark underneath the partly demolished church of Michael Agricola). Well, I had seen enough broken glass in the railroad square, and the boys had seen enough gruesome sights, to supply a junk-heap of disproof. And just an hour before the airmen were machine-gunning as well as bombing civilian populations!

So for thesecond time in two days I'd happened to be on the spot to refute what Moscow was saying about my surroundings.

We read on, restraining an exclamation:

Certainly, said Mr Molotoff sarcastically, in America, which is 5000 miles from Finland, one might fail to see this. Nevertheless facts were facts, he continued, and in view of this Mr Roosevelt's question was 'pointless.'

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"How far is Moscow away?" somebody called out.

"Facts are facts, and we've got plenty to print to-day," said another.

Jeremy Bentham seemed to be having as much of a day as Death itself.

Now the Hotel Kämp had become a real clearing agency for news. It housed the whole of the Samomalehtiosasto. Press chiefs had also been detailed to the hotel from the General Staff. That night we were going to have a jamboree of Press conferences. Even the new Minister for Foreign Affairs, Väinö Tanner, had promised to drop in.

For the gossip in the alleyway was right. There had been a reconstruction of the Government. Mr Ryti had taken Mr Cajander's place as Prime Minister. The list meant very little to the non-resident correspondent, except that that list showed the expansion of the Social Democratic-Agrarian Cabinet into a coalition embracing all parties. As we got to the hotel the news came through that the Conservative Mr Paasikivi had been added as Minister without Portfolio.

"Mr Paasikivi is our man!" I recalled the words of the citizen in the alleyway, a reference, undoubtedly, more to what the Finnish delegate stood for in refusing to barter away Finland's independence than to the Paasikivi personality.

One, however, could come to some conclusions about the Cabinet reconstruction without help. One could read the news in the light of the other news at home and abroad. It was a Government intended as a bridge to negotiations. I understood that the Agrarian President himself was against change on the grounds that there might be some misunderstanding. But he gave in as the counsel of expediency showed him the need. It was a last desperate effort to fortify the Roosevelt appeal to Moscow again to renew negotiations.

But the Government meant no tame surrender, no capitulation. Otherwise Mr Tanner would have been excluded along with Premier Cajander. And Mr Paasikivi. And it was at Mr Tanner that most of the broadsides from Moscow

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had been directed. "The evil genius of the whole Soviet-Finnish negotiations," Molotoff had called him. Tanner, the capitalist, the landlord, exploiter of the working classes, the tool of foreign capitalists—this had been the frenzied refrain of the Moscow radio and Press.

About Mr Tanner I have written elsewhere. So far from being a capitalist he is the leader of the co-operative movement. It is true that he has put by out of his salary a comfortable sum to fall back upon. But that is a testimony to his Finnish thrift and simple living. It is true that he is a landowner. He put his savings into his own farm, as have so many Finns. This formerly tenant-ridden country is now 90 per cent. individually farmed. As to Tanner's exploitation of the workers, he has no workers to exploit, being simply the salaried head of a co-operative Society. And Elanto, the society which Tanner heads, is a model of good working conditions. "Elanto," says J. Hampden Jackson, "sets the standard for all Finland in the treatment of employees."

Mr Tanner came in to see the Press correspondents while we were listening to a representative of the General Staff reporting on the military news. Speaking slowly and solemnly in deliberate English, he said, stumbling only for an occasional word, "You must be astonished that the Government got a vote of confidence last night and then resigned. But this serious situation requires extraordinary measures. It is so serious that we thought it would be better to have a national Government with all the parties in it. The situation is very grave. Our neighbour, a big country, has tried to destroy our small population, and has tried to make us accept something we didn't want to accept. Our policy is only to clean up the situation which has arisen in consequence of that. Of course, we shall try to get an agreement with Soviet Russia if possible, but our aim is to defend our independence and our security. All other questions are put aside. This is the only programme of a Government which is just three hours old."

I asked, "Would you discuss the same programme with Moscow?"

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Tanner replied enigmatically, "We cannot now discuss the same programme we did at Moscow."

He added in reply to another question that the Government would remain in Helsinki "as long as possible," which at that time none of us thought could be long.

"Still," he wound up, "I don't think Helsinki can be occupied. The only danger is the one that comes from heaven."

We all corrected his English over this last word, because he meant the sky, and he then left us to the Press *attachés*.

There were more leaflets and pictures and news to dish out. The whole machinery of gathering the facts and retailing them to the world had now been established in working order. We learned that the machine-guns had peppered the workers' residential section and then dropped more leaflets. You will see the district marked on the street plan of Helsinki in the top left-hand corner. Most of the leaflets were desperate efforts to throw panic into the populace. One of them read:

If you don't evacuate the capital before 3 P.M. we shall return with sixty bombers and subject this city to a devastating air attack.

I didn't see this leaflet. I was simply told about it, and I'm wondering whether this wasn't the product of some fertile imagination engaged in furthering the Muscovite scheme, though there was more sense in this kind of threat than the clumsy love-letters which had been dropped on the previous day with the 500-pound bombs.

As I have mentioned, another leaflet, according to newspapers I saw later, said:

Don't starve! You know we have bread!

But the high-water mark of tragicomedy was the pronunciamento of Stalin's "People's Government of the Democratic Republic of Finland." This had been set up that day at Terijoki. Terijoki is just inside Finnish territory on the Gulf of Finland. The pronunciamento started out with this piece of wishful thinking: "The will of the people has ended Tanner's policy." It then went on to say that

to the First Finnish Army Corps is accorded the honour of bringing the banner of Finland's democratic republic into the capital and hoisting it on the roof of the presidential palace, to the joy of the working people and to the awe of the enemies of the people.

But the first Finnish Army required help. And the "People's Government of the Democratic Republic of Finland" had therefore invited in the Red Army as an auxiliary.

To justify this extraordinary decision by even a provisional 'democratic' Government the Government asked Moscow for a pact of mutual assistance. Ratifications would be exchanged in Helsinki. It also asked the Soviet Union to cede Soviet Karelia to Finland. Another version said that the 'democratic' Government, in return, had offered to cede Hangö. Anyway, simultaneously with all these requests the Soviet had granted them. And as an earnest of reciprocal favours the Soviet Union had recognized this spurious infant as the true Government of Finland as soon as it was born.

What had Molotoff said in his last speech?

"We firmly hold that the Finnish people should itself decide its internal and external affairs in a manner it deems necessary itself."

And:

"In friendly co-operation with the Finnish people."

A constitution for Finland from this new 'democratic' Government came over the same broadcast which had brought this precious document. The new state wouldn't be a state of the Soviet type. Finland, it appeared, wasn't ready for that, nor, as it proved, for any state of a Sovietized type. The new Government would be truly democratic in that there would be universal suffrage. A sop was offered in the promise of rent-reduction and "the realization of measures for the complete elimination of unemployment."

"Only one thing need be said about that," said a military spokesman crisply. "We mined Terijoki before we left it. So this Government is undermined right from the start."

"Well, the treaty of mutual assistance doesn't come into

force till ratifications have been exchanged in Helsinki, so you've plenty of time."

"It's a mutual-assistance pact with itself," wisecracked another.

"Well, it's quite evident that he doesn't like our new Government right here," observed a politico.

"Yes, on the firm basis of ten undermined square miles out of—what is it?—400,000."

"I'll bet this Government hasn't moved a step out of Moscow."

The only person in the new Government whom any Finn seemed to know was the Prime Minister, Otto Kuusinen. Kuusinen left the country precipitately when Mannerheim purged the country in 1918. As I understood it, he was head of the Scandinavian Department of the Comintern, or Third International. I believe, however, he was once the general secretary. At any rate, he came into some world notoriety when, with Zinovieff and M'Manus, he signed the Zinovieff letter to the central committee of the British Communist party, which led to the fall of Ramsay MacDonald's first Labour Ministry in 1924.

The leaflet bombardment was intended, then, to rally the people behind Kuusinen. It required no answer in the light either of facts or of that day's events. But as the war went on the Finns adapted this mode of warfare in counter-attack. One leaflet I saw subsequently gave the facts of what had happened to the Russian invaders. They were true pictures, though gruesome. The Finns headed them laconically, "From your comrades who will never return!"

I left the military Press conference soon after the official in charge had thrown on the table a collection of horror pictures of the two days' war. Immediately there was a scramble, and almost a free-for-all. War had come to the Kämp! The picture-men objected to the correspondents taking the pictures. They alleged it was unfair trade practice, as in fact it was. Evidently it is becoming a habit of newspapers nowadays to ask their correspondents in the field to pick up a picture or two. One of the picture-men

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eventually restored order while he took his pick, and almost his shovel too !

He had squelched everybody by saying, " I've simply got to have them, because there's a diplomatic pouch going, and I'm entitled to use it for my pictures."

Everybody seemed impressed for a moment, till another man gave out, " Oh, I get mine to London in my own way."

" Just a try-on," whispered Bloch, in my ear, as I was moving towards the door.

This was Friday night, December 1. No more raids hit the Finnish capital till Stalin's birthday, December 21. It might be useful, therefore, to attempt a physical appraisal of this first round in the Finnish war. Remember that the first round was aimed at beating Finland by spreading terror among the civilian population. Troops came over the border, it is true, and the navy poked at the coast a little. But the other services in this first operation acted merely as supports for the would-be destroyers of Finnish morale from the death-dealing skies.

My survey comes from personal observation, which I have checked with foreign experts who were caught with me in Helsinki.

Eighteen 'planes came over on Thursday in three separate visits. With the bombs the airmen probably tried to sever lines of communication out of Helsinki. Probably they were aiming at the aerodrome and the railroad station. But they hit neither. Instead they hit churches, factories, schools, co-operative centrals, and blocks of apartment houses. On Friday another twelve or fifteen 'planes came over, and laid waste with bombs and machine-guns the part of the city where the workers lived. The number of 'planes engaged in the second day's invasion of Helsinki is difficult to compute, because only one of the raids actually arrived over the city proper. They were said to be aiming at the forts. But they didn't damage the forts either ; and the fact that they bombed and machine-gunned the workers' suburb at less than a thousand feet is proof that they knew their whereabouts. They moved over the residential

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districts to drop their load when they found the forts too hot for combat.

The fact that only one of the raids arrived on Friday over Helsinki proper is a tribute to the anti-aircraft work of the Finns. Guns in use came from the Swedish works at Bofors. Some of them were 'manned' by Lottas, I'm told. The guns were located at the forts and on the roofs of the public buildings in case the 'planes from the sea got past the forts.

Two 'planes were brought down out of the eighteen visitants on Thursday. Four crashed on Friday. Total Russian casualties amount, therefore, to about 20 per cent. of the attacking force—an extraordinarily fine record for anti-aircraft work. The ratio was higher, much higher, for the country as a whole, according to Finnish headquarters. But, of course, I cannot check that assertion.

The fine work of the Helsinki defence should put heart into other countries whose populations are now living under fear of this type of dreadful warfare. Defence, it is said, always comes abreast of offence after what the economists call a lag. In the World War I saw hundreds of efforts by anti-aircraft guns to bring down a hostile 'plane, but I never saw one winged. Those I saw crash were brought down in actual aerial combat. I was astonished at the evidence at Helsinki of the manner in which anti-aircraft defence has been revolutionized.

Evidently the Russians didn't know a thing about Helsinki's preparedness. Otherwise they would never have had the temerity to come over Helsinki at such low altitudes. Some of the invaders, according to the Swedish Major Löfgren, kept as low as 600 feet. No German fleet would behave so stupidly—technically speaking—over London, and so the casualties testify to Russian stupidity, perhaps, as well as to Finnish defence.

In no succeeding visit on December 21 or later did the Russians fly below 10,000 feet. This was the best compliment that the Russians could pay to Helsinki's defence system. Any bombing at 10,000 feet would, I take it, be even more hit-or-miss than the hit-or-miss operations of the Russian airmen in the initial assault on Helsinki.

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The bombs that the Russians dropped on Helsinki were even more potentially terrorizing than the machine-gunning. They were the latest thing in incendiary warfare. Machine-gunning and bombing with high explosives are common occurrences, but nobody hitherto had experienced the kind of thermite bombs which the Russians left in Helsinki.

The model came from Spain, where the Germans used the incendiary bomb, particularly at Guernica. Percussion broke open the bomb and set fire to a composite mixture of naphtha, sulphur, and phosphorus within. The stuff burned at such an intense heat—3000 degrees, I am told—that almost anything that was struck caught alight.

The Germans found the bomb useful as a kind of secondary weapon. First they destroyed a place with high explosives, and then they put the rubble ablaze with incendiary bombs.

So far as can be made out, the Russian bomb is like the German bomb only in weight and content. Incendiaries weigh anything from two to twelve pounds. The Russian variety also seem to have the same kind of ingredients. But they are put up differently from the German bombs, and some of them, moreover, have a delayed ignition.

Later it was noticed that the Russian incendiaries might not burst for a whole twenty-four hours after they fell. This 'time' feature is new. And potentially this is what makes the bomb destructive of morale, for nobody knows now when an air raid is over. Certainly it is no longer over when the 'planes have departed after dropping their loads. People, therefore, are kept in a state of the jitters for hours after the machines have gone.

The other singular feature about the Russian incendiary, apparently, lies in its construction. The stuff within is enclosed in bullets, which fly out like torches as soon as the bomb strikes an object or is otherwise ignited. How many bullets are in one bomb is unknown. Astonishingly enough, six weeks after the air raids started not one bomb had been retrieved intact. This is the more astonishing because the percentage of duds among the other kinds of Russian ammunition is pretty high. (The Finns have now set a

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unit of the Lottas at this dangerous task of retrieving a bomb for the expert analysis of scientists at Sweden's Uppsala University.) But there are enough bullets, and the range of travel is far enough, to enable one bomb to start half a dozen fires.

Altogether the Russians seem to have invented something new in this incendiary. And they think so highly of it that they are making it a primary and not a secondary weapon. The incendiary is dropped along with the high-explosive in hit-or-miss fashion. On the first day at Helsinki the incendiaries caused fires to break out in various parts of the city. Since then fires blaze up after every air raid.

One of the worst features about the fires started by the incendiary bullets is that water is no good as an extinguisher. I don't know how oil fires are put out. But in fighting the air-raid fires suds or powder is used when the Finns can get it. And of course they try to ditch the blazes.

In the first attacks on November 30 and December 1 the airmen from Moscow—rather Tallinn—proved to be the forerunners in wretched inefficiency of the soldiery and the sailors who imagined they could take Hangö with their crack cruiser, the *Kirov*.¹

Casualties for the two days were : killed, 65 ; wounded, 100. There was considerable destruction of property. The Russians completely or partly gutted fifteen buildings, burned down eleven buildings, and damaged 233 buildings on the outside.

Some of the last-named damage came from the suction produced by the blasts of the exploding bombs. Around the railroad station square all the windows seem to have blown out. I had heard of the extraordinary effects wrought in Barcelona by the force of compression released by an explosive bomb. One Englishwoman, for instance, was

¹ See Chapter VI. On January 9 Reuter reported that three Russian tugs had arrived at the Latvian port of Libau towing the *Kirov*. The damage was understood to be so severe that it would require at least four months to make her seaworthy again. I was the first to announce the damage to the *Kirov*, in a broadcast on December 4, if I may judge from the manner in which the Swedish newspapers picked it up, and reprinted the news on my authority. Molotoff scoffed at the report as he did the Roosevelt *démarche* against the Soviet's "wanton attack" on civilian Helsinki.

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dumbfounded suddenly to see a large plate-glass window bellow like a sail during an air raid. It was the same in Helsinki. Such a strong suction was set up that a *concierge* in one of the apartment buildings was drawn out of the house with the door and fell dead in the street.

The affected area of the blast depended, of course, upon the size of the bombs. Experts tell me that the blast of a modern high-explosive bomb will kill a human being in the open 400 yards away if he is upright. The air-pressure of the Helsinki bombs couldn't have killed, I suppose, outside a range of 175 yards.

Moral : In air raids keep away from walls and lie down. Do as I say, not as I did !

Another moral is : Don't be afraid of your cellar. Not one of the scores of bombs dropped on Helsinki's buildings went through to the cellar. At most they went down only two floors.

It must be borne in mind in thinking over these results that Helsinki wasn't as prepared as, say, London is prepared. It was prepared much better than the Soviet ever imagined, of course. But the state of its defence couldn't compare with London's. Nor were there any air wardens. The first day I never saw any police do any shepherding of the citizens into the dug-outs. Dug-outs, finally, were not enough, and they didn't seem to me any too adequate, though it is difficult to dig down very far in a city which, like Helsinki, is founded on rock.

I have said that the population had virtually all come back when the Russians arrived. Consequently the city was fuller than before of people who might be described as potentially panicky : children, for example. In this respect, furthermore, Helsinki was in a worse plight than London.

The question of the advisability or otherwise of allowing children to return has already been raised. Women and children are coming back to London. And I notice that Premier Chamberlain appears to disapprove of the influx. But a rival theory that it might be better to let children come back has been bruited as the result of experience in Finland. If the lesson of life under the threat of air raids

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is to carry on, "Carry on!" should perhaps be the motto for the large cities too.

Moreover, a big city is better prepared than smaller places for defence, and can frighten off the invader. This was proved in Helsinki. It's probably truer of London. So that the enemy may pepper the countryside as an alternative, if, indeed, he doesn't do so simultaneously. I'm writing, of course, about the kind of 'uncivilized' warfare that has now overtaken mankind. At Helsinki, but particularly after the invasion of Helsinki had proved a flat failure, the Russians essayed terrific bombings of unprotected villages, of people in transit by rail and car, and, indeed, of anything that might spread civilian terror.

One wonders, indeed, whether, just as the front-line trenches in this new-type war may be the least unsafe place to live, a crowded city may not be less unhealthy than the countryside.

People who live in the villages between Helsinki and Aabo, at any rate, would say that the city must be safer. I certainly felt unsafe in a motor-car on the countryside road between Aabo and Hangö. An Aabo resident, seeking to dissuade me, remarked, "That's unsafe, to go into the country with this machine-gunning. Why not stay in the city, where it's safe!" And Major Löfgren, who came to Helsinki for the purpose of getting lessons for Stockholm's defence system, concluded that the theory that "my little community is too unimportant to waste bombs on" must be revised in the light of the bombing over Finland.¹ "The purpose of the enemy is to break down civilian morale, and that can start anywhere," he added. It's like a prairie fire, which just requires a start *somewhere*, I suppose.

¹ Still, the Swedish Government on January 11 provided 100,000 railroad tickets for Stockholmers who wished to leave the capital. At the same time, when I gave the above view in a speech at the American Club in Stockholm on January 18 many Swedes came up to me afterwards and expressed their agreement. They added that the view was particularly pertinent to Sweden because of the extensive forests in the Swedish hinterland. Their argument was that incendiary bombs dropped in those forests might create much more terror than urban evacuation would prevent. And Stockholm's *Dagens Nyheter*, commenting editorially on January 22 on the same subject, tentatively admitted that "one of the principal things learned from Finland is that one must not overestimate the advantages of evacuation."

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So I should say that the best defence against air raids might not be evacuation, after all. The best preparation is : carry on, and help the population by providing maximum shelter for underground life. And for them the rule should be to get under rather than get out. For most of the folk who were killed in Helsinki were waiting to be taken away by the station bus on Thursday. They were killed as they were dashing back to a shelter.

I have heard the argument for and against evacuation discussed endlessly. One person in Stockholm at a discussion of this sort thought she had had the last word when she said, "Of course, a man at work wants to know that his womenfolk are safe in the country."

"Yes," I agreed. "But how does he know they are safe when the whole country is a target, and isn't it more reassuring to have them under your eye when the heavens are spitting fire and vengeance indiscriminately?"

To get back to the Hotel Kämp. After the news conferences we all foregathered in the restaurant to discuss the unofficial and official news of the day. The change of Government competed with the machine-gunning in the residential area for attention. It's the habit of newsgatherers to discuss their grist with surgeon-like objectivity.

"They're nervous all right," said one, meaning the Finnish Government.

"And why not—against fifty-to-one odds! They've got to keep a line out."

Suddenly a man pushed open the swing doors, shouting, "Gas!"

There was so much hubbub that few caught the warning. The man ran to the lift, and several of us who had heard him went outside. There, sure enough, was a wall of blackish smoke coming up the Esplanade. But it was the most ungaslike apparition I had seen, and the others thought so too. Evidently the fires had got well started. We went inside again.

The women correspondents didn't seem to be interested in politics. They talked of the air raids. Barbro Alving, of Stockholm's *Dagens Nyheter*, who later did the best job of

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war-reporting I saw, observed, as she wrote in her paper, "This is a bombardment which in horror and effectiveness surpasses anything I've seen in Madrid or Barcelona." She'd seen the damage and the dead.

Another woman pricked up her ears at the mention of Spain.

"Ah, Spain!" she said dreamily. "That was the crusade of our lives!"

"For heaven's sake," broke in another, "I'm sick of the place! I'm going to sin for a whole month after I get out of Finland."

This person, incidentally, was a renowned photographer whose exploits with the camera have become legendary. In Sweden she is reported to have suddenly darted out from a hedgerow during some cavalry manoeuvres and held up the operation while she took her pictures. Later she disturbed the Finns mightily by trying to get pictures of wounded Finns in their death throes.

"I was driving in during this afternoon's raid. Never saw such suffocating sights. This city must have disgorged nearly 100,000 people already."

"Did you hear that a Finnish boy crept up to one of the 'planes that came down and knifed the airman?"

It is said that on the third day of every cataclysm 'funny' people arrive on the scene from nowhere. Robert E. Sherwood made good use of this phenomenon for one of his plays, I recall. Geoffrey Cox, of the *Daily Express*, had told me of the 'funny' people that Spain attracted. One of them was an American scientist who found in Spain a Paradise of cadavers for some experiment or other!

Well, we had our share of 'funny' people at the Kämp. There was, for instance, a desiccated English woman tourist. She had just come down from Lapland. Our female fancied she would bring to us the latest technique of air-wardenship from England. From table to table she would glide like a ghost, looking for officials in the Government, whom she would buttonhole, whispering, "I want to help you all I can. You see, I'm an air warden in England, and we know all about it."

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The Finns were very polite, but not one of them availed himself of her proffer. So she started to work without authorization as the air-wardeness of our hotel. Judge of my surprise the next morning when I was wakened by the double assault of a false air alarm and a simultaneous banging at my door. The door-banging was the more clamant, and I opened the door to see our *soi-disant* air-wardeness flying from door to door, clad only in her nightie and one shoe, and banging at all the doors on our floor with the other shoe.

Another foreigner spoke broodingly of a machine-gun which he always carried around with him, and showed animation only when he saw anybody stirring a highball. The sight drove him frantic.

"That's terribly unscientific," he would say. "You must always stir a whisky and soda with your thumb. Otherwise you'll spoil the whisky for sure."

And he would offer his own well-pickled thumb to all and sundry.

This frenzied life in the hotel kept me up till the early hours. Rumours, wild experiences, ideas, prognostications—they crowded the conversational bill of fare, a never-ending panorama. The hotel, I reflected, could now dispense with the *umlaut* and call itself the Hotel Kampf—the Hotel "Struggle." To the variety of the scene simple soldiers added a truly Finnish democratic note in a field-grey which contrasted with the gold braid of the General Staff officers.

One table was discussing the Finns.

"What's wrong with them? They seem altogether admirable people, but they must have an Achilles' heel, a blind spot."

An old-timer observed that he thought it was their over-confidence.

"Here," he said, more in affection than criticism, "you fall into the habit of saying, 'These bloody Finns,' because they are so sure of themselves. They don't see a problem in the whole somehow. There's a certain cocksureness about them."

Other old-timers joined in.

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"A certain obtuseness, I should say."

"Better call it a lack of perception."

It was the first criticism I'd heard in Finland of the Finns. It recalled vividly the old China hand's criticism of 'these bloody Chinese,' though for one foreigner who will criticize the Finlanders in Finland you will find scores of foreigners in China who will criticize the Chinese. It's a common failing. You felt that these critics had what so many foreigners have abroad—a standard of national perfection which they only discover and apply in other countries.

Moreover, as events proved, if the Finns have an over-confidence it certainly seems to have been justified. And it is my judgment that the Government itself was certainly the reverse of over-confident in those initial war days.

The Russians, indeed, had thrown the Government off its psychological centre. I think there is no doubt about that. On Thursday the Administration reeled under the shock of invasion in a manner quite perceptible. Confusion had Helsinki officialdom in a temporary grip—as was quite natural in all the circumstances.

In spite of the defence preparation, as a matter of fact, no Finn of any standing seemed to expect hostilities then, or this kind of hostilities, or that Finland could long withstand a Russian invasion.

"If we could throw back the first wave that's all we could do," a Finnish official had said on Tuesday night.

I call two witnesses among foreign observers of this non-expectation of more than very fleeting success in defending Finland. J. Hampden Jackson in his *Finland* says:

With all this, Finland could not hope to withstand a month's intensive attack by a major Power, but she hoped that it would be enough to give an assailant pause, and to assure potential allies that the Republic was not relying entirely on outside help for the defence.

As recently as October 15 Wilfred Fleisher, after a month's sojourn in Scandinavia, reported these conclusions in the *Herald-Tribune*:

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Even the most optimistic observers do not believe that the Finns could hold off the Russians for more than six weeks. . . . The Finns know that they would be fighting a losing battle, and that they could hold off the Russians for only a matter of a few weeks.

Later in Stockholm, during one of the perennial discussions of the Finnish war, a Finn of note remarked, "We were never bluffed in the negotiations in Moscow, but, like the rest of the world, this Red Army had us bluffed."

In the old-fashioned war a Government's duty is to set a model for the people. In this new kind of war, which disrupts administrative machinery, a Government must await the verdict of the people. This is what Finland's Government did.

In the meantime, after setting the façade in order for the renewal of negotiations, the Government was all ready to leave Helsinki on Thursday or Friday. Of this I am convinced from testimony that I cannot impart. The Government was to be located on the Bothnian coast at Vaasa, the place where Mannerheim raised his standard of revolt in 1917 against the Reds. And to that port all the Finnish 'planes normally on service on the Stockholm-Aabo run had already been transferred when I got to Aabo.

Pascal says, "It is right to follow that which is just, but it is necessary to submit to that which is stronger." Russia was fifty times stronger than Finland. But the just becomes strong in Finland. The Finlanders bent before the savagery of the Russian attack. It was the bending, however, of 'juniper people' as a Finnish author calls his countrymen. They were unafraid at the core because they were determined to fight for their own, determined to defend the inheritance which they had improved into a goodly estate for handing on to their children. The Russians never knocked the Finnish people off centre. Instead of blowing them apart the Russians drove them even more closely together than ever.

Thus it was the people who put guts into the Government. And the new Government, men of peace, men of moderate persuasion, men representing all elements in the population, responded with the same courage. The Government had

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waited for the word, and it was not long in coming. And as time went on the Russians found what it was like to run up against Finnish granite. There's a streak of iron in that granite, the people as well as the material. The war by terror launched from Moscow on November 30 merely provided a furnace for the tempering of that iron into steel.

CHAPTER X

EXODUS

Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to beat,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Richard II, Act III, Scene 3

THE Finn appointed as war-time contact man with the world's Press was a slight, good-looking young man named Heiki Brotherus. A name such as that boded well for a happy relation. And Brotherus tried to live up to it.

To his task he brought many languages. But his English, though letter-perfect, was somewhat elliptical. For instance, he seemed to scorn articles of speech as if they were time-wasting appendages. "I have mission from my Government," he would whisper mysteriously in your ear. Doubtless such a little thing as an 'a' *was* time-wasting in war-time. With his country locked in a life-and-death struggle young Heiki had to work on a single shift of twenty-four hours, trying to satisfy the clamant demand for dope from eager and pushing scribes.

Young Heiki, as a matter of fact, liked to talk. And we all liked to indulge his predilection. In fact, we hung on his words as if they were pearls of great price. And they were pearls, indeed. For the words of Brotherus were transmitted from young Heiki's mouth to the ends of the earth, by telephone, cable, and radio.

Heiki, it is true, didn't get the credit. Nevertheless the words were his, and, being the son of a professor of history as well as an intelligent young man himself, he knew their value. In his position you and I would have felt a trifle inflated too. It was natural that Heiki should acquire a little self-importance which he couldn't quite conceal.

This attribute is what gave young Heiki a certain coyness. He was as elusive as all Press *attachés* can be when they are

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most wanted. But in our great journalistic need his elusiveness was quite maddening. I didn't know what to do about it, till Curt Bloch had a happy thought. He suggested a way to keep the youthful Brotherus buttonholed. He said, "Invite him to dinner."

The more I thought about the idea the more I liked it. After all, even a Press *attaché* must eat, and he must eat with us at the Hotel Kämp, because our hostelry had become the headquarters for Finland as well as the newspaper tribe. Everybody who was anybody seemed to live, work, or sleep there. Moreover, one can talk between mouthfuls.

On Saturday, accordingly, I invited Heiki to dinner, and over the courses he burred out information in a steady stream of potential copy. Of course, we couldn't be left alone in that hubbub for long. And presently other newspaper-men drifted over. Then Government *attachés* dashed back and forth with morsels of information which they whispered into Heiki's ear. I didn't care. By that time I had screened out of Heiki's conversation several sizable nuggets. And I was all prepared to leave Heiki to my fellow-jackals, when Heiki called me on one side.

"I have mission from my Government," he whispered. I had heard that before, and didn't take much notice at first. But this time he made the item unusual by adding, "And I want to execute it in your room."

"So," I replied, non-committally.

"Yes," he explained, "my Government wish me to write proclamation to all cities and towns to send away men and women who have no urgent business to stay. I want to use typewriter."

"It's yours, if you just give me a squint at the proclamation before you send it to the telegraph office," I agreed.

Young Heiki closeted himself in my room at the Hotel Kämp for an hour or more. I saw the proclamation after it was written. It was, of course, in Finnish, but Brotherus gave me a running translation.

Then and there the thought came over me to join the exodus. Thursday and Friday we had been bombed and shattered by the Russians. Saturday, on which the pro-

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clamation was written, had been a clear day, and the news-hungry and competitive life of the Hotel Kämp in company with my fellow-scribes was beginning to pall. I had come to Finland, after all, to see and talk with the Finns. What better opportunity than this, when they were about to engage in a mass movement out of the towns?

It was then about 11 P.M. As usual the downstairs rooms of the Hotel Kämp were still buzzing with people in excited talk. The newspaper-boys were hard at work buttonholing officials and swapping their news and ideas, or typing at furious speed in the room opening off the foyer. A group of them had circled around Toivola. As I drew near them I heard him say almost confidentially, "Between you and me, Finland is going to appeal to the League of Nations." Out came notebooks, and several of the fellows darted into the 'phone booths, or picked up the telephones lying on the counter. I joined the rest in a lively questioning of Toivola.

But nothing more was to be gained, and I had work to do. At 2 A.M. I should be on the air to America. It was time I started checking over my notes with a view to working up my script. Toivola himself gave the straight news in a broadcast to America, and it was up to me to give a different approach, or to deal with other phases of war-stricken Helsinki.

So I went to my room. There was no more time to think of my half-formed plan to leave Helsinki.

Bloch came up just as I was finishing my script. And again he allowed me to use him as a guinea-pig. I didn't say anything about leaving Helsinki beyond telling him about the proclamation. He grunted, but said nothing. We worked over the job of 'sweating' down the broadcast till it was time to go to the studio. On my return I found that Bloch had come back to my room. It was then 3 A.M.

"I've just had a hunch that it's better to clear out," he said, as if the idea, far from being a hunch, had been thought out most carefully, as all Bloch's ideas were thought out.

I knew that Bloch had a professional reason behind his hunch. There was no fear in him, though there was ample

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reason for it. All that day we had gone through a strange quiet after the terror of Thursday and Friday. None felt that we had seen the last of the Russian airmen. In their daily broadcast, indeed, the Russians kept promising to wipe out Helsinki, as if to rub in the warning in the dropped leaflets.

Earlier in the evening I had thought that perhaps the Russians were treating us to a dose of terror by respite. There are respites, after all, which have their own peculiar terror. But the Russians weren't so devilish. The breathing spell had a reason that may have been quite matter-of-fact. There was a German boat, the *Donau*, in harbour, and Friday's bombing had come perilously close to it. The boat had aboard the residue of the Soviet Legation as well as German residents. The German boat probably was responsible for the breathing spell.

The theory wasn't mine. Brotherus had imparted the explanation in a dinner aside.

"I think we get no bombs to-day because of German boat in the harbour," he had said. "It is now taking off Germans, and rest of Russian Legation have taken refuge in it."

I think I suggested that, for the sake of the capital, the Finns ought to take a leaf out of the Roosevelt notebook and *Bremen* the *Donau*. But Brotherus had shaken his head as if to say, "A little country isn't Uncle Sam."

Anyhow, Bloch's hunch, I knew, was professional.

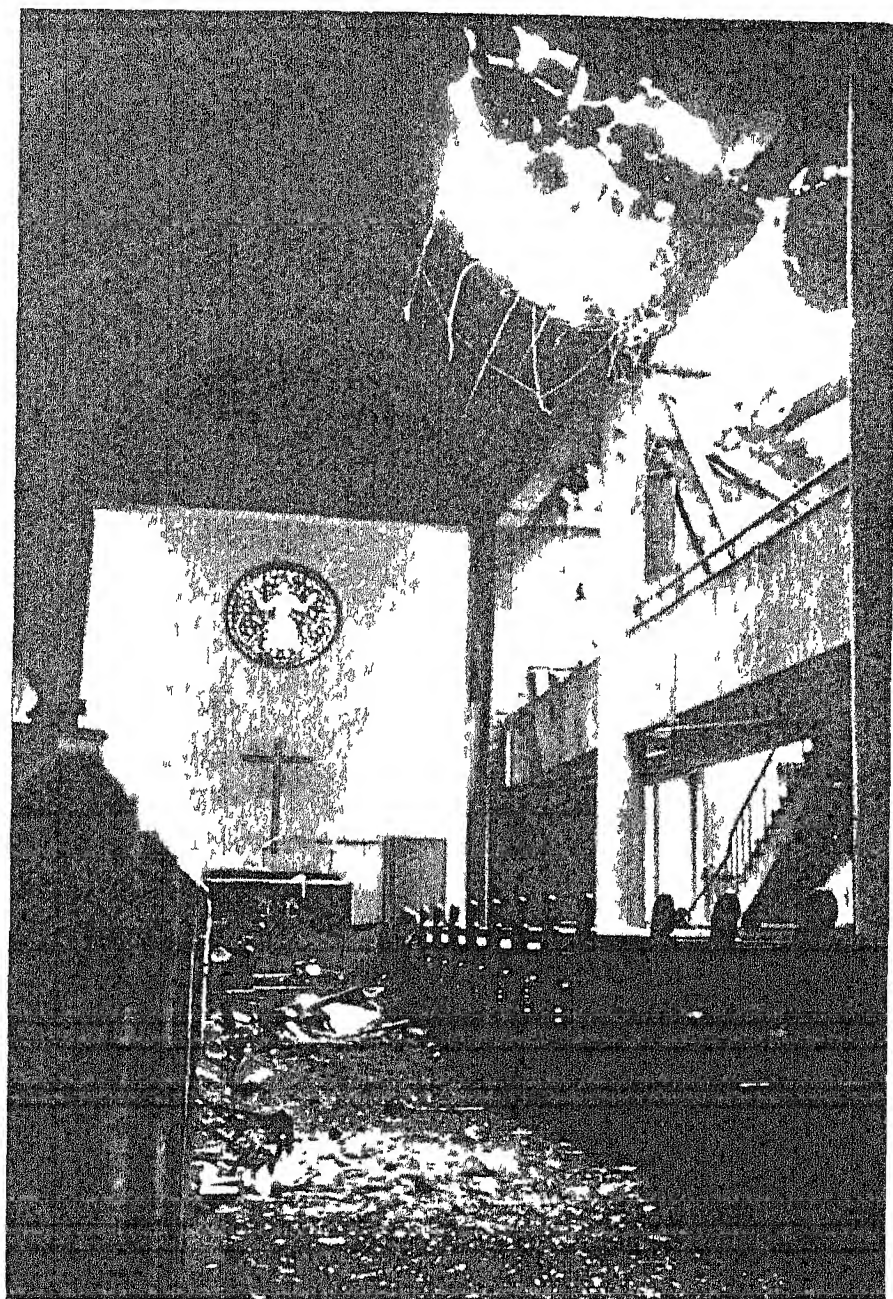
"What's on your mind?" I inquired.

"Well," he replied, "I'm not getting my pictures through to Stockholm, and the only way of getting them through is to take them myself."

A pause, and then he added, "I think you ought to come too."

"If you give me as sound a professional reason as yours is, then I'll come," was my response.

"There's no reason for you to stay. You have a man arriving from Aabo to-morrow to do the reporting. You have no arrangement with the broadcasting corporation. When the novelty of this thing wears off they'll forget all about you and Helsinki. And this thing is bound to get



THE MICHAELI AGRICOLA CHURCH AFTER AN AIR RAID
Photo Pressens Bild Stockholm



MINING A ROAD TO RETARD THE RUSSIAN ADVANCE
Photo by Presses Bill Storchholm

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ONE OF THE THINGS WITH WHICH RUSSIA WAS TRYING TO
 'DELIVER' THE FINNS



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so hard that there'll probably be a dictatorship which will clamp down on talks anyway. When the bloody Germans get out the Bolshies will knock hell out of this place, and then where are you? Ryti will disappear, and the military will be in charge."

We both knew what that meant. Half the battle of the foreign correspondent is to make sure of his communications. Most of his stories in these storied days write themselves. But only forethought takes care of communications. Here I'm repeating, I know, a favourite remark of Walter Duranty's. It was almost the first thing he said to me when I got back to Stockholm, and was lamenting the poor communications out of Helsinki.

"Why didn't you make arrangements with Press Wireless at Amsterdam to 'phone *you* in Helsinki!" he exclaimed.

Truth to tell, I didn't know of this arrangement. It's apparently a combine among communication companies of America who have established an office in Amsterdam for expediting delayed, badly treated, or censored correspondence of American newspaper reporters in Europe. Censors have got all Europe in their totalitarian clutch. And they are far worse where they aren't supposed to exist. In Belgium, for instance, they don't censor your messages, and, indeed, take pride in the absence of censorship, but you may find yourself called to the Foreign Office and reminded of their 'benevolent supervision.' This applies in libertarian Sweden too. In Britain, as I've said before, there's even an arrant tampering with mails between neutral countries—mails which are taken off boats, say, between the United States and Scandinavia—which are hauled into British harbours from the high seas.

The sum of it all is that correspondents are tempted to wrong their readers by censoring themselves. Some of this self-censorship is due to a desire to protect their messages, some to insure getting back to the censorship country. After Finland, for instance, I heard one correspondent say to another, who had written boldly about Russian machine-gunning, "I don't like the idea of going to Riga with you, because I want to get back to Moscow some time."

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So far, however, Press Wireless saves your messages from possible mutilation. You make an arrangement with them to ring you up anywhere. Then you simply reel off your message to a machine, and the disc, or whatever it is, is then repeated by radio to your newspaper. An excellent arrangement! But I knew nothing about Press Wireless till I met Duranty.

Nor, indeed, did I realize that in Helsinki I should run into a situation where half the time there was no communication with the outside world except by incoming call. That, if I may repeat, is why Scandinavian newspaper-men who hopped over to Helsinki at the reverberation of the first bomb were able to beat their colleagues from more distant countries. Their offices made a practice of calling them by telephone at intervals throughout those frenzied days. But sooner or later Helsinki might shut off incoming calls too.

"Besides," continued Bloch, working up his sales talk, "you're a crazy loon, anyway. You're by yourself. The others have got cars, assistants, places in the country to go to at night, gas-masks, people on the outside to telephone in. You've got nobody, nothing. Why, even your Minister hopped off to the country after a day of the bombing. Did he give a damn for you? You'd better get going while the going's good. Otherwise you'll find your mouth shut, your pen stilled, and your body roasted."

"All urgent reasons, but not enough," I said.

"And," he persisted, "how do you know that even now we are getting the right dope? Hand-outs! That's all. You've been asking Henkel [the spokesman to the foreign Press for the General Staff] the last two nights for an estimate of Finnish casualties at the front. Do you think he'll ever tell you? Believe you me, these Finns will never admit a casualty."

"Still . . ." I hedged.

"And you say you're interested in the Finns," interrupted Bloch persistently. "Why not see a few instead of hanging around the Hotel Kämp? I'll look after you in interpreting."

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"Now you're talking," I said, and then I told him that I'd had the same idea when I'd seen the proclamation by Brotherus.

Bloch prepared to go to bed. "Meet me all packed in the lobby in three hours, and we'll catch the first train out with the good old Finns."

I promised to be there, and, much to Bloch's surprise, was awaiting him when he came downstairs. We had already arranged with the *portier* to have our bills ready. They were ready, and the hotel gave us a lift in a delivery wagon which they'd somehow managed to save from requisition.

I said good-bye to the hotel with real admiration for the management for the way they had stuck to their knitting throughout the crisis. And I took the precaution of paying for my room a couple of days in advance in case I wanted to come back. In those crowded days there would have been no accommodation for me if I hadn't.

So we arrived in early morning light at Saarinen's station. We could pick out dim figures hurrying in the same direction. The proclamation had no doubt had wide circulation on the radio. We got our tickets, and went into the restaurant for breakfast. Every table was full, and we had to sit at a table occupied by a neatly dressed Finn and his wife. It turned out that the man had lived in New Jersey. We struck up a conversation as soon as he heard me talking English.

"We are just plain mad, mad, mad through and through. We're just thinking mad, not talking mad," he said. "First the bombs, then the leaflets telling us how miserable we are, and how much happier we'd be when the Russians took Helsinki, and finally the machine-gunning. Do they mean us in all this junk about conditions in Finland? Are they crazy? You should have seen the faces of the boys in the forts when those Russians tried to blot them out. They were white with rage."

And then he said what I had heard many Finns say before: "You know we are Westerners, and those Russians are Easterners."

While I was chatting Bloch said he would slip across to

the post-office and wire ahead to Aabo for reservations on the Bothnian 'plane across to Stockholm. I scarcely noticed his departure—so engrossed was I in conversation with a Finn with whom I needn't use an interpreter. In twenty minutes Bloch came back.

"Well, you sent it?" I said, turning to him.

"Yes," he responded.

"What did you say?" I asked, as an afterthought.

Bloch, who himself has the impassivity of a Finn, repeated:

"H. B. Elliston, of the American Broadcasting Corporation, and Curt Bloch, of the *New York Times*, arriving some time by train from Helsinki, wish to fly Stockholm for broadcasting to America. Of utmost importance for Finland that we should get to Stockholm for this purpose. For Christ's sake, wait for us!"

I looked at the imperturbable Bloch in some astonishment and disturbance.

"You shouldn't have done that," an early instinct for the truth coming over me first.

"Why not?" he demanded.

"Well, it's not a fact."

He laughed at what he no doubt put down as my *naïveté*.

"I don't like to see you stretching a point even in order to make sure of a place on the 'plane. And over my name, too. Besides, I don't like blasphemy, particularly on Sundays."

Bloch attended to the charge of blasphemy. He could see that my astonishment had given place to hurt.

"That's no blasphemy," he said. "If you knew the Finns—it's a plain statement which the Finns use themselves. And they say it very respectfully. They are too good Lutherans to do anything else. Forget it! That's the way to get attention in Finland. I know this country. You mark my words—the 'plane will be ours when—when we get there. And I hope that won't be long. I've got to get to Stockholm."

I continued to splutter. But Bloch, with all his cosmopolitanism, couldn't see any offence in "For Christ's sake." To him there was nothing objectionable or even expletive in

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the phrase. Americans say, "For God's sake." He'd heard me say, "For heaven's sake." Why not "For Christ's sake?" It was often used in the churches, and it was in this sense that the Finns used it. There was no raising hell about "For Christ's sake," no swearing. The Finns at Aabo would regard the phrase as a prayer or a supplication for action, and would be complimented that such important folk as ourselves had called upon the Deity to witness their labours on our behalf.

It was no use arguing with Bloch. Anyway, the wire had been sent, and I was losing time which I wanted to spend in talking, talking all the time with every Finn I could find to talk with.

"We'll see if you're right," was all I said, ending the argument.

It was now fully light. The train, surely, must be ready to take on its load of refugees or evacuees or whatever you might now call the luckless Finns. Bloch suggested that we get our things together and try to find space.

Yes, the train was drawn up on the platform, and all the blinds were down.

"It looks as if we're first," I said.

"Wait and see," came the enigmatic response from Bloch.

And, sure enough, we started falling over people as soon as we opened a door to one of the coaches.

It was dark as pitch, and I was muttering apologies as I worked my way in. My eyes take a long time to get used to the dark, and I had repeatedly to call "Bloch!" to keep any bearings at all.

"Here I am," the reliable Bloch kept calling out ahead. And I went plunging after his voice.

He came to rest in the passage-way of a second-class coach.

"Let's stay here till we start," he counselled.

Accordingly we sat on our bags, crushed in a mass of humanity, and patiently awaited for the train to pull out.

I could now vaguely discern the people sitting in their seats and all down the aisle. What struck me was the

quietness of everybody. In any other country, it seemed to me, there would have been pandemonium. Certainly I should have known a mile away that the train was full. But, beyond the occasional wailing of an infant, you could hear scarcely a sound except the shuffling involved in getting settled down. I shall probably say it a lot before I've finished this book, but the Finns are a quiet people.

The train started to move, but the blinds still stayed down. Suddenly Bloch got up, stretched across to the nearest window, and snapped up the blind opposite. Within a minute or so everybody else in the coach had done the same thing.

"If I hadn't done that," said Bloch, "nobody would have dared to touch the blinds. The Finns are like that."

We looked around in the light that came streaming in. The first thing to do was to make ourselves as comfortable as we could. After all, in one train or another we were going to be travelling all day. We began to attend to our baggage. I looked up at the racks. Empty! What on earth were these people fleeing with, then?

Bloch saw me look at the empty rack and then at the people.

"Just look behind their backs," he advised.

That was the explanation. Everybody was sitting bolt upright, with their possessions on their knees, and their bags behind their backs. Waiting!

"They're ready to quit this train as soon as the Russians start machine-gunning or bombing."

I recalled several incidents in the last big-scale bombing. On Thursday the Russians had aimed for the Helsinki station and the trains. On Friday they had tried to hit the trains leaving the town in Eastern Finland which supplies all Finland with electricity, Imatra. The train had pulled up, and the passengers had hidden in the surrounding forest.

I looked again at these quiet people. They were all ready, it was true, to leave that train as soon as the Russians started firing. Men were alert, the women intent. But I felt as sure as I could be sure of anything that there wouldn't

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have been the slightest sign of panic in case of trouble. In my mind's eye I could see them move expeditiously towards the exits in the most orderly manner.

"Extraordinary people!" I exclaimed involuntarily.

"Of course," said Bloch, in my ear. It was his favourite expression, and nothing, I am sure, would have made him as wide-eyed as I.

"Of course," he repeated. "Mark how neat they are, too. They've all had their Finnish baths this morning. They're as clean as new pins. Here we are—twice as many in this coach as the regulations allow. But do you smell that smell you get when people are crowded together? No. These people are just steamed clean. And their clothes. Look at them. You'd think they'd come out of a band-box. You look a roughneck compared with them. You'd be a tramp after a week of this."

It was true. Clean they were as new pins. The habit of cleanliness is as marked in Finland as in Japan. From olden time every single-chambered wooden cabin in the silent forest was a bath-house, or *sauna*, as well as bedroom and parlour. Nowadays the *sauna* is separate from the dwelling-house, but the use of it is just as regular.

The uniqueness of a Finnish bath has to be experienced to be appreciated. Stones are piled up on the fire and heated like pots in a kiln. Water is then thrown on the baking stones till the cabin is dense with steam. You then climb on to shelves set under the roof where the heat is most intense, clad, of course, only in your birthday suit. Sweat then oozes out of you, but you encourage the exudation by beating yourself with bundles of birch twigs, and this makes you tingle all over as well as sweat. A Russian who was taken prisoner in Finland thought the Finns were putting him through the third degree when the Finns insisted upon subjecting him to a Finnish bath.

As I say, only the Japanese are the peers of the Finns as a cleanly people. It would have been fit cause for revolution in Finland if there had been the regulation providing for hot water only twice a week which I later found adopted in Stockholm as a coke-economy measure.

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A *sauna* encourages a sartorial sprucing up too. And you never saw such neat people as I saw among those evacuees. But for the general alertness you would have thought that this was an excursion to a Sunday dinner. Every woman was as neat and prim as that, with hands folded patiently over her purse and personal things.

I had no interest in taking any notice of Bloch's reference to my own personal appearance. Shaving at 5 A.M. is something I could never do, even to make myself presentable on a Finnish refugee train! Anyway, the missing out of a shave is always a luxury which I cannot forswear. I think it's because I feel it gets me out of a routine, a pattern of life, a rut. It's associated in my mind with holidays and crises. On Thursday and Friday, I recalled, the idiotic feeling had come over me while the Russians were bombing, "Now I needn't shave!" But thoughts about myself were fugitive in this press of new experiences.

So I let Bloch's personal remarks go unnoticed, and we continued to exchange impressions of our fellow-travellers.

"These people would be just as quiet, just as polite, if the Russians came," said Bloch, sensing my own thoughts. "They delight in helping one another, and you'd find them helping you—they'd just know you needed help."

"I believe you," I agreed.

Now I began to wonder about our baggage. As usual I was in the most frightful disarray. Bags were safely shut, but I have a habit of carrying several portfolios around, and before I get a hundred miles from home the zippers can never compete with the contents. I was now many thousands of miles from home in Finland. And my portfolios were all bulging open, sundry books had slipped out of precarious attachment to the straps around my bags, and an armful of papers, documents, and whatnot were strewn on top of the heap. In addition, I had a rug and no fewer than three overcoats and a raincoat. It was time I disentangled myself. We began to pile our things on the vacant racks.

"These people will first think we're just crazy Americans," said Bloch, helping me to stuff my belongings in place.

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"I don't care what they think—I'm going to be as comfortable as I can, and if the Russians come they're welcome to everything. I'll just leave everything."

"If the Russians come!"—we were always saying that. This was the dawn of the second day of quiet. What was really the reason for the respite? Might there not be after all some purposeful terror in it? Certainly the Russians weren't going to leave Finland alone. The leaflets dropped out of the aeroplanes on Thursday and Friday had warned the populace that they would be back again, and would raze Helsinki to the ground.

"If the Russians come!" It reminded me of the phrase with which British elders of another generation used to frighten children into obedience. "If Boney comes," or "If you don't do it Boney will get you," meaning, of course, Napoleon Bonaparte. My father in England once told me that in his childhood he himself had been admonished by such a threat. I myself recall the end-of-the-century fear in England over the thing which Rudyard Kipling called Adamzad, the Bear that walks like a Man. To us children the Russian was a bugbear. Not because of what he might do to our England, but of what he might do to—Afghanistan! Every boy in those days used to be brought up in the knowledge of the nearness of Empire even to the outermost places.

Here in Finland "If Russia comes!" meant if Russia came to their homes. To the Finns he was the Man that walked like a Juggernaut and flew like a Vulture. He was the Man that but two short days ago had swooped down on the Helsinki streets, and, according to all accounts, slaughtered women and children in cold blood. This is what these folk were fleeing from. If Russia comes! The people in that train were all set to betake themselves into the forest as soon as Russia came out of the air.

"No, the Finns won't leave a thing if they have to hop off this train," said Bloch, interrupting my thoughts.

No, they wouldn't. The Finns are a prudent folk. Privation and starvation had been the lot of this generation within the last twenty years. They were inured to both. And they had to work hard for what they were taking with them into

temporary exile. When you have suffered, when you have worked hard, you put a value on your possessions, and neither waste nor lose them. A Swede had told me in Stockholm that as a child his mother used to urge him at the dinner-table to "eat everything on your plate, as the Finns do."

But so far on our hegira there had been no visitation from the Russians. The train stopped at every station, dropped off a few passengers, took on others. In our coach, however, there was no relaxation. No relaxation, and no room. We stayed in the passage-way as we left these Finnish stations with their funny names behind: Nunna, Runko, Pükkio, Inkoo. At Runko, we managed to get a couple of seats. And as we were taking our seats a couple of country girls boarded the train and sat down in the seats opposite. I was struggling with the folding table attached to the window-ledge. One of the girls—a buxom wench, red-faced and pimply—helped me.

"My God," said Bloch, "she's started as your assistant early. I'll be *de trop* soon. I suppose it's because you're so helpless—your hands give you away to these peasant women."

I let the servant-girl assist me. She and her companion got out about ten miles down the line, and at the next stop a woman with a child soon took their places. The woman had the appearance of the typical pioneer in everything but her pallid face: spare figure, clear grey eyes, high cheekbones. When she took her hat off the picture of the pioneer woman seemed completed. Her faded blond hair was grey at the temples, and it was brushed straight back. But her pallid face! Like the Norwegian and Swedish farmers, the Finnish country folk from October to April seal themselves inside their houses, and never let their faces feel the fresh air most of the twenty-four-hour day.

What interested me most after her face was her baggage. She had something else with her besides her child and her cloth bag. It was a *ryijy*, a Finnish rug.

The word sounds like *ryu*, but I don't suppose any Finn would understand you if you said *ryu*. For *ryijy* is one of those ugly-looking words with an unpronounceable sound

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which make up the Finnish language. "It's even difficult for us to pronounce," said a Finn to me later.

The Finns are inordinately proud of their language. In a burst of Swedophobia several years ago they all rechristened themselves as the Irish did, and with mouthfuls of Finnish names. Perhaps the rechristening was a testimony to the "poison of suppressed nationality" rather than to Swedophobia. At any rate, you can imagine what the names look like when you think of *ryijy* as the Finnish for 'rug.'

But the thing is as lovely as the word is ugly. At the World's Fair in New York I had heard that there was a run on them at the Finnish exhibit. I couldn't see the design on the rug which this new train companion of mine was nursing. It was folded across her knees—neatly, of course.

Bloch's voice sounded in my ears like a barker's.

"Here is a lady," he said, as if he were announcing some passing sight, "here is a lady, a peasant woman, if you like, who's abandoned everything. She's left her home as it stands. Her husband, no doubt, is with the Civil Guard, mobilized to fight the Russians. But she can't leave either her child or her rug. That rug is only a little less precious than her child."

Certainly the woman nursed the rug as tenderly as if it were her child. I thought of Adelaide Whitman at home, who had been engaged on much the same kind of spare-time rug-weaving in the intervals of playing tennis and playing hostess at her summer home on Cape Ann. I must tell Adelaide this story. I turned to Bloch and said that in truth the rug seemed to be her baby.

"Of course," he said, "she's probably been weaving that rug—and whatever they do to them—for five years. It's just as much a part of her as the child is. I'll bet she's been five years at it, a bit a day, and sometimes all day Sunday. Do your American women do that sort of thing?"

It was unusual for Bloch to ask questions, but I told him of Adelaide and the rug, though I couldn't swear that Adelaide's rug was part of her, Finnish fashion.

One wondered how the Finns found time to keep up their ancient arts and crafts amid the national concentration in

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new methods of farming and manufacture. I was told later that some of them are dying out, as in China. The women still weave the *ryijy*, but they copy the traditional designs from printed patterns. More's the pity! I tried again to see the design on the *ryijy* in front of me, but the folds hid it from view.

With all these people I exchanged conversation through the intermediation of friend Bloch. Sometimes they spoke no Swedish. Then we were out of luck. But Finland is still a trilingual country—Finnish for the home, Swedish to make money in, and Russian to hear what their enemies are up to. On my first visit I found a pathological repugnance to speaking Swedish. A policeman in Helsinki, of whom through a Swedish interpreter I asked the way to a bookseller's, insisted on giving us the direction in un-understandable Finnish. Time and tribulation had softened this repugnance. Now they responded to Swedish as to Finnish.

Most of the refugees spoke of the machine-gunning in Helsinki. It had burned itself into their souls. But none had seen it. In my newspaper there later appeared an eyewitness account collected by our reporter in the Baltic countries who hurried over to relieve me after the bombings. The rug woman spoke of the machine-gunning. There was almost a matter-of-factness in her reference to it. But it was the passionless remark of cold rage. "Let us not talk about it. Let us think about it." I could almost hear this remark from my breakfast companion in the station at Helsinki repeated by this woman in her marrow.

The train pulled into an important junction with the attractive name of Karis. But that's the Swedish name. The Finns call it Karjaa. Here we had to wait half an hour. Passengers got out and walked around or went into the restaurant-room. Everything was ready for us with American-like efficiency. The first thing I saw was an immense tureen of pea soup.

Swedish influence, I noted mentally. In Sweden pea soup is a national institution, served every Thursday night in every household, high and low. There's more regularity about pea soup every Thursday in Sweden than about

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Boston baked beans in Boston every Saturday night. Richer folk serve it with a side-dish of meat which you cut up and put in the soup. Hot Swedish punch is supposed to wash it down most agreeably, and the meal is topped off with pancakes, with sugar and cranberries.

One of the tragedies of this war in Sweden is that for some reason or other there had been a shortage of peas. In Stockholm I found everybody grumbling about it. It appeared that the Government had requisitioned the entire pea supply. Half was going to the Army. "Otherwise," said an officer to me, "the Swedes wouldn't fight at all."

The other half was retained for seeding. So that the cautious Swedes were short of their pea soup, a lack which filled the air with pain and anguish. They talked a lot about their fears of the Russians, but their preoccupation with Moscow wasn't so all-absorbing as to shut out a moan about the passing of pea soup on Thursdays. In Stockholm a hostess apologized for seeming to count the peas as the maid served the soup!

I took a plate of pea soup at Karis, and then bought a sandwich of good Finnish rye, dark brown in colour. After the meal I drank several glasses of milk. The Finns seem to drink more milk than most other peoples do. At the restaurants there are usually two big pitchers on the table containing the *smörgåsbord*, or *hors d'œuvres*. One contains ordinary milk, the other sour milk, with some of the butter still left in.

Most of the Finns seemed to share the Swedish appetite for this drink. It must be body-building to make up for its unpleasant taste. Probably some of the Finnish sinew can be accounted for by these frequent libations of *acidopholos Bulgaricus*.

At Karis we bought a newspaper, the *Aabo Underrättelser* (*Aabo News*), and its chief news story was headed:

New Proof of Whole World's sentiments of sympathy.

The Government of Ecuador telegraphs to Russia.

Surely the Finns wanted peace when they could plaster a whole newspaper with Ecuador's intercession!

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The train got up steam again—rather smoke, since most of the trains in Finland burn birch logs from the vast forests which make up so much of Finland. Our coach by this time had thawed out. There had been no raids so far. It looked as if the respite would last another day.

And so it proved. The western line out of Helsinki was left in peace that day and every day from then on till Stalin's sixtieth birthday on December 21. I take the following account from the London *Times* of December 23, wired from its Stockholm correspondent :

The express reached Helsinki seven hours late, after having been stopped three times by machine-gun fire. When the train first abruptly halted passengers rushed out, jumped over barbed-wire fences, and threw themselves flat on the ground as five Russian machines dived on to the train, and then sought shelter among the trees until it was possible for the train to proceed. At the second alarm the express met another train, on which two people were killed and two badly injured. The engine had been pierced by sixty bullets. The third attack damaged the express train's engine so badly that it had to be changed ; but, as before, the engine-driver's alertness made it possible to evacuate the train in time.

The correspondent adds that a fleet of 150 Russian 'planes roamed the entire southern section of the country during the day when Soviet Russia was decorating Stalin as the "Hero of Socialist Labour" and lauding him as "teacher and friend of humanity."

But this was to come later. We were allowed to travel in peace and safety. And all that the Russians did was to scatter over the countryside an urban population which would normally have been crowded into its Lutheran churches.

A church-less Sunday for the Finns no doubt would raise a smile in the Kremlin. "Religion is the opium of the people," they say. Life among the Godfearing Finns, I must say, didn't make me like this 'opium' any less. Some of our fellow-passengers expressed their regret at missing church. But, beyond quiet conversation when they were

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spoken to, they didn't volunteer to talk to us. Silent people and decorous, these Finns. I verily believe that it would have been *toujours la politesse* even if we'd had to beat it like rabbits out of the train.

In the late afternoon the train got to its destination, Aabo. Turku to you, if you're a Finn. As you will see from the map, it stands dead centre of the archipelago which fringes the Finnish corner of the Gulf of Finland. The line had taken us more or less parallel with the Gulf coastline from Helsinki.

At the station the representative of Aerotransport awaited us. We observed her afar off, a brisk woman in her thirties, amply proportioned, asking one after the other of the streaming passengers for "Mr Elliston." I responded to the name. "Oh, I got your telegram, Mr Elliston," she said brightly, speaking English with foreign precision and a delicious elongation of vowel sounds. "But I am so sorree to say there are no 'planes left. I shall do my best to get you and Dr [!] Bloch a place when they do start again. In the meantime I am at your service. I have arranged for your baggage, and I have telephoned to the hotel for reservations for you. And . . ."

Our kind cicerone was prattling on. Margit Hammarström was her name, and as we walked along with her to the baggage-room I nudged Bloch as if to say, "You've won." He had. Miss Hammarström was delightful. Even on Sunday she had turned out to meet our train and to take care of our needs. It must have been that telegram of Bloch's.

Before we parted from Miss Hammarström I asked her if she wouldn't care to share our dinner. She accepted our invitation with a bright smile, and over our sour milk I asked her what she thought of 'our' telegram.

"It seemed just a leetle strange," she said, without, however, showing any sign either of distaste or puzzlement.

"I mean the reference 'For Christ's sake.' That is a little unusual, isn't it?" Here I looked at Bloch reprov-ingly, though he remained immobile.

"A leetle to us," she said. "But I thought it was usual

to invoke Christ in business correspondence in America, and so I didn't remark upon it especially ! ”

Even Bloch couldn't restrain his mirth at this *naïveté*.

Miss Hammarström wasn't a bit embarrassed. But she thought she ought to explain.

“ Of course, I must say that my only knowledge of American business comes from the novels of your Mr Sinclair Lewis ! Is ect correct ? ”

I call Bloch to witness that this is a faithful transcription of Miss Hammarström's explanation. My notebook is almost innocent of entries, because I have a retentive memory. But I put down Miss Hammarström's words just as she uttered them in case they were lost to posterity—I should say, lost to my friends in America, for I had no notion of a book then.

CHAPTER XI

AABO—CITY OF QUIET

. . . And from the tents
The armourers, accomplishing the knights
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.

Henry V, Act IV, Scene 1

HERE there are no tears! ”

Miss Hammarström of the Aerotransport at Aabo was speaking. Bloch and I had asked her the usual questions about the way that Aabo was taking it.

I saw no tears all the time I was in Aabo, from Sunday night, December 3, to Thursday, December 7. Instead I lived among a people who had already steeled themselves against the wrath to come. The city was boarding up its shops, plastering the windows with strips of paper so as to safeguard them from the shattering effects of bomb blasts, and had already put on a black-out.

I hadn't seen the like of this black-out before. It was a black-out made blacker by citizens uniting with police in rebuking any night prowler who used his flashlight. It seemed a necessary precaution. A devilish enemy was only twenty minutes across the way with his S-Bs all tuned up in their Esthonian hangars. Aabo went to bed every night in the expectation that a blot-out by the Russians might prevent them from waking up.

And Aabo's dourness wasn't the courage of ignorance, either. Two stories I heard from the Finns in Aabo testified to their stoicism. It was said that all the Finnish 'planes normally used in co-operation with the Swedes on the Stockholm-Aabo-Helsinki flight over the Bothnian Gulf had been sent to Vaasa, north of Aabo, on the Bothnian coast.

“ Why ? ” I remarked.

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"Well," I was told, "it may be necessary some time or other to get our Government out of the country. We must hold those 'planes in readiness."

Naturally I thought of Poland, and the ignominious manner in which Government and General Staff had deserted the sinking ship. Mayn't the Finnish Government do the same? I asked the citizenry whether they weren't afraid that their Government wouldn't rat on them.

The answer was always the same.

"They're Finns!"

They had better be, I reflected, as I caught the spirit of Finnish grimness.

The other story had to do with the Mannerheim Line of fortifications across the Karelian Isthmus. I have told it before, and I told it on the radio. A German officer named General Arnické had helped to build the line. He therefore knew the plan. Apparently, at a dinner-party in Moscow, where he had been sent on the heels of the Stalin-Hitler pact to discuss joint military action, he presented the plan to his Russian hosts. On his return to Berlin Arnické was met by his brother-officers. They presented him with a Browning pistol, and told him he knew what to do with it. He did.

The first time I heard the story was from the correspondent for my newspaper in the Baltic, Edmund Stevens. On Monday, December 6, Stevens arrived at Aabo from Stockholm with a dozen other American newspaper-men. He said he had heard the story repeated throughout the Baltic States. I told my Finnish hosts.

"We all know that," they said calmly, shrugging their shoulders.

Only when I said that I might use the story on the radio did they show the slightest agitation.

"You ought not to do that," they suggested.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Well, it won't sound nice for us. People will think . . ." and they trailed off.

The only explanation I could imagine was that they thought that foreigners might think their cause was doomed.

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I felt like reminding them that the world already knew the Mannerheim Line consisted of something more substantial than a paper plan. I had been there. And I couldn't imagine any easy break-through for the Russians, given the minimum assistance from General Snow. Anyway, the real danger to Finland militarily seemed at that time to impend from the thrust into middle Finland—across the Finnish waistline.

It would have been insulting to tell the Finns that paper plans weren't the whole story of the Finnish defence. They just didn't want the world to know there was *any* hole in it. Even when I wanted to tell America that Finland was short of hospital equipment they protested, wondering whether the information wouldn't be more useful to the Russians than to the Americans.

I had been calling our new venue 'Aabo.' But, as I have said, that is the Swedish name for what the Finns call 'Turku,' with plenty of Swedish burr, and 'Turku' merely means 'trading-post.' "Merely," I say. In the mind's eye the meaning of 'Turku' brings back a panorama of the Baltic under the Hanseatic League. It's still a thriving port, where ships are both made and manned to sail the seven seas, but it is the cleanest port city in my experience. And Aabo, in its cloistered repose, is full of more memories than Hanseatic, for it is the old capital of Finland, with castle and cathedral complete.

The rooms that Miss Hammarström had engaged for Bloch and me brought back Hanseatic days. They were at a hotel called Hamburger Börs, or Hamburg Exchange. But the rooms had been taken by last-minute travellers awaiting transport out of war-stricken Finland. So we went to another hotel run by the Evangelical Lutherans (the Finns occasionally go on evangelical rampages) by the name of Hospits Betel. This place was purely Finnish, and that means that it was more a 'travellers' home' than a modern hotel.

Here, in a hostel which conjured up the Prince of Peace, we settled down to see how the war would come to quiet Aabo.

No sooner had I had a bath and a change than a telephone

call came through from Helsinki. It was from the Finnish broadcasting authorities. America wanted other broadcasts. There had been no arrangement at all for a continuous service. It was just *ad hoc*. Naturally I was eager to co-operate. But how get back to Helsinki in time? That turned out to be unnecessary, for, to my astonishment, there was a studio at Aabo, and the local director had been instructed to call at the Hospits Betel.

Here was additional reason for a stay in Aabo that in any case would have been enforced by the subsequent stoppage of air transport. I was in constant touch with Helsinki, and I was in a better strategic (and a more independent) position to encompass the Finnish scene, since I was footloose again. I began making plans to go to the sea front on the off-chance that the Russians would resume their bombardment from the sea and possibly try to effect a landing. In my inexperience it had seemed to me at Helsinki and in Karelia that this was the most practicable method of attacking Finland before the Gulf got clogged up with ice. Bloch listened gloomily to my plans.

"This is where we part company," he said. "I've got to get my pictures back to Stockholm, and that means taking them myself."

Bloch stayed in the hotel while I did my broadcast. In the morning, when I woke up, he had gone. Apparently the efficient Miss Hammarström had got him up with the news that a Swedish 'plane had arrived for marooned Finlanders. He left a pleasant note, and in sundry chop-houses in Sweden's lovely Stockholm, notably in the oldest chophouse in Europe, the 'Golden Peace,' founded in 1572 (where the Swedes find an additional excuse to the weather for drinking, in the knowledge that the proceeds go to struggling artists), we subsequently went over our experience together in agreeable reminiscence. In Stockholm he was almost expansive, for he had beaten the world by twenty-four hours in getting the first pictures about Finland to New York. They were flown to Berlin, and radioed from Berlin to New York.

I was sorry to find Bloch gone. Alone in the Hospits

Betel I thought him over, a man whom nothing ruffled or surprised. Bloch, as I say, had a trick of saying "of course" to everything. An apt observation or two has been known to escape out of my conversation at rare intervals, I have been told. But when Bloch happened to be the audience to everything I said he simply remarked, "Of course," as if I always said something quite trite. Nor did his Semitic countenance reveal the slightest change of expression when I made the observation. Indeed, the only time I saw him interested, except when he was trying to get his pictures, was during the worst spell of the bombardment in Helsinki. At its height he dashed into my room and interrupted my typing to exclaim, "Say, I've just discovered a place where you can get marvellous shirts for less than a dollar." I explained patiently that I had enough shirts in Stockholm to run up a pretty bill in overweight on the 'planes. He couldn't understand my objection.

"How much are those shirts in your country, anyway?"

"Oh, I suppose, three or four dollars," I said.

"But at Stockmann's basement they are only a dollar," he remarked, with an air of triumph, and he seemed quite pained that I didn't then and there drop everything, brave the Russian bombing, and stock up with half a dozen shirts while the going was good. I don't think Bloch braved the bombing for the shirts. Rather I believe Bloch had taken shelter in Stockmann's basement while the bombing was going on, and merely got the notion in the *vestosueya* that bargains might be about. He spoke often about his *coup* in shirts, and I got a kick out of the references, for you like a person for his idiosyncrasies as well as for his personality.

At first I had no reaction to Bloch one way or the other. It was only when he suggested that I could use him as a guinea-pig for my broadcasts that we came together. I was grateful for help which as time went on broadened out into real assistance, and it was then that I came to learn something about the quintessential Bloch.

But now I was without any such aid. Bloch had said,

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"With helpless people like you somebody always comes along." The somebody was Aili Tikka.

Miss Tikka was employed at the Yleisradio in a secretarial capacity, and the director, with whom I retained very cordial relations, had asked the Aabo office of the Yleisradio to see that she gave me some assistance while I remained at Aabo. I met my new *aide* when I gave my first broadcast. At first the prospect of secretarial help from Miss Tikka did not seem very bright. She turned out to be a platinum blonde, a Sonia Henic type of Scandinavian beauty, and looked as if her forte was the movies, not secretarial work. I found out that, in fact, she had been in the Finnish movies till the trouble with Russia had cut down movie production and persuaded most of the persons in the industry to look elsewhere for jobs. But Miss Tikka proved to be an ideal helper.

I ought to have known that I could be tolerably sure that a Finnish girl would do her job well. Women have an extraordinary position in Finland because they are extraordinary women. Finland is big in everything except population. So that everybody counts, men, women, and children.

In the truest sense the women are the partners of the menfolk, and, far from forgetting their responsibility for the family, have raised the Finnish birthrate to the top place in Europe. In centuries to come the Great Powers had better look to their laurels, if not to their influence!

One would have thought that sufficient had been expected of them as mothers of this greater Finland. But Finland is a pioneer country. No stay-at-homes, these Finnish women. They are economic partners with their menfolk, and I have never seen women employed in such a variety of masculine occupations as in Finland. You will find them in banks and in factories, running tractors in the field, driving buses and trolley cars, cutting men's hair in the barbers' shops, and doing all kinds of carrying work. Every newcomer comments upon the working women in the new Finland. I had even seen girl 'station-masters' on the railroad between Helsinki and Turku.

Withal the women are not mere hewers of wood and

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carriers of water. They are shopowners, and Miss Rothery is authority for the statement that 11 per cent. of the drug-stores are owned by women. They are *entrepreneurs* too. In the professions, finally, women have contributed a great deal to Finnish post-independence reconstruction. In open competition it is not unusual for a woman to carry off the first prize for an architectural drawing.

Women such as these could not fail to be leaders in patriotic movements. Elsewhere I have written about the *Lotta Svärd*. Again this is a co-partnership enterprise, for the Lottas are really the feminine wing of the Civil Guard. A list of other women's societies would fill a volume. In politics feminine Finland were the first women to be given the franchise, as far back as 1906. You might therefore say that Finland is the world's oldest democracy, not the youngest!

Women don't seem to have been represented as much as one might expect in the national Government. No more than twenty have been members of the Diet at one time. This may be due, however, to the fact that Finnish women are more politically conscious than the women of other countries. I mean that they vote for measures, not women. Their strong suit apparently is in local government. At the same time they are everywhere employed as Government administrators, and you will find much more than the average number of women employed in the Civil Service. A woman, Rütta Parkkali, fixed up my Finnish visa in Washington.

This partnership is based upon equality. I inquired how this operated in salaries and wages. And here I discovered the only flaw in sex equality. It is the usual thing in Finland, as in other countries, for the women to be paid lower wages than men in similar posts. In other respects equality is the rule. A divorcee in Finland is not necessarily entitled to alimony—she has got to prove her need of it. And a woman with money who wants a divorce or a woman who is divorced on certain grounds may have to pay alimony to the husband. But the greatest tribute to the partnership in all departments of Finnish life is the fact that the divorce rate is very low.

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The bewildering variety among Finnish women is another aspect of Finnish womanhood that you will notice. "One hair gold, another copper, and the third all of silver." And, whatever colour their hair, they are, on the whole, good-looking. Miss Finland came out Number 1 in a European beauty contest three years in a row up till 1938. But, as I have implied, beauty in Finland seems to have commerce with efficiency. It's an ideal set-up for the tired business-man! Only he would find them in these stern times one and all 100 per cent. patriotic.

The difference in Aili from most of the Finnish women I had met lay in her vivacity. Her surname, 'Tikka,' means 'bird'; precisely, 'woodpecker.' But there was no idle chatter in Aili's conversation. Her running commentary on anything she was interpreting or translating was always something worth while.

After Bloch had left Aabo Aili called at the Hospits Betel to show me the town. She looked like a Red Riding Hood, except that she had on ski-boots and thick woollen stockings. Like all Finns, who can eat and drink with any nation in the world, she was hungry. The Finns eat and drink because they like to. In Sweden it's always because of the weather, and I've often wondered what would happen to Swedish eating and drinking if there were no weather! Accordingly, when I suggested that Aili should take breakfast with me she assented readily.

It's a late breakfast in Finland. You begin the day with coffee as soon as you wake up, perhaps a little porridge too. But for the real tuck-in you must wait till about ten o'clock. And this is the Finnish breakfast, or *asmiainen*. Below is the bill of fare that the Hospits Betel set before Aili and me, with more understandable language juxtaposed:

Voileipäpöytä (*hors d'œuvres*)

Kaurapuuro (Oat porridge)

Ruispuuro (Rye porridge)

Kahvi (Coffee)

Pieniä pihvejä (Beefsteak)

Kinkku-makaronilaatikko (Ham and macaroni)

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This meal would continue to be served till two o'clock, then dinner would begin at three, and go on till five, with plenty of coffee-drinking before and after at separate establishments, and finally the day would wind up with supper at nine!

Puuro suits me as apparently it suits the Finns, and I had a double lining of it in my stomach when we stepped into the wintry blast of Turku.

Behind the Hospits Betel was the Lutheran church, and the hostel itself fronted on the main street leading to Turku's main square. It was called Yleispistoukatu, or University Street. Aili decided to take me first to see the square.

"There you will see Finland old and new," she said.

Along University Street I got a glimpse of shops which were still open to customers, but which otherwise were shut off from the world by two-inch boards. At the moment Aabo's chief occupation was to nail itself in.

It suddenly occurred to me that I had several purchases to make, and that I might as well make them while any business could still be transacted. I got a new spectacle case from the spick-and-span store of F. Kangasniemi. Next door was a rug-dealer. Ah, a *ryijy*! I thought of the pioneer-looking woman on the train, and her pallidness, though, it had since occurred to me that that pallid look might simply have been the result of constant parboiling in a Finnish steam bath! We might ask the prices of the rugs, at least. The shop was run by Mr Pirkko. And he was so obliging as to ransack his basement for an old design. There was one I liked, and it was 800 Finnmarks, or nearly 20 dollars. I decided I would sleep over it, not because of the price, which was reasonable for such a handsome piece, but because I would have to cogitate on getting it home. I told Mr Pirkko that, Stalin permitting, I would call next day, as I did, and bought the rug.

University Street bore the strangest assortment of names. I noticed one demonstration of Finnish up-to-dateness: *automaatti*. It was close to the entrance of the square. And now, passing the office of the leading Finnish newspaper in Aabo, the *Ussi Aura* (the *New Aura*), named after the river

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Aura, at the mouth of which stands Turku, we were looking across the square.

Here I should see, Aili had said, Finland old and new. Well, the old was already foregathering in the persons of the country folk. This was another *turku*, a constant country fair. To the square every day they brought their farm produce and the varied products of village handicraft, and now they were putting up their stalls.

But somehow I felt disappointed when I saw this old Finland. It was so familiar. I had been brought up in an old market town with a cobbled square just like this, where the country folk brought in their wares and their produce, where they set up the same kind of stalls. This kind of trading is as old as the Bible, just as work on the land till a century ago would have been recognizable in all its aspects in Biblical times.

It was when I looked at the buildings on all sides of the square that I saw the history of Finland. On the western side came first the Finnish university, as modern as the republic. It was a sedate and vertical pillar of learning. Next to it was as bulbous a Russian church as you ever saw to remind the sightseer of Russified Finland. The cupola looked as if it might be copper, but a coating of snow hid it from view.

"Nobody uses it now except a few of the Russians who were left," explained Aili. "No, we have no feeling about them. They are trying to be Finnish now that the Bolsheviks have come. But you can't be Finnish by trying. It's by being."

As my eye went round the square the modernity came nearer to present times. MKO in electrified letters showed over the building on the other flank of the Russian church. It was a kind of Sears Roebuck for Finland.

"A shop for country people," put in Aili. "You know, they can just get a catalogue and order what they want by mail. Don't you have catalogues like that?"

"What's Sastopankki? I know *pankki* means 'bank,' but *Sasto*?" I asked, looking beyond MKO, as we started to examine the north side of the square.

"That's a co-operative savings bank," said my cicerone, adding her own comment. "A bank is where the rich lend to the rich, but this kind of a bank is one where the poor lend to the poor."

A bi-turreted office building seemed to be next to the bank, over which at night an electric sign called out "Nokia."

"That's a brand of rubber shoes made by a Finnish co-operative factory. They rent out the offices over it. And the houses next to them are occupied by business people."

"I know that place in the other corner—that's the Hamburg Exchange, Hamburger Börs, where I was last night," I said.

"Yes, nobody knows how it got that way," responded Aili. "And you see the low building, that kiosk, in the corner of the square in front of the Hamburger Bors. That's the Aerotransport office."

I decided to go across to the Aerotransport and pay my respects to Miss Hammarström. That meant going across the square. On the way I could see on the other side of Miss Hammarstrom's a couple of shiny new buses drawn up. Apparently they were waiting to take passengers to the aerodrome. But in order to get to them we had to pass along a line of—droshkies!

"Droshkies!" I exclaimed.

"Say the Finnish for it—*attaat*," Aili warned me. "And if you go in one the driver will probably die with surprise. They never get anybody to ride in them."

Down-at-heel they certainly looked, horses, droshkies, and drivers. The drivers had on dirty fur caps and whiskers almost hiding their forlorn faces. They stayed motionless on their high seats, as if they never got off.

Miss Hammarström was busy with her customers. And so after greeting her we completed our topographical survey. On her side of the square there was a building owned by a toothpaste concern in Sweden called Oxygenol, and next to it the Swedish Theatre.

"Teater!" I repeated, in Swedish.

"Teateri!" corrected the patriotic Aili, who was initiating me, on the side, into the mysteries of the Finnish

language, mysteries which once made even a German princeling hesitate over the proffer of a Finnish crown.

So our view had encompassed the four ages of Finland. Old Finland of the Finns, the Fenno-Swedish realm, as the Finns prefer to call the period when for over six centuries their country was a part of the Swedish crown, the Russian Grand Duchy of the last century, and the new, progressive Suomi.

I suggested that we keep going along the street between the Acrotransport kiosk and the Hamburger Börs. It was called Eerikinkatu, or, in Swedish, Eriksgatan, named after one of the many Eriks in Swedish history. For a space you walk along a street with both sides occupied by ordinary-looking shops and offices. The morning stir of the country folk putting up their stalls had made me forget the dread under which Turku was living. Now the dread was evident again in the shuttered shops. The citizens who hadn't boarded their windows were methodically hammering in the nails. I call it dread, but the hammering was being done methodically, just as if it were all in the day's work.

It was so cold that I decided to step into a haberdasher's and buy a tall Karelian fur cap. This headpiece Aili was pleased to endorse. I don't know why she kept a straight face except that the Finns are so darned polite. If she had been frank she would have saved me several hundred of those pornographic century spots of Finnmarks, besides a good deal of sniggering from my friends in Stockholm when I dropped down triumphantly among them from the Bothnian clouds. I was just laughed out of wearing it any more. And so I turned it out on war service, where it is now adorning the cranium of some benighted correspondent lost in the Arctic Circle.

Aili and I now resumed our walk in more comfort. Only for a couple of hundred yards were we shut in by the hammered-down boards of Eriksgatan. Going uphill, we soon came to the opening on to the river Aura, with its rising background of the cathedral close and the cathedral itself. Here the street became a bridge over the river. It

was a restful and inviting prospect, which, now that I had my fur cap, called for contemplation.

Aura is Finnish, I believe, for 'plough,' and it looked, in truth, as if a plough had been at work in the *Aura*. The Yangtze itself isn't yellower with the earth's sediment. But it was still and it was broad, and beyond, on the eminence, the cathedral watched over the river with a kind of benediction. Lined along the river banks below us, rows of linden trees helped the winter observer to think of summer-time Turku. Along the *Aura* I could picture the citizens promenading under the trees or whiling away peaceful evening hours on the riverside benches. Aili confirmed the correctness of my vision.

"But let's not talk of summer," she said quickly, thinking, no doubt, of the nails and the hammering and the boards in the town.

"How do you like our cathedral?" she went on brightly, much as Stockholmers ask you how you like their town hall.

"Frankly, I don't know," I said.

Actually the cathedral at Turku is like no cathedral I have ever seen. But you felt somehow that no other kind of cathedral would be suitable.

"It's appropriate," I said vaguely.

Later a Finn gave me the word for it. He said that somebody had called it a home-made cathedral. There could not be a more appropriate appellation. Made of brick and limestone, the red brick tower looks benignly over the river *Aura*, and seems to belong to both landscape and people.

In Turku Cathedral you go back a thousand years of Finnish history. It started Roman Catholic. Nearly a millennium ago the Roman Church founded the see as the entering wedge of a Swedish crusade to bring Christianity to Finland. With the Church came the new learning. And a Latin culture spread among the Finns as the students from the Turku diocese went to Paris and came back full of Western education. Then, here as in Sweden, the Reformation swept Catholicism from the country. Not a human trace of it is left in Fennoscandia, and Turku

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bishopric became Lutheran, with the bishop called arch-bishop only by grace of Turku being Turku.

The interior held no particular interest except for the old tombs of rulers of the Fenno-Swedish realm. And there is a Scotsman or two. For Quentin Durwards came over as soldiers of fortune in the perennial contests between Swede and Russian on Finland's bloody soil. And some of them were killed in the fighting and were buried here. Some stayed in Fennoscandia, and you will come across Sinclairs, Douglasses, and Hamiltons ¹ in plenty, many of them—trust the Scots!—ennobled.

Except for these Scottish remains there was nothing in the bare cathedral for a cathedral-lover to dally over, and we strayed through the cathedral close outside. Snow lay thick on the ground, but there could be no blanket over the repose, and in the summer one knew that warmth would bring all that was agreeable out of the covered earth into these arboreal cloisters.

Here was no place for the strenuous life of the new Finland. Perhaps in Turku the Finns are more restful than elsewhere. At any rate, Per Brahe, the first and greatest of the Governors-General in the 635 years of the Fenno-Swedish realm, who ruled Finland from Turku, once observed, "It is to be noticed in this people who at home idle away their time on their stove that abroad one of them works more than three other men." America can vouch for the three-in-one Finn out of its experience in clearing the North-western forests, and Britons on the Swedish-Finnish frontier noticed the same disparity between Swedes and Finns during the unloading of 'planes for Finland. In the days of the wooden ships, moreover, the Finn could save a captain many a pair of hands. In Turku Finnish industry apparently is reduced in *tempo* by the lulling influence of the river Aura and this home-made cathedral.

In the cathedral grounds is a heroic statue of this Per Brahe. No doubt his rebuke to the Finns was more a gentle admonition than a criticism. For he loved the people, and

¹ There is a saying in Sweden that the Hamiltons are the 'Smiths' of the Swedish nobility.

they loved him. On his statue, or somewhere in the neighbourhood, he wrote, "I was good to Finland, and the Finlanders were good to me." In no time till the advent of the Republic had Finland shown so much progress as in Per Brahe's administration. His vice-royalty was so benign and progressive that the Golden Age of the country is meant in the popular saying which is still current: "in the Count's time."

It was impossible to have a meal in the Hospits Betel without an interpreter to disentangle the menu. So I asked Aili to take dinner with me. She suggested that we step into the black-out and dine at the Hamburger Börs instead of staying at the Hospits Betel. I agreed. The dinner went well till the air-raid alarm interrupted a *rostbiff* that I found on the bill of fare.

"Now we shall have to go to the bomb-safe," said Aili, grabbing her hat and coat. Aili always called the *væstosueya* the 'bomb-safe.'

I hastened after her, and soon we were all hurrying down the stairs to the basement. Benches had been provided. And since there might be a long wait some of the temporary cave-dwellers had brought the evening newspaper. I asked Aili to repeat the conversation.

"It's mainly joking," she said.

"So much the better," I assured her.

"That man in the fur cap who is reading the newspaper is showing a picture of a church in Helsinki half in ruins. It's Michael Agricola, I think. The paper doesn't say. All it says at the bottom of the picture is that Molotoff says the Russians are only bombing aerodromes. That's why they're laughing."

There was more laughter when another man remarked, "We ought to evacuate the churches, and then our women and children would be safe."

Finnish humour is as grim as the sarcastic caption used by the newspaper for the picture of the wrecked church. As spoken, moreover, it touches one's risibilities the more, because in general it is uttered with apparent mirthlessness. The true Finn is expressionless even when cracking a joke.

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And the laughter equally with the jesting seems to provoke not the slightest strain on the constitution. In other respects I think of the sardonic quality of Finnish humour as almost English. In England no circumstance seems to be so grave that it cannot be joked about. Some of the best English stories, for instance, went over to America at the time of Munich, and were about Britain's experiences with gas-masks and general lack of preparedness.

But one of our fellow cave-dwellers was telling a story. In 1904, he said, the Japanese sunk the flagship of the Russian fleet in Far Eastern waters, and the news was put up on a bulletin board in the streets of Helsinki. The notice was in Finnish. A Russian officer kept trying to make out what was printed, but finally gave it up, and, turning to a Finnish boy standing next to him, demanded, "What does it mean?"

The Finnish boy, as quick as a flash, responded, "Japon-ski : boom, boom, boom ! Russky : boolie, boolie, boolie !"

Even I could understand such language, and I laughed even before Aili had interpreted the story. How the Finns despised the Russians ! Tsarist and Bolshevik are all the same to them, and they could never understand why ideology seemed to make people think that the Bolsheviks were any different from their predecessors.

The 'All clear' came sooner than we had expected. The warning had been a false alarm, but another siren call sent us trooping down to the *vuestosueya* before dinner was over.

This time I found myself next to two little boys. It was badly illuminated, this cellar, and the two little boys were holding hands. They began to talk in an effort to keep up their courage.

"We shouldn't be afraid at such times as these," said one.

"No, we shouldn't be afraid," said the other. "Why should we be afraid ? If something happens it means that we are getting all of Russian Karelia as well !"

The man with the newspaper had come back again. He was reading the news that mines were going off at Terijoki,

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where Stalin had set up his puppet Government under Kuusinen. "Oh, that Government!" said another. "You mean *the* democratic Government."

"Thank goodness the Government was in Moscow," a third man chimed in.

The other evening paper had a picture of a demolished church—probably the same church. And this paper too couldn't resist a jest at Molotoff's expense. Its caption ran: "Just an old Russian custom—church and civilians."

The warning had been another false alarm, and now we finished our meal in peace, the waitress remarking with a stoic shrug, "We can get used to anything—even Russians dropping things on us!"

Turku is so close to the Russian bases on the coastline of what Premier Cajander had called "our dear sister nation" of Esthonia that I assume that when the scouts saw Russian 'planes in the air over the Gulf of Finland they felt they ought to forewarn the population. At any rate, Turku evidently wasn't going to be caught napping as Helsinki had been caught on Thursday.

Next day was Independence Day, December 6. Finland's July 4! Finland had reached the adult age of twenty-two. When I got up that freezing morning I expected to see parades and flags and an outburst of patriotic feeling. But Finland's celebrations were pitched in the low key of the national quiet. This year it had been felt that it would be better not to fritter away valuable time in speech-making and flag-waving. There were sterner tasks to be done. Moreover, Finland needed no reminder of loyalty.

One parade I did see. But I had already seen many such before Independence Day. It was a line of marching soldiers. And they were singing the same song that I had heard in Helsinki and all the way to Turku. Here it is, with the help of Aili Tikka:

Hear, dear Finland, our Holy Oath.

Never shall violent hands be put on Thee.

We will defend Thee; we will give our blood for Thee.

Be sure Thy sons are always on their guard.

No doubt a good part of the spirit is lost in this translation.

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And a few extra English feet are put in. But it was the best that Aili could do, and I am afraid I cannot do any better with her bare translation.

The Finns are proud of their soldiers as they are of themselves. For theirs is a citizen army. I had been trying to get from my Finnish friends any letters they might have received from the front in order to see whether they matched the civilian *élan*. Here is a specimen:

On October 15 I was called up, and first I went to Varsa, and from there to Kankaanpan, and then I came to the eastern front. This letter I write from a small farm somewhere on the Karelska Näset. We have it fine here. It is warm and pleasant and plenty of room. In the small room here two of our sergeants are living, and in the big room three private artillerymen. We have constructed our beds ourselves. I made mine out of two sacks, two wooden boxes, and two planks. Rather primitive, but yet comfortable to sleep in. We haven't any bedclothes—I have just one blanket. In times of war one mustn't ask too much. I must say that in spite of all I am comfortable in these remote forests. My studies have gone to hell, but when our country is in danger no sacrifice is too great. Here we lie waiting for the Russians, but it would be best for them to consider what they are about before attacking us, because it will cost many Russians their lives. Karelska Näset is strongly fortified, and our soldiers are the best in the world and not afraid of death. Our aim is to defend Finland. We will fight as behoves a true Northerner when freedom is in danger. Better to die on the field of honour than live on as slaves. Every man in the Army, myself included, is prepared to give his life if it is asked because our cause is just. I will reserve my last shot for myself, because I will never be taken prisoner. As long as I have a cartridge no Russian shall come upon me. Our artillery is excellent. Where is the world's best artillery general? In Finland. General Nenonen! Without a doubt. When our artillery fires we always hit the mark. Not only the soldiers in the field are ready, but the whole people. The old fellow (our host) is obviously glad to have us here with him. He gives us coffee with bread and other things to dip in the coffee, and we play music and sing, and he tells us stories about the War of Independence. Every

day we get parcels addressed to the unknown soldier. One day an old countrywoman came to us with two pounds of butter and a great new-baked loaf of sweet bread. Every one in the country is ready to sacrifice what he has. Personally I place our soldiers highest because they sacrifice what is dearest, their lives. Sometimes we might not think our lives worth much, but now each of us understands how much the country needs him. It is very encouraging to see how other countries sympathize with Finland's tragedy in these times. We are proud to be Finns, and especially glad to be soldiers in the Finnish Army, towards which the eyes of the world look. It has touched me to see how Bergen (your town) has taken part in collecting money, and through you a heartfelt thanks to the citizens and workers from a Finnish soldier on the eastern front. All this sympathy makes one sure of one's just cause and one's belief in freedom in future. Without freedom no future, and therefore we will fight as long as we can lift one finger. Write to me soon because I shall be in these desolate forests all this year and a good part of next year too. Long live Northern freedom.

I heard innumerable stories, moreover, of the men at the front. One only need be given here by way of illustration. A general at the front one day asked the men whether they had any complaints. One of the men said, "Yes, sir."

"What are they?" the General inquired.

"Well, sir, our shirts are full of lice."

"That's too bad," said the General. "What can we do about that?"

"Well, sir," said the man, "we are not exactly grumbling, because when they are too full we simply take them off and throw them across the way, where the Russians have no shirt at all. But that leaves us with no shirts just the same."

Late at night I went to the Yleisradio to hear the news. Judge of my surprise when the instrument brought into our room the words of a Russian prisoner. One of the listeners knew Russian, and he said that the Finns, on bringing him in, had had a microphone secreted in the room, so that what he said could be heard by all Finland. The Russian said he was surprised the Finns didn't kill their wounded. He'd heard that that was the Finnish custom. (These prisoners

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are a problem in Finland, along with Finland's own refugees.) He went on that he was surprised to get any food at all, because he had been told that Finland was starving, and awaited Russian deliverance from its oppressors. He apologized for the machine-gunning, and said that it must have been done by war-crazy Russians. Asked what he would advise his fellow-soldiers to do, he said, "To be taken prisoner by the Finns."

We tuned in Moscow and heard the usual threats that within so many hours Helsinki would be in ruins.

It was in listening over the radio that I heard of the *sissi-men*.¹ In Finland they are not what you think they mean, but the bravest of the brave, the *corps d'élite*, the suicide corps, the men who volunteer to get behind the enemy to do their fighting. I came to see *sissi-men* on the front pages of the Swedish newspapers all the time I was in Stockholm. It never ceased to arouse American mirth.

Aili had to stay at the Yleisradio on Independence Day because of the press of work. In her place the director sent me Kerttu Peltonen. Miss Peltonen was a grave-looking graduate of the Aabo Akademic who was preparing to be a school-teacher. She was very nervous about her English.

"I don't know," she said, very seriously, "whether I shall be able to understand you. You see, I speak English, not American."

English is not widely spoken in Finland, but of late years, with the exciting prospect that Finland would be host for the 1940 Olympics, the language has been taken up industriously. Miss Peltonen's English was as deliberate and precise as herself. She looked through the papers, and I asked her to tell me what the papers had said about Independence Day. The comment of the *Hufvudstadsbladet* (*Capital Newspaper*) in Helsinki sounded most appropriate. The editor wrote a call to Fennoscandian unity—the unity that so many Finns wanted to see pledged on a common battlefield:

Our national ensign is a young one (a blue cross on a white background), but its Northern Cross is old. It binds all the

¹ From the Finnish *sisu*, which means (more or less) 'guts.'

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Northern countries to a common fate, and makes us all battle for our freedom. We have not chosen this war. But we are forced to carry it on. There is no possibility of turning back now. The way of duty is clear and straight where the freedom and independence of Finland are endangered, and not only is our own country involved. The other Northern countries are involved too. The issue of victory or defeat for Finland must be the concern of a much larger territory than Finland.

On such a day as this it was inevitable that all the editors should invoke the inspirational Johan Ludvig Runeberg. Runeberg brings out all the patriotic fervour and martial spirit of the Finlanders. And when the Russian bombers later bombed the home of Runeberg at Porvoo (Borgå), a little old-world town on the south coast thirty miles east of Helsinki, which has no military importance but is a national shrine, the Finns were particularly incensed. It was suggested that perhaps the bombers were trying to hit the grave of Eugen Schauman, a Finnish patriot who in 1904 shot the detested Bobrikoff, a Russian governor who incarnated the latter-day Russification of Finland. *Hufvudstadsbladet's* line from Runeberg was from the march of the *Men of Björneborg*:

Some remnants yet remain that Finland's colours hold.

On Independence Day in Finland I reflected on what Dante calls the squint-eyed in mind among those in the Moscow hierarchy who advised Stalin that Finland would fall apart at the first bomb. Among their many shortcomings in thinking over Finland they had forgotten the unifying effect of patriotism. In Finland, as in Cromwell's England, this is a religion, and enhances the fighting quality of the nation manyfold.

Everywhere I went in Turku I would hear the Finns talking in the strains of Runeberg. Both these young *aides* of mine quoted him. Miss Peltonen, indeed, presented me with a volume in English, but the songs don't read very well in translation. To Professor H. W. Donner, of the Aabo Akademie, I am indebted for a better translation of a stanza which seemed best to express Finnish *élan*. It is from *Döbeln at Juutas*, a highly dramatic poetic narrative of one of the

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victories against the Russians in 1808 by the Finnish General von Döbeln. It is included in Runeberg's *Songs of Ensign Stål*:

Grovelling in the dust, the slave does pray;
I never learned to beg, I cannot creep,
I seek no favour and demand no keep,
Before Thy visage gladly I would stay;
My heart on fire, upright will I stand,
Manly and free my prayer shall always be.

In that prayer von Döbeln prays to God, as Cromwell did, after a great victory at Juutas.

With Miss Peltonen I went to the cathedral to see whether the Finns would in fact make any display for Independence Day. But there was none. Not even on the Finnish cenotaph which commemorated the men who fell in the war of independence were there any flowers. But I gathered some more lore about Turku to add to the stock I had gained from Aili.

"Those rows of linden-trees," I began, when we had arrived on the bridge over the Aura river. "Don't you have a name for the walk by the river there?"

"Yes," said Miss Peltonen, "we call it Unter den Linden, after the street of that name in Berlin."

It was one of those tributes which the Finns in their gratitude paid to the Germans for their help in 1918 in winning their independence. I don't imagine they will call that river walk Unter den Linden any longer. Germany's 'benevolent neutrality' towards the Soviet's destruction of Finland has ended any such compliments.

At the heroic statue to Per Brahe Miss Peltonen talked of Finnish Swedophobia. I had said that, so far as I could make out, Swedish rule had had many good points. Per Brahe's administration, for instance. She said she thought that anti-Swedish feeling was all gone now, and she gently asked me to bear in mind what the Finns had been through. It was natural, she thought, that after such a history a young country only twenty-two years old should be very nationalistic. "I suppose you will find the Norwegians like that," she said.

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In the town Turku was keeping up the same sober aspect towards Independence Day. There was no full-throated defiance of Stalin or the Russians ; just the boarding up of the shops methodically.

" You hear the nails being driven in, but it's not as loud as I should have thought," I said to Miss Peltonen.

Very seriously she responded, in language that was Biblical in style and cadence, " No, you see they will cast down bombs upon us, and destroy our homes, so that we must be very quiet."

For my newspaper work I had determined to employ the time waiting for a 'plane in finding out the facts of Finland's economic position. But for the war such an inquiry would have been pursued with Premier Ryti. But when, in default, I tried to go to academic source material I was put off on finding that the chief economic journal was issued by an economic society called Yhteiskuntatalandelin. I couldn't imagine any immediate light or leading out of such a Welsh-like organization ! Turku, of course, offered no equivalent authority to Mr Ryti, but it is a sort of Manchester for Finland, and I determined to call on the bankers and business-men. This was our occupation for the afternoon.

Miss Peltonen first called up the Bank of Finland, and again I had to comment upon the Finnish language. The number was 166. And this is how you say that to the telephone operator : " Uksi, koosie, koosie ! "

No answer ! Of course, it was Independence Day. But Miss Peltonen had an idea. She said that the J. P. Morgan of the city lived hard by. He was Mr Jaakko Suomalien, general manager of the Kansallis Osake Pankki, or the National Joint Stock Bank. Would I like to see him ? I said yes, and she gave him a ring, and Mr Suomalien asked me to come to his house in University Street. He suggested that I should bring Miss Peltonen as an interpreter.

Suomalien means ' Little Finn.' The ' little ' is *nen*, and you will find quite a number of Finnish names with that suffix. Miss Peltonen's name meant ' Littlefield.' Mr Little Finn lived up to his name, and was a neatly dressed

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little man with exquisite politeness, smooth and pink. He received us in a parlour which looked like a mid-Victorian drawing-room in provincial England except for the rugs. He had many beautiful *ryijy*, and from the way he beamed over my compliments I knew he prized his collection.

Mr Little Finn said it was truly remarkable how in all the circumstances Finland's trade had been maintained. They were still exporting 60 per cent. of normal. Imports were down by about the same proportion, but the balance was still favourable, so that the exchange ought to be maintained.

It had astonished me that the mark had so well withstood the shock of war. The mark must be made of granite as well as the Finnish character, I had thought. In the last issue of the Bank of Finland's returns I had noticed that the Finns with quiet pride had juxtaposed a reference to the "weakness in the international position" of the mighty British pound with the 'firmness' of the Finnish mark. But I refrained from asking Mr Little Finn to try to look through this dark glass of Finland's future exchange position.

Mr Little Finn talked a lot about the economic position of Finland. The rye and wheat crops were in, of course, and they had been fairly good. At least there was enough foodstuff in Finland to last till next September.

"We need not import food," he said.

It had been Finland's policy to become less dependent upon foreigners for basic needs. To this end they had greatly increased the acreage under wheat. Sheep had been brought in too, so that they might become less dependent upon foreign wool. Formerly the Finns had had to import close on 100 per cent. of their wool consumption. Now the dependence was down to 80 per cent. Sugar was a problem, but they were trying to raise sugar from beet, and were already growing 20 per cent. of their own needs. And, of course, in the procurement of coffee they would have difficulty.

I agreed that the Finnish economy must have withstood the initial reverberation of the Russian steam-roller with

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the minimum of flinching when only sugar and coffee had been put on a rationing basis.

"However," said Mr Little Finn, "sowing must be done again next spring. And in this respect Finland may suffer from a shortage of fertilizer. We import fertilizer. And then there has been a big diversion of field workers to the battlefield."

Finland finds that her outlets to world markets have been grievously impeded by the European no less than by her own war. The narrow outlet to the North Sea between Sweden and Denmark called the Öresund has been partly mined. Germany has done the mining. It has laid mines in the fourth mile of water in the Swedish four-mile limit. The argument is that Sweden has no international right to have more than the three-mile limit accorded by international usage to territorial waters, though the four-mile limit has been laid down by Sweden and recognized by other nations for over 150 years. The Öresund is so narrow that this mining of the fourth mile means that trading vessels going through the Sound now have to be restricted to a thousand tons.

"Now, of course, the problem is complicated by this war with Russia. In a day or two they are going to blockade Finland, they say. How effective that will be remains to be seen, but it will interfere with trade to a certain extent."

That meant for Finland, said Mr Little Finn, that smaller boats would have to be used, and the cargo transferred at Gothenburg, on the west coast of Sweden, to ocean-going vessels.

Mr Little Finn said the Swedes had been very co-operative with Finland in her commercial difficulties. And Norway too. They could send their goods from Aabo and other Bothnian ports across to Stockholm for rail shipment to the port of Gothenburg. Also there was the Bothnian coast railway. Finland was sending much of her export trade overland—up to Torneå, and then straight across Sweden and Norway to Norway's Arctic port of Narvik. Mr Little Finn gave me an instance of Scandinavian co-operation in the

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reduction in transit rates which both Sweden and Norway had accorded to Finnish freight.

"What about the Finnish safety-valve in the north at Petsamo?" I asked. This outlet, of course, was pinched off by the Russians soon after.

Mr Little Finn sighed.

"That's our hope in years to come. We are developing fast in the north: fisheries, nickel, the forests, copper farther south. And we need at least one outlet to the world that we can call our own. Out at ice-free Petsamo we could send our goods into the Arctic and on to world markets over the Atlantic. But the port takes time to develop, and the way there too. It's a long, long way. So far we have rail connexion only with Rovaniemi, and from Rovaniemi to Petsamo is 310 miles. Some day we'll build a railroad to Petsamo. The Diet has decided that. Of course, the haul is too long to switch Finland's trade to the Arctic, but it would be another outlet, and certainly a lung in time of emergency."

"Now, Mr Suomalinen, could you tell me what you really think of Finland's rigorous policy in paying off foreign debt, instead of just keeping up interest payments, and using the remainder to buy airplanes, anti-aircraft guns, and so on with?"

Mr Suomalinen hesitated.

"It was our duty," he then said simply.

And Miss Peltonen added on her own, almost primly, "It is honourable to do one's duty, is it not?"

I assented cordially, and added that that was one reason why, as soon as war had broken out, Americans were so affectionately disposed towards Finland.

On leaving Mr Little Finn Miss Peltonen came back to the debt question. She said, "It is so nice of such a big country as yours to take so much interest in such a little country as Finland when you have so many important things to think about."

It had been a full day, and I went back to the Hospits Betel to write my story. The hotel had been very kind in trying to find me whenever there was a *telegrammi*, as they

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called it. And they had done many other services. Now they told me that the next morning a Swedish 'plane was leaving Turku for Stockholm. The obliging Miss Hammarström had kept a reservation open for me all the time I had been in Turku. My successor had now arrived, and, since there was no longer any journalistic need to stay, I told the Hospits Betel I would pay my bill and leave first thing the next morning.

They gave me a card with the bill. On it was written :

The Archbishop of Finland has stayed at this hotel for a whole year, and found it extremely satisfactory. A great number of renowned foreigners have also stopped here.

I was sorry that no compliments could be added from the experience of the 'renowned foreigners' as well as the Archbishop, but I added my tribute to the visitors' book for their hospitality.

Among my mail was the picture of Rütta Parkkali, my fellow-passenger on the s.s. *Drottningholm*. With the photograph came a pleasant letter, which made me ashamed of my Helsinki doubts. You may recall that on the first day of the bombing she had failed to keep an appointment at the Hotel Kämp. And I had thought she must have gone with the evacuees. No, she had been engaged in useful works. She wrote :

I was terribly sorry about the appointment, but I had to help my sister in getting her children away. When I got to the Ministry you had left, and weren't at the hotel. I have had to do so much since then away from Helsinki. Now I am back for my—wedding! My future husband is in the army like everybody. He will get two days' holiday, and then back again to face our dear friends across the frontier. Friends they call themselves—friends because they want to help the suffering Finnish people! Well, my bridal bouquet will be a lovely gas-mask, and the wedding march will be the splitting sound of bombs. Dear, thoughtful friends across the border! After the wedding I shall go with the Red Cross, and work with my husband, who is a doctor. I feel proud that our country should have the privilege of fighting against the Evil and of

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protecting Western civilization against barbarism. This thing has united our people. There have been parties and languages and things, but now there are only Finns fighting for Finland.

Miss Peltonen was waiting to say good-bye while I was paying my bill. We shook hands. Then, her eyes down and her hands crossed in front of her, she said, "It will be a full moon next week. When you go, will you pray for us, please, that we shall have clouds. Otherwise they will come and cast bombs on us and destroy us."¹

They came and did cast bombs on quiet, old-world Turku, not once, but many times, and as I come now to the close of this chapter the report is current that, as a result of the pounding to which Turku has been subjected, Turku is on fire.

Bright and early the next morning I turned up at Miss Hammarström's office in the market square for my reservation. She was as breezy as ever. The sky was clouded.

"Good anti-Russian weather again," she said. "You won't be troubled in the air, and neither will we."

I had plenty of time to spare, and I thought I would buy some postcards of Turku. There was a postcard shop across the way. The girl who attended me was a Lotta. She was putting the anti-blast strips over the window. She worked in the shop by day, and in the evening she went to a big schoolroom where hundreds of girls like herself washed, sewed, and cooked for the local garrison.

"And we knit things for the boys at the front in our spare time," she added, as if she had any spare time.

St Francis Xavier said of the old Japanese capital of Kyoto, "This is the delight of my soul." Turku with the remaining segment of its 75,000 affected me in much the

¹ I might add an excerpt from a letter which Miss Peltonen addressed to me on January 9: "After you left our eastern neighbour began to visit our town almost every day. We have been sitting in the *vuostosueya* almost every day for several hours. To-day I was in one for five hours. In the morning I just await for the alarm, which usually comes at eleven o'clock, sometimes earlier. At three o'clock as a rule we are allowed to come out and begin our work. In the evening I am very tired, as if I have done a hard day's work, though all we have done is simply to go to the assembly in the *vuostosueya*! Many people have lost their homes, but mine is still as it was. I hope all will end well."

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same way. It has an ethos of its own, like Lichfield in England, Edinburgh in Scotland, Charleston in America. I shall remember the soul of the place long after the sound of nails driven into its boarded-up shops has been lost in my memory, and Bolsheviks have ceased from troubling.

The marvellous thing about the Finns at and behind the front is that, no matter how hopeless they may think their chances, they are fighting just as if they are going to win. Perhaps a miracle may happen. It happened once before, as I show in the chapter on Mr Ryti, when the Finns prayed in the World War that both sides would be beaten, Germany and Russia.

CHAPTER XII

TELLING THE WORLD

BE on the spot when it happens! This is the counsel you will hear in a school of journalism. My situation in Helsinki on Thursday, November 30, was one of these professional dreams come true. I was 'sitting pretty' as a newspaper-man who had been caught in Helsinki on the very day that the Soviet loosed its war on the Finnish capital.

But I was 'sitting prettier' in my other *rôle* of radio reporter. On this spot there were few non-Scandinavian journalists. Cable messages were delayed, heavily censored, or simply not getting through at all. Only by incoming telephone calls could the men on the spot tell their story to the world. American newspapers, as I saw later, had had to rely upon the news which their Copenhagen representatives could pick up from the Danish newspapers. But for me the Finns, after a day of intermittent and difficult negotiation, had fixed up a five-minute radio talk to America. No censorship, no delay, and the voice as a medium for telling a dramatic story which all America must be waiting to hear—a story, moreover, the effect of which would be heightened by word of mouth. I was, as I say, sitting very pretty.

The thought that before the war had been on more than eighteen hours I should be speaking about it to eagerly receptive millions across the ocean buoyed up my professional self all through that black Thursday. I felt that the message I had sent to my newspaper was still lying around, as I found out later it was. Still, I could redeem myself on the air. My buoyancy became exhilaration as I left the scribes in the restaurant and went to my room at the Hotel Kämp to prepare my script. The talk was scheduled for 6.46 New York time. But Helsinki is five hours ahead of New York, and so I would be on the air at 1.46 A.M. Helsinki time.

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I had become so favourably acquainted with the Suomen Yleisradio that the programme director himself had promised to be my escort. His name was Dr Ilmari Heikinheimo.

I never learned very much about Dr Heikinheimo, because a language difficulty kept us apart. He knew only a few words of any other language but Swedish and Finnish, and our conversation was conducted by signs interspersed by an odd word or two. *Toujours la politesse!* Even when I dashed over to the studio, hatless and breathless, with only a few minutes to go before I would be on the air, he always remained ceremoniously interested in seeing that I made the formal acquaintance of any new assistants. He was so polite that he seemed to feel somehow that his language difficulty was an impoliteness. At any rate, his lack of any means of expressing himself caused him so much anguish that I began to contract the disease myself. In the end I managed to persuade him that just by uttering isolated words he might convey an idea. That lessened his pain and made for more communication. For instance, the juxtaposition of 'Russian,' 'church,' 'Sunday,' coupled with a shake of the head, told me that the Finnish Government had asked the people not to go to church on Sunday because of the danger of an air raid.

On Thursday I was ready for Dr Heikinheimo when he called in the early Helsinki hours at the Hotel Kämp. We stumbled out into Helsinki's black-out in plenty of time both to negotiate the route and to have a try-out with my announcer. At that hour everything was still. Only the smoke drifting from the burning buildings served as a reminder of the Russian invasion. Dr Heikinheimo in several ejaculated words seemed to be telling me that the Russians might return before morning and that the Yleisradio was a military objective. But in imagination I was already in America, with the radio listeners, with my friends and family. They'd soon be hearing me.

My announcer turned out to be a young girl. It was a promotion for her—earned because of her knowledge of English. I was too excited to catch her name. All I felt was that she was as thrilled over the prospect of talking to

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America from besieged Helsinki in far-away Finland as I was. It would add to the interest in the broadcast, I recall reflecting, when Americans heard her very pleasant Finnish accent make the introduction.

A signal from the engineer through the glass window and she was off. I then took over, and, keeping the corner of my eye on the clock, I said:

This is H. B. Elliston, special correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor*, speaking from the bombed city of Helsinki, Finland's capital, pride in civic architecture of the entire civilized world. Three times to-day the Russians tried to destroy it. They came over, three squadrons at a time.

In this confusion I can't give you the full extent of damage or casualties. Last count I heard was 40 dead, 126 wounded. Casualty reports keep coming in. A temporary secretary I engaged came just now to tell me, with tears in her eyes, that her home had gone, her mother wounded. Houses, schools, churches, factories, co-operative centrals, they are all in partial ruin. Acrid black smoke still blows in from the outskirts.

But the centre of the capital is still quite intact. The railroad depot—apparently the main target—is still standing. It's the work of Saarinen, Finland's famous architect. He's now in Detroit. And, if he's listening in, he'll be happy to know that the station's doing noble work as a channel for fleeing refugees. I watched it take in droves of women and children to-night, when I picked my way through blacked-out streets, full of broken glass, on my way to file a cable to my newspaper.

It was a bright, clear morning when they first came. They came wrapped in a fleecy cloud, unseen. Air-raid alarms sounded *after* they started dropping their load. Then *rat-a-tat-tat* from the anti-aircraft guns. I looked out of my window fronting Helsinki's main esplanade. Finnish citizens were hurrying to the bomb-shelters. Not running. For Finnish stolidity, though ruffled, has not been uprooted. I've seen their spirit shown to-day in a minimum of confusion—amid a day-long rattle and scream of bombs, alarms, fire-engine sirens, anti-aircraft guns.

This is Thursday. Tuesday I sped 350 miles to the Karelian front. All Wednesday I was there. I toured the region where

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the border marches down to the Gulf of Finland. Twenty miles from Leningrad. There the main conflict is now raging.

On my visit there was no excitement on the Karelian Isthmus. That I know. The Russians had been putting up smoke-screens to hide gun movements. That was all. On the Finnish side there was not the slightest evidence of any preparation for attack. No gun emplacements, no infantry dispositions, no machine-gun nests. Just the frontier guard watching, watching, hawk-eyed from observation posts in trees, from watch-towers on high stilts.

A river on this sector divided the two armies. On the other side of it I saw Russians in two and threes, but no significant movement. Still the Finns warned me to keep under cover. They sensed the danger.

It was like New England in winter-time. Quite a Christmas-card look. Snow had been falling gently, not heavily, covering up the trees and banking up on the roadside in drifts. Sleighs were coming up the line full of skis. For this is an army of skiers. The Russian Army isn't, and just to make the Finns invisible as well as speedy the men were being given snow-white overalls.

Every clearing was full of huge granite blocks standing up like miniature monoliths. On the roadside equally giant blocks were in position, ready for moving across the roadway. The Finns put up this kind of defence against tanks when they saw what happened to the Poles. Ten miles back is what they call their Maginot Line.

They were hopeful, when I saw them, of the help they'd get from General Snow. Winter operations are all right in Eastern Finland when this country of lakes and forests is iced over and snow packed down. But that time hasn't yet arrived. It wasn't even freezing-point on Wednesday, though at this time of the year it's generally four or five degrees below zero. The lakes had at most only a breakable cover of ice. In places I saw cars bogged down in the drifts, and when I left it was raining.

All this night, in the blackness, I've been chasing the Diet. It was to meet in Parliament House. At the last minute they hurried them off to the country in buses. I hear to-night that Foreign Minister Erkko got the Diet's cordial O.K. in accepting President Roosevelt's good offices. And as a sign of good

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faith the entire Government has just resigned. The Finns are grateful for American help. But they have a regret. To-day they regret that since 1932 they've paid off 90 per cent. of their foreign debt. Honourable? Yes. Prudent? The Finns wonder. Now they wish they'd used that money in self-help in airplanes, in anti-aircraft guns, in tanks, in hospital equipment.

Just five minutes, and not a stumble! I felt quite elated. I was wondering how many million Americans had heard me, when Dr Heikinheimo came into the room and said, "Sorry, so very sorry. America no hear."

I had spoken to nothing but a bum transmitter, a dead mike, to nobody! Was that what he meant? Apparently. As the meaning of what Dr Heikinheimo said came over me I began to go through one of life's darkest moments, anticlimax. My spirits oozed rapidly into my shoes as I tried to figure out his explanation.

Whatever may have been the case in other departments, Finland was not well prepared for war in broadcasting. It had only two short-wave transmitters of only 1 and 2 kilowatts in strength respectively. Broadcasting over either of them for any distance was next to impossible. Finland knew this, and as part of its defence programme had entered into a contract with a British concern some months before for the supply of a more powerful transmitter. But the British, after accepting the contract, later decided that, in view of Britain's own needs, they couldn't fulfil it.

Which was another reason for Finland's disappointment with Great Britain, incidentally.

The sure method of getting a talk to New York *via* Geneva would be to speak over the telephone all the way into a powerful transmitter at Geneva for broadcasting by short wave to New York. The voice would go over the Gulf of Bothnia to Stockholm, then to the southern tip of Sweden at Trelleborg, across the Baltic to Stralsund, on to Berlin, and then to Geneva. All the way the voice could be amplified by special apparatus, so that it would arrive at full strength at Geneva for broadcasting over the Atlantic.

This was the method that had been planned for my Thursday talk. But, naturally, transmission depended

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upon the co-operation of the national owners of the over-land telephone lines. And this hadn't been obtained. The snag was Germany. The Germans refused to allow my talk to go over their land line between Stralsund and Berlin and Geneva. The Germans had already declared a 'benevolent neutrality' towards the Soviet descent upon Finland. The refusal of their land lines for my broadcast to America was one minor evidence of it. They knew that the story of black Thursday wouldn't add lustre to the hammer and sickle, to say the least ! Of course, the Germans hadn't seen my story beforehand, but they knew what had happened, and they knew, furthermore, that just a bare recital of the facts would react unfavourably upon the Soviet. Hence their refusal to lend their co-operation in allowing my talk to go over the German telephone system.

Accordingly the Finns had decided as a desperate measure to let me try their short-wave transmitter for my broadcast. Naturally they wanted the story to get to America. So I talked into one of Finland's weak short-wave transmitters in the impossible hope that by some miracle Geneva might be able to pick it out of the ether, for rebroadcasting again by short-wave to New York. It would have been simple if Geneva had been able to hear Helsinki. But they had never been able to pick up Helsinki before, and it was a million-to-one chance that they couldn't that Thursday night, as, indeed, proved to be the case.

So I drew a blank after all that trouble and all that exhilarating anticipation. Apparently Dr Heikinheimo, a pessimistic person in general, had been trying to prepare me for disappointment, but, in my self-communion, I hadn't been able to make him out. Even now the full facts dawned on me only as the announcer interpreted the explanation.

On Friday American listeners did hear talks from Helsinki. They were given by high-ranking officials of the Finnish Government. Americans heard them through Swedish intermediation. Across the Gulf of Bothnia in Stockholm the Stockholm radio station picked up the broadcasts and rebroadcast them on the powerful Swedish transmitters.

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The official talks thus went to Swedish radio audiences and to America simultaneously.

In Stockholm subsequently I inquired into Swedish broadcasting co-operation with Finland. I asked an official why my first talk hadn't been picked up and transmitted by the Swedes. It was a post-mortem examination made not on my own behalf, but in connexion with the general problem of Swedish co-operation with Finland. The Finnish Government, I knew, were particularly anxious to see that my talk arrived in America. And they had made a request for Swedish co-operation.

To all such questions the usual Swedish response in these critical times is almost automatic. "Ah," said an official, "we are in a most embarrassing position."

"I know that," I agreed, "but why differentiate between one talk and another?"

"The reason for that is simple," said the official. "An official talk is something that we as a State enterprise couldn't refuse. We put on official pronouncements from other countries. So we could put on an official Finnish pronouncement without endangering our neutrality. Your talk was different. It was a journalistic talk, and, though personally we should like to have furnished co-operation for Finland's sake, officially we couldn't very well lend our broadcasting facilities for such a purpose."

"But the telephones are State enterprises, and you would have furnished those facilities," I persisted.

"Ah, that's different!" said the official, without explaining why.

The official, with Swedish caution, then added that he hesitated even to say that the Finnish officials had had any Swedish co-operation in the relaying of their broadcasts.

"You see, it is all so embarrassing to us, with Russia and Germany. So very embarrassing."

And he shook his head in a deprecatory way.

The Germans, as a matter of fact, are pretty liberal in not interfering with telephonic communication across German territory. From America one can get a German on the telephone quickly and without difficulty, and speak



FINNISH SENTRY

Three witnesses of the firing at Malmö
(See page 207)

3-0

RUSSIAN PRISONERS

Photo Pressens Bild, Stockholm





THE SYSTERBÄCK, FRONTIER RIVER BETWEEN RUSSIA AND FINLAND

This was the scene of the Munkki incident, and is one of the points at which the Russians invaded Finland

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without interruption. Similarly in Europe I have spoken across Germany without interruption, even when sending newspaper messages that weren't particularly flattering to the Germans.

But the Finns were too embarrassed in their German relations to enter into negotiations with the Germans for the use of their telephone system in transmitting my radio talk to the Geneva broadcasting station. Dr Heikinheimo had said, "I hope you won't say anything bad about the Germans, otherwise they won't let us use their land wires."

Accordingly it was left to the American end to argue the Germans into consent. This was obtained for Saturday, and I then gave this talk, which was duly heard in America:

All's quiet here in Helsinki to-day. But the worst is expected out of the air to-morrow—in fact, throughout Finland. And a proclamation is speeding to-night to all the towns and cities exhorting everybody who can to get out. Helsinki itself is only half empty. I still see many women and children around. They are calmer than ever—because all the panicky ones have left already. But they are unusually alert, these remaining Finns. It's a peculiar alertness that comes over life under death-dealing skies. One car seems to be cocked all the time. At one of the shops still open I saw this alertness in the attitude of the clerks. It isn't fear by any means—attenuated Helsinki is grim in its wakefulness. Yet how polite the people remain! After serving me an old lady said to-day, "Thank you so much, and God bless you for the day." For the day! Sufficient unto it!

This quiet—is Russia trying terror by respite? I asked the question in my newspaper, but I don't think this is the reason for the quiet.

Are the Russians thinking over the technique of their air fighting? Perhaps—in view of Finland's successful defence work.

The Finns count Russian losses in two days' bombing at twenty-three 'planes. A good batting average for the Finns—the work of some of those fine anti-aircraft guns out of Sweden. Also, of course, the work of Finnish airmen. Yesterday there was a fierce riposte from the Finnish aviators when the Russians came over an industrial centre in Eastern Finland. Eleven

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were downed out of twelve. I can't check on that. But what we see here is proof of good aircraft defence. Out of eight visitants in one of the raids on Helsinki on Friday three were brought down.

Yes, the Russians may be thinking up another mode of air attack. But Helsinki's respite may be due to quite another reason. It may be due to the fact that Helsinki is still being evacuated of Germans. There's a German ship in harbour, with some Russians aboard too. I hardly think it's possible to *Bremen* her any longer. Already German property in Helsinki has been damaged severely. And, curiously enough, the Russians have scored their best hit so far on the local German school.

The sea has been equally quiet, though to-night I seem to hear some ructions. Yesterday the Finns couldn't make out what had happened to the Russian cruiser attacking Hangö. It was banging away at the Hangö forts—those precious forts situated at the mouth of Finland that Mr Stalin wants—those forts that in Russian possession could squeeze the life, let alone the sovereignty, out of Finland. It's now said on German authority that the replying forts hit that Russian cruiser.

On land heavy fighting rages on the Karelian Isthmus and north of Lake Ladoga. But the Finns, true to the national character, won't admit a casualty, though there are admissions of strategic retreats. I can imagine—from my visit to the front Wednesday—that withdrawals are destined to straighten out the line in the isthmus.

Doubtless you are equipped now with detailed maps of Finland. From them you will see that the Finnish border cuts the isthmus west-south-west. At the Gulf end of the frontier it dips to within twenty miles of Leningrad. This is where the withdrawals have been. We expected these withdrawals when we were there Wednesday—just to straighten out the line.

Also Mr Paasikivi in Moscow was perfectly willing to discuss the rectification of the frontier. He told me himself before the war started. He just boggled at giving away bases all around Finland.

Even now the Finns haven't cut away any line to peace—witness to-night's appeal to the League of Nations.

But Stalin seems adamant; he's just concluded a mutual-assistance pact—with himself. I mean with the so-called

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Finnish Government that he's just set up. Its *situs* is at Terijoki—one of those isthmian places on the Gulf from which the Finns have withdrawn.

Of course, this puppet Government remains in Moscow. Not one of the members of this Government has been in Finland, it is said, for twenty years. I don't know about that. All I know is that the head of it, Kuusinen, is in charge of the Scandinavian Department of the Third International.

So far the Finns are as united as *any* people can be—under a Government that's right here in Helsinki.

It was again 1.46 A.M. Finnish time when I gave this talk. I went back to the Hotel Kämp for a little sleep, and then, as I explain in a previous chapter, I joined the train which was taking away the evacuees on Sunday morning. No sooner had I got to my hotel in Aabo than Dr Heikinheimo was on the telephone saying that the Germans had reaffirmed the use of their land lines for another talk. Would I at once contact the Aabo studio? I did, and found the studio under the direction of Hungo Yalkenen, who was as agreeable as Dr Heikinheimo, and just as embarrassed over his lack of English. He got a Swede from the Aabo Akademie, Professor H. W. Donner, to be intermediary. Professor Donner, as a matter of fact, was the English adviser of the Aabo branch of the Yleisradio.

Professor Donner was the kind of foreigner educated in England who tries to out-English the English, even after he has left that country. I thought at first he was English, and pure Oxonian at that. His visiting-card rubbed in his Englishry by giving an Oxford address, and his stationery added to the advertisement by showing the superscription of the Finnish-British Society. Everybody is said to have a twin, and in him I saw the appearance and manner of Professor G. E. G. Catlin.

With Professor Donner I had a nightly 'spat' over what I should say to America. The Finns, who have a high respect for learning and educators, used to look on amazed. But my arguments were justifiable, I think. For Professor Donner tried to be my heavy-handed censor.

He wouldn't let me say that I was speaking from Aabo.

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It had to be 'somewhere in Finland.' Mention of Aabo might give away the location of the studio to the Russian airmen.

"They are only twenty minutes away, you know," he would say.

Nor would he let me say, in an effort to get around this difficulty, that on the way to the studio I had had dinner at Aabo.

"No, you can't say that. Better change the place name to Salo."

Then he didn't want me to mention the Hotel Kämp at Helsinki.

"They'd simply swoop down on the hotel and put it out of business."

To all these objections I agreed, sometimes by persuasion and sometimes under duress. Yes, he used duress. He threatened to cut me off the air if I didn't abide by his decisions. At first the schoolmaster in him couldn't understand my awkwardness, since his word for years had been law among the education-revering Finns. Later, feeling that he had the whip hand, he used to chuckle over our arguments in our post-talk conversational moments. But one evening I called his bluff, and I found it was only bluff. He forbade me to say that one of the theories said to govern Soviet Russian action in Finland was the conviction that Sweden wouldn't make common cause with Finland.

"That might offend Sweden."

I insisted on leaving the remark in the manuscript. He said he would cut me off the air, but I dared him to, and he relented.

"It's perfectly all right to give the Finnish casualties, I suppose, if I can get them from Helsinki to-night," I said one day.

"Oh, dear, no!" replied the professor. "Moreover, you'll never get them. If the Government had to give out the list the entire country would rise up in their wrath and march on Leningrad."

Much as I admired Finland, I couldn't very well imagine

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such a *dénouement*. But casualties apparently were not discussable on the air.

"What about saying something about the need for hospital supplies?"

"Better not," said the professor. "You see, that would encourage the Russians."

He didn't even wish me to draw any deductions about what the Russians were after at Petsamo.

In the intervals of this 'spatting' I sat at the professor's feet about Finland. Those intervals for me were both pleasant and profitable. Not too pleasant, for he had a habit of making your flesh creep. Every night he used to hand down an opinion with the gravity of a judge that the next day the Russians would fill Aabo with gas. And I still hadn't a gas-mask! Yet he had so little fear that I am sure he is foremost to-day in good works in besieged Aabo. I could never quite forgive him, though. For he would make me thoroughly out of sorts by the time I had to start giving my talks. Apart from his over-scrupulous censoring, he used to deliberate over the script right up to the last moment, and consequently I had to fill in the blanks with conversational bridges.

Of three broadcasts that I was to give from Aabo only two were actually delivered. The second was cancelled for some reason which I never subsequently discovered. The two delivered talks, both received in America, follow. The first:

This is H. B. Elliston, special correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor*, somewhere in Finland—I'm not allowed to say where. But I'm not in Helsinki any more—I left on Sunday morning.

Getting out of Helsinki gets you out of hotel life. That hotel is the unofficial gathering-place for all manner of folk, official and unofficial, as well as the headquarters of the entire world's Press. Newspaper-men come in waves—and in varied martial attire, ready for the best in war news—for which they've starved in France. They now find official news organized and channelled within those bewildered portals. And for that reason you can easily get immured—journalistically as well as

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physically. From there, anyway, I got away Sunday morning

I am still in close touch with the capital, though. And there's been nothing doing there. The only items of news about Helsinki are, first, a welcome item, that it's snowing—Finland depends a lot on General Snow to bog down the Russians and to hold back the Russian airmen. Second item, more ominous, is that the German boat has left the harbour, the boat which, in the opinion of more and more people, is restraining another air attack on Helsinki.

It was so deathly quiet in the capital Sunday morning that I decided to take a little trip along the Gulf of Finland—the stretch of water that the Russians are trying to turn into a Soviet lake. Nothing happened there either—and nothing is reported from *there* to-day. Except that I hear from an American friend from Esthonia, who's just landed in Finland from Tallinn, that *it was* the *Kirov*—pride of Russia's Baltic fleet—that was hit on Friday. She had two *great* holes in her, and had to be towed into Tallinn. He saw it. That's a good mark for the truthfulness of the military spokesman at the hotel in Helsinki. Not to mention, of course, the forts at Hangö.

En route to any sea fighting that was going on, I wanted to talk to the people, particularly the refugees streaming out of the towns and cities. If perchance I could find anybody who had seen the Russian machine-gunning Thursday and Friday, so much the better.

I talked to a number of Finns through a Swedish interpreter. Finns used to be trilingual—Finnish for use in the home, Swedish to make money in, and Russian to listen to what their enemies are up to. Swedish is one of the two official languages. And Russian is still understood, by the way, by the older generation. Alas! We didn't find an eyewitness to the machine-gunning, though I'm on the track of an Englishman who is reported to have seen it. However, there's such a thing as circumstantial evidence. And here is the submission of some of that commodity: The refugees didn't say, "I heard" about the machine-gunning. They talk about the machine-gunning as a fact. And they all give the same account. It was done last Thursday and Friday—on Thursday in Helsinki proper and on Friday just outside, at Haaga.

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Now the Russians insist on the radio to-day that in all this they are simply *educating* the Finns. It's an old word in a new meaning. Much the same use of it was made in connexion with the demands presented to Finland in Moscow. Last week I asked Mr Paasikivi how Mr Stalin *explained* the demands on Finland. "Oh! He tried to teach me the wisdom of them, in Finland's interest," said Mr Paasikivi. This is the course that was continued in the leaflet-dropping. But it back-fired—even among the mild Finnish Leftists—when machine-gunning sought to put in the lesson. Now they say in the refugee trains, "So the Russians want to educate *us*. Do they mean *us*?" One man added, "Let's only think about it, not talk about it." They mean let it burn into a white heat of resolution. And in the towns the soldiers are still singing, as they march, a rollicking song called *Let's take our Holy Oath*. Indubitably the Russian education has back-fired.

The theory is that three assumptions governed Stalin in making war on Finland. One was that Finland was on the brink of bankruptcy. Second, that Sweden wouldn't make common cause with Finland. Third, that Finland would fly apart at the burst of the first bomb. Yesterday I tried to look into the third assumption that the Finns would fly apart. And on the basis of *my* observation I must say that *I* can't see the evidence. On the refugee trains the people speak of the present leaders, Mannerheim and Ryti, with veneration.

To one of the more educated Finns I expressed some surprise that a military directory hadn't been set up. "But we are a democracy in this country," he replied, in some surprise. And it's a pretty advanced sort of democracy, this Finland. And an example: on the eastern front in Karelia last Wednesday I ate my midday meal with the officers in a barn about a mile back of the front line. And I found that officers and men have precisely the same simple meal. That's a tradition—part of the tradition which makes landowners and labourers in Finland eat at the same table. Officers and men don't eat together, it's true, but you'd find them cheek by jowl in the same restaurant car on the Leningrad express.

So we arrived here. "Here there are no tears," said one of these quiet people, in reply to our questions. I'm glad I left Helsinki to talk to them. But I will have to leave my further impressions for a future talk, for my time's up.

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And the second :

This is H. B. Elliston, special correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor*, still attached to Finland. It's an attachment that thrives in bomb-cellars. These cellars are called—quite horrendously—*vueslosueya*, or something like it. At any rate, life among the Finns these days has to be lived in them intermittently.

I had such an experience last night. On the way to this station I stopped off for dinner at a place called Salo. It's just around the bend of the Gulf of Finland. Looking west, it steps on to a barren archipelago. And at the farthest end of that archipelago is the Aaland group of islands. These are the islands that Russia *months ago* wouldn't let the Finns fortify. Another bit of evidence, by the way, that Stalin's Baltic design was formed *long* before he gave Hitler the signal to go. The Finns have just mined around the Aalands now. That's looking *west* to—Sweden. Looking *south*, there's the mouth of the Gulf of Finland. It's sixty miles across to Baltiski, in now Russianized Esthonia—jumping-off place for Russian 'planes in their thirty-minute flight to the south coast.

But to get back to what my interpreter calls "ze bomb-safe," and the way the Finns are getting used to them. During last night's dinner we were driven twice into the hotel's shelter by air-raid alarms. The shelter became uncomfortably full, as other people drove in from the streets. But otherwise the wait was *quite* companionable. And if this is the sort of life I'm to lead, well, I want no better subterranean fellow-travellers than the Finns.

They aren't talkative, these Finns. In fact, they're silent, in the sense of being quiet, and somewhat stony-visaged to boot. But they have a spicy sense of humour when they *do* talk, just the same—contrary to the Swedes—spicier because they don't bat an eyelash when they crack a joke. Well, their humour came out quickly in that cellar. I was lamenting that the only thing I'd brought down was the table napkin. Then a Finn produced two local newspapers. One showed that the Finns as a people have burned no bridges. For this paper played up as main feature the support for the Finnish case of—Ecuador. There wasn't anything funny about *that* to my com-

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panions. But the other paper *did* touch their risibilities. And the editor meant it to. There was a pageful of pictures of the bombing. And under the picture of a partly demolished church—Lutheran; the Finns are Lutheran—the caption read, “The Russians only bomb aerodromes.” That’s what they’ve been saying on the radio to the Finnish people. Commented one of the crowd, “We ought to send away the churches, not the women and children, and then we might be safe.”

Well, General Snow has been much in evidence to-day. It’s turned to rain in Helsinki. Out in Karelia there’s heavy snow, and fighting hasn’t even got to the Finnish Maginot Line, it’s said.

Talking about this line, I don’t know whether you know it—every Finn does—but a plan of those defence works is said to be in Russian hands. It was an individual German gift by way of celebrating the Hitler-Stalin pact. You see, the Germans helped the Finns build ’em. The giver was General Arnické. But he’s no more. In German-officer tradition the General’s fellow-officers gave him a gift in place of the plans—a Browning pistol, and told him he knew what to do with it. He did.

However, plans, though useful, are nevertheless made of paper, and in Karelia steamrollers, Russian or any other, have to go over something more concrete than paper. The heavy snow comes as a reinforcement of those obstructions in stalemating the Russian advance.

Up in Petsamo, where no news can be checked, the Russians have made an enfilading movement—trying to bottle up Finland’s exit to the world through the Arctic Ocean. But the Finn is reported to have foiled the invader.

No air raids to-day, and so the Finns are enjoying a news item that the frozen ground in the north makes it very difficult for the Finns to bury the invading Russians. But I dare say they’d enjoy the item just the same if we’d had raids, for they seem to expect some incidental music to-morrow, when the Finns celebrate their independence.

After every broadcast a Finnish news agency used to take the script and reprint the talk in the Finnish newspapers. Accordingly I got some Finnish fan-mail. One of the

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letters was an open letter to Secretary Hull, and ran as follows :

AN OPEN LETTER TO MR CORDELL HULL

With deep gratitude have I heard that you, as a well-wishing, honest American, have already considered the possibilities of reconstruction of Europe after madness has passed over.

A few words in explanation in our case.

We in Finland are not fighting against honest warriors, but against a mad giant, whose ways and means are thoroughly Asiatic.

Our task is great, but every man in this country knows that if we lose there will be nothing left. I sincerely wish that you in America, who have the heart in the right place, will try to do something to help us to prevent this to happen.

May the Almighty help that there will never come the day when the little ones who are left will look up to humanity and ask for their raped mothers and destroyed fathers.

Give us modern airplanes for a long credit, and we shall never lose.

LAURI NILA

Innumerable Finlanders I met through this short experience in telling the American radio audience about the first days of the war in Finland. The experience brought me very close to Finland and the Finns. Indeed, I was loath to leave the country, and before I left I inquired of the American Red Cross whether I could be of any service. I had had a letter from Eliot Wadsworth, vice-chairman of the society, before I left America asking me to send over any data about Polish refugees in Finland. There were no Polish refugees in Finland, but there were now plenty of Finnish refugees. Even before the war most of the frontier region had been cleared out. One could foresee that, apart from casualties, Finland would soon be in great need in taking care of a refugee population from the invaded regions. Accordingly I asked my office to send my request to Mr Wadsworth, but the reply they got

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from him was that the Red Cross were rushing medical supplies to the Finnish Red Cross, but were planning no independent activities. All that seems to have been changed since those early days by the insistence of humanitarian America on all manner of aid to hard-pressed Finland.

CHAPTER XIII

OBSERVATIONS FROM STOCKHOLM

If it were done when 'tis done,
Then 'twere well it were done quickly.

Macbeth, Act 1, Scene 7

THE title of this book was originally destined to be *Finnish Interlude*. However, an interlude suggests something brief, transitory, and relatively unimportant. Finland, it is true, was something brief in my life, but my projected title probably would have suggested that the Finnish struggle itself was an interlude. And it has already proved to be anything but that. Indeed, as I write this last chapter, six weeks after Soviet Russia descended upon Finland, circumstances are arising to show that the Finnish war contains all the potentialities actually to absorb and expand and bring to a head the greater European war.

Even the contest as a contest cannot be thought of in terms of an interlude. Already the Finns are fighting a Homeric or a Runeberg war. Deeds of outstanding valour are reported daily in the world's Press. Generalship of a high order marks the winning of every battle. Says the military correspondent of the *London Times*:

If one takes care to avoid exaggerating the successes of the Finns for fear of causing subsequent disappointments, one generally finds that one has in fact underestimated the exploits of these magnificent warriors.

As for the people themselves, their morale remains unshaken, in spite of the constant pounding by the Russian bombers. The Finns, in sum, are fighting as if they are going to win.

Yet the fighting Finns feel in their bones that they are bound to lose. They never say so. Finland volunteers

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returning on a mission to Stockholm tell me that a sort of convention makes the issue of the struggle taboo in Army conversation. But the kind of conflict that is being waged in Finland to-day is tragically familiar in the race memory of the Finns. In 1808-9, for instance. In campaigns which are vividly recalled by the present war they won battle after battle. Alas! every victory was a Pyrrhic victory, the reason being that their numerical weakness was not able to cope with Slavic fecundity. With rapidly thinning ranks they had to turn again and again to fight an enemy who had repaired his casualties out of vast human resources.

The same fearful discrepancy between Finn and Muscovite prevails in the present struggle. Odds in figures of population are 50 to 1. In armies the odds are 10 to 1, for only the Soviet's Western Army of 3,000,000 could be employed against the Finns' 300,000. But you come back to the 50 to 1 when you think in terms of rival air forces. It is said that half the Soviet's fleet of 10,000 machines are now available for attacking Finland. And at any time the whole of that fleet might be thrown against Finland in an effort to blot out Finnish resistance. Finland, on her side, entered the war with only 200 'planes, or 1 to 50.

These odds are never far from the knowledgeable calculations of Stockholm. They were brought roughly but vividly home to me one day at lunch in the Swedish capital. Somebody had calculated that Finland was losing only 1 to 25 Russians lost. A mathematician chimed in: "That's not enough," he said; "at only that rate when all Finland has been slaughtered there will still be a hundred million Russians left."

It sounded terribly effective to account for 25 to 1, till you heard the mathematician look to the end.

And it is the air warfare that counts. Finland has thrown back the Russian legions, including the *élite* troops, as, for instance, Moscow's 44th at Suomussalmi; she has kept Russian naval craft away from her shores; but she cannot arrest the indiscriminate bombing of women and children and undefended Finland. Successes of this description are the only 'victories' that Stalin can record after over six

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weeks of fighting. It is a sorry record, barbaric and altogether uncivilized ; but a record nevertheless.

That a people feel they are bound to lose and yet are fighting as if they are going to win is what makes up the miracle of fighting Finland.

How shall we account for the miracle ? Some observers mentioned elsewhere in this volume suggest that the Finns are cocksure. One may try to trace Finnish character in the history of the Fenno-Russian conflict, but the totality doesn't make cocksureness. A lack of resiliency, perhaps, marked the diplomacy with Moscow. A lack of perception, perhaps, made the Finns unduly confident that the breakdown in negotiations would not bring on immediate war. Certainly the contest itself brought on an irresolute moment while the ordinarily slow-thinking Finns were habituating themselves to the new facts which Soviet Russia had brought with their bombs. But then—then all Finland went through a mighty girding of loins, and every ounce of effort of every Finn seemed to swing into action with a phlegmatic, relentless, and fatalistic determination. The struggle became a struggle to the death in the tradition of Runeberg.

A story may illustrate this all-in Finnish effort. One day I was talking to Minister Erkko in his private office in the Stockholm legation. The telephone bell rang, and Mr Erkko began to talk in Finnish. He talked and talked, argued and argued, expostulated and expostulated. Then he put down the receiver, exhausted.

"I am sorry," he said, "but that's a sailor on one of our cargo boats in Stockholm. They've got orders to sail some time next week. He just can't understand why he is not allowed to go back to Finland and fight. He or one of his mates calls me up every day. I just can't make them understand they are serving their country just as much by sailing on that cargo boat as if they were at the front. One of them will come back again at me to-morrow."

As Mr Erkko mopped his brow I reflected not less upon Finnish democracy than upon the Finnish national effort.

History should have prepared the onlooker for this kind of utter resistance. In the war of 1808-9, when Finland

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passed from the Swedish to the Russian crown, the Swedes threw up the sponge before the Finns. The Finns continued to fight the Russians till they had almost bled to death. This was the foretaste of that terrible obstinacy of the present-day Finns which gives a new meaning to action. Cromwell counselled, "Look to the end," but the Finns are putting all their energies into action without thought of the upshot of their action.

The miracle of fighting a lost cause as if the cause is going to be won is to be explained in terms of *sisu*.¹ Finland is a nation full of *sisu*.

In another chapter I wrote of the Finnish *sissi-men*, and the amusement which the phrase creates among Americans whenever they read it in Swedish headlines. The phrase derives from this Finnish word *sisu*. *Sisu* is one of those untranslatable words which require one almost to be born with the language to appreciate. The nearest one can get to its meaning is 'guts,' or 'bowels,' as Cromwell used that expressive word.

But Finnish guts called *sisu* is *sui generis*. It goes back to Finnish history. For centuries Finland has been a battleground for Swede and Russian, and in the process the Finns have been beaten down and trampled upon. Their very right to live, therefore, seems to come from an ever-present awareness that any day they might have to take up arms in defence of that right.² Such a feeling breeds *sisu*.

¹ It is time to say something about the Finnish language. Hardly a word of Finnish is recognizable by any Swedish-, German-, or Russian-speaking person. Grammar and syntax are extraordinarily complicated. There are no articles, no gender, no letters *b*, *c*, *f*, *g*, or *w*, and no prepositions, their place being taken by fifteen case-endings. By way of compensation Finnish is relatively easy to pronounce. The stress is on the first syllable of each word—unlike the Swedish, in which stress is on the last. Every written letter is articulated. Long vowels and consonants are indicated by double letters, the Finnish *y* is roughly the German *ü*, and the *ä* and *ö* are not unlike broader versions of German modified vowels. For the technical part of this explanation I drew upon J. Hampden Jackson's book *Finland*.

² After these lines were written former Foreign Minister Sandler of Sweden said almost the same thing in a speech delivered at Harnosand on January 20. In explaining why Sweden was not psychologically 'ready' in the same sense that Finland was ready, he said, "After the fight for independence Finland never lost the thought, 'Maybe we will have to fight all over again; maybe there will be a new and more difficult time before Finland's freedom is completely established.'"

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But one cannot leave Finnish *sisu* only as the residuum—rather, the heritage—of a race memory. There are more elements in *sisu*. You find an earthiness in the Finnish character, a fierce clinging to nature, which makes them fight for the soil whereof they are part. Finland still is a peasant civilization. Taste has been coming with the marvellous reconstruction of the country, but one must still think of Finland as peasant. Let us, then, put the soil among the constituents of *sisu*.

Patriotism, of course, contributes to *sisu*. It is the spiritual link with Finland which my story of the sailor's telephone conversation with Mr Erkko illustrated.

But there is a proprietorial quality in Finnish patriotism.

An early Finnish writer, antedating the philosophical radicals of the latter part of the eighteenth century, wrote that

the state is like a pair of scales. If the liberty of one or several rises too high in one scale it can never happen otherwise than by the sinking of the others too low in serfdom.

The Republic has paid heed to this injunction. Patriotism in the new Finland has been buttressed powerfully by the way the Republic has satisfied Finnish land-hunger.

Even the new industrialization is what J. Hampden Jackson calls "capitalism in peasant dress." And it is burgeoning in Finland without the ruthlessness of the industrial beginnings in Western Europe and the United States. I mean that Finnish industrialization is tested in the scales recommended by that early Finnish writer lest there should be too much of a departure from social equalitarianism.

In this patriotism you will observe the quality of democracy. And, of all peoples, the Finns have never been "unequal to the exertion necessary for preserving liberty," the specification of John Stuart Mill for a democratic safeguard.

So the Finns are now fighting for an estate they are coming more and more to own individually. This proprietorial stake in Finland provides another constituent for Finnish *sisu*.

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Finally, religion is a tremendous factor in Finnish *sisu*. Finland is a nation of Lutherans. But there's an evangelical strain in Finnish Lutheranism which you don't get in the more decorous Swedish Lutheranism. Waves of revivalism periodically hit the country. Lutheranism in Finland is thus at bottom a simple pietism. Pietism has come out again in this war, though not yet stridently. Evening prayers at the Finnish front, no matter what the situation, remind the Briton of Cromwellian England. And the ferocity of the Finns' post-prayer fighting is just as vivid a reminder of the incredible feats of arms with which the Roundheads smote their enemies after they had had spiritual refreshment.

Stalin seems never to have appreciated Finnish *sisu*. Quite naturally. The Communist type of mind is peculiar in that by dehumanizing the individual it comes gradually to be unimaginative, robot-like, even aperceptive. There is not the slightest understanding of the force of human emotions. One had noticed before that Moscow had underrated the fighting quality produced in general by patriotism and religion. It was therefore natural that the much more human make-up of *sisu* should be utterly incomprehensible to Moscow with their single-track minds. They simply marked out Finland for Poland's fate by a kind of law of Communist inevitability.

There had to be a method of subduing Finland, of course. And Stalin showed his respect for the Hitler way of doing things by following his example with almost doglike fidelity. There was the same diplomatic bludgeoning of the contemplated victim. There was the same Press and sewer-like tirades on the radio. There was the same buying up of currency in the victim's country. The first two parallels are obvious enough. Nothing has been written about the third, and we may pause to see what happened.

Before the Germans crossed the Polish border zlotys were bought up in millions, and they were paid out to the population for supplies as territory fell into German hands. The object was to win over the population without too much trouble. In Finland, I was told, Soviet agents were buying

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up Finnish currency by the million during the week before the Mainila incident of November 26. The figure given to me was fifty million Finnmarks, or about a million dollars.¹

Then there were the trumped-up incidents which Stalin copied from the Hitler model. This was the penultimate stage of war. War itself came in both cases with no preliminary of a declaration, just with the bare denunciation of a non-aggression pact. Stalin might plead that in the making of war without a declaration he was following the example of Alexander I! At the same time he was keeping faithfully to the Hitler technique.

In only one respect did Stalin keep Bolshevist precedent. In 1920 Moscow pushed the puppet Government of Djerzhinsky and Radek into Poland behind the Bolshevik invaders. This was a real Soviet patent. It was later applied, to my knowledge, in Outer Mongolia. The idea is based upon either the belief or the pretension that the people are waiting to be delivered from their own 'oppressors.' In this respect the Bolsheviks invoked their own precedent in their descent upon Finland by squeezing Kuusinen's Government just across the frontier on the Karelian Isthmus.

This is the step-by-step technique that in Germany's case prepared the way for a *Blitzkrieg*. Hitler pulled off his *Blitzkrieg*. Poland, with a population of 35,000,000, caved in in nineteen days. Clearly Stalin also planned a *Blitzkrieg* as a follow-up of his slavish imitation of Hitler. And he expected it to succeed in a walkover in Polish style. Time and again radio and Press in Moscow warned the Finns of the fate of the Poles.

Stalin, indeed, wouldn't have started a campaign in December if he hadn't thought in terms of a *Blitzkrieg*.

Some of Russia's greatest victories have been won with the help of General Janvier and General Février. The ice helps the slow-moving Russians to move. But General Décembre handicaps even a Russian attack. December

¹ The first mention of this mopping up of Finnish currency before the war appeared subsequently in *Dagens Nyheter* on January 23. The figure given in that paper was thirty million Finnmarks. It was said that a lot of it was retrieved when the 44th Division was routed at Suomussalmi.

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snow lying deep on the frontier bogs down transport, but assists the far more skilful Finnish skiers, whose army, moreover, are less dependent upon mechanized warfare. And the ice on "the country of a thousand lakes"—60,000, to be less inexact—is not thick enough in December to bear the weight of war vehicles.

Certainly the campaign was planned without reference to General Décembre. It was planned as a lightning stroke which wouldn't require more than the display of military operations to succeed. Stalin thought in terms of a *Blitzkrieg* destined to conquer Finland by the shock of an initial invasion coupled with terror from the skies and aided by a population who, "in friendly co-operation," as Molotoff put it, were anxious to welcome the invader.

Well, it didn't come off. General Snow helped the Finns as gallantly as General Mud had refused to come to Polish assistance. It was the perfect 'Narva weather' which aided Charles XII when he beat the Russians in a snowstorm on the Esthonian border of Russia.¹

Still the *sisu* of Finland required only minimum assistance from General Snow. It was this *sisu* that really discomfited the Russians. Finland, with a population of 4,000,000, was still resisting Russian invasion after sub-zero weather had packed down the snow and thickened the ice enough to make roadways out of Finland's lakes. Stalin seemed as far off victory after he had spent three times the period which Hitler occupied in beating Poland.

The Finns, incidentally, showed quiet satisfaction when they had passed the nineteenth day of resistance. It was the Russians, not the Finns, who that day were in retreat. A colleague of mine 'phoned to me from the northern base at Rovaniemi on the twentieth day, and said, "Old Wallenius [the Finnish general] blew in to-day, and chortled and rubbed his hands with glee that the Finns had outlasted the Poles."

What was technically wrong with Stalin is equally as interesting as what was right with the Finns. A *Blitzkrieg* required the perfect co-ordination which the Germans had

¹ Narva weather continued, in point of fact, into January.

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shown against Poland. The military, I understand, were ready to march against Poland on August 24, but they waited for the political arm to come abreast of their preparations, and then the soldiers crossed the Polish border on September 1. It was perfected organization evidently. How long this kind of political and military co-ordination in Germany can last may be questionable. But it was in working order, according to all accounts, in the Polish campaign.

The Soviet, on the contrary, is subject to a fatal duality of control between the political and military arms. On the naval vessels, for instance, there is a commissar and a naval officer on the bridge. It all depends upon circumstances who is *primus inter pares*. It must have been the politician, for instance, who brought the *Kirov*, pride of Russia's Baltic fleet, so close to the Hangö batteries on December 1.¹

The entire campaign, as a matter of fact, seems to have started with the politicians in charge. Stalin appears to have ignored military advice, and to have given the politicians their head. The story as I get it is that Meritzoff, former Soviet Assistant Chief of Staff, was in command of the 7th Red Army Corps 'concentrated,' as Molotoff said about the Finns, on the Karelian frontier. He is reputed to have advised delay until enough Red troops had been concentrated to outnumber the Finns three to one. But he was overruled. Stalin instead took the advice of political leaders who insisted on immediate action without this military preparation.

This division of counsel among the military and political wings in Moscow is attested by the stories of scattered prisoners taken by the Finns. Here is an account by the Russian-speaking Edmund Stevens, the Baltic correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor*, who took over from me when I left Finland, writing in the issue of December 15:

The men questioned belonged to the 4th Company, 7th Infantry Regiment, 19th Army Corps. They were all peasants

¹ See Chapter VI.

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—collective farmers—from Leningrad region. They had been totally unprepared for real war. "Our political commissar told us," they said, "that we would be in Helsinki by December 21, Stalin's birthday." The Red Army, we were told, planned to make Stalin a birthday present of Finland.

Russian experts tell me that Stalin, Molotoff, and Voroshiloff are the direct antithesis of Trotsky adventurists. They are supreme opportunists who will never venture to make a move without being sure beforehand that it will turn out successfully. In this case, however, they launched an adventure which Trotsky probably would have been ashamed of—an adventure which was a classic illustration of a blunder worse than a crime. Whence the mistake?

The fact seems to be that Stalin overruled the Meritzoffs on the advice of three men. One was Zhdanoff, the boss of Leningrad, who succeeded the murdered Kirov. Another was Kuusinen, who became head of the puppet Finnish Government set up as soon as the Russian had squeezed across the Karelian frontier. And the third was Dereviansky, the Russian Minister to Helsinki. All three seem to have assured him that "White Finland" would break up at the first shock of invasion. As I write, the most condign punishment is said to be awaiting all three of these soothsayers. Significantly Zhdanoff didn't call on Stalin on his sixtieth birthday.

Zhdanoff, young and an *arriviste*, is linked with Andrieff as the leader of the adventurist wing among the Stalinists. Moreover, he is said to be the voice of Leningrad.

Sometimes, indeed, you will hear the Finnish campaign described as a Leningrad party. At any rate, the Soviet Union is almost as subject as old Tsarist Russia to Russian centrifugalism. In addition, it is still as potentially revolutionary as ever. In Finland one heard that Leningrad was all worked up about the menace to Leningrad arising from the European conflict and what they thought to be Finnish complicity in the brooding anti-Stalinism. Evidently Zhdanoff was the expression of Leningrad fears. He seems to have assured Stalin that Finland would be such an easy mark that he might just as well forget Meritzoff.

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Zhdanoff was supported by Kuusinen. Kuusinen is the head of the Scandinavian Department of the Third International. Twenty years ago he was expelled from Finland when Finland threw out the Reds and became free and independent. On both sides there was a good deal of cruelty in that campaign. 'Thousands of Reds are said to have been left to starve to death in concentration camps, though Finland at that time had little food even for the non-combatants. The memory of those days seems to have survived in the surprise of Russians in the present campaign that they aren't killed after being taken prisoners. Obviously they expected to be killed. At any rate, Kuusinen twenty years ago is said to have been subjected to torture. His bitterness and his lack of knowledge of present-day Finland and his fanatical one-track mind produced the 'expert' counsel to support Zhdanoff that Finland was awaiting the Soviet 'deliverer.'

A Swede in the legation at Helsinki said to me that a Russian *attaché* had told him that on Kuusinen's assurance the Russians expected revolts to break out all over Finland on the heels of invasion.

The worst misinformant of all from Stalin's point of view was his own Minister to Helsinki, Dereviansky. In Helsinki, I was told, he scarcely left the legation. He could speak only Russian, and the Finns assure me that all his information came from a few disgruntled Finns, to whom wish was father to the thought, and his own snoopers. Dereviansky seems to have supplied a third reinforcement for Zhdanoff and Kuusinen in assurances to Stalin of a walkover.

I write elsewhere of the keyhole activity on the part of Soviet agents. Apart from the contorted view of the general situation which such agents get at the keyhole, this occupation leaves them no time for either reading or observation.

Soviet agents, I suggest, would have obtained far more useful information about Finland just by reading the amazingly comprehensive reports of the Bank of Finland. How silly were Soviet reports on the Finnish economy is indicated in a translation I obtained of a report on Finnish economy appearing in the *Izvestia* of November 29.

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Izvestia showed in a farrago of nonsense that the Finnish Press was concealing the "catastrophic situation of Finnish national economy and growing poverty and unemployment." The article was entitled, "Burr in the saddle of Finnish economy." There was a burr all right, but it seems to have been situated in the editorial chair of *Izvestia*.

Soviet agents were so absorbed in their snooping into personal affairs that apparently they knew nothing even about Helsinki's anti-aircraft defence. Mr Erkkö questions, indeed, whether they knew much about Finnish mobilization.

And so, the *Blitzkrieg* having failed, the man in the Kremlin has transformed his expedition of deliverance into the kind of war destined to leave the people only their eyes to weep with. There are no Hoover restraints attached to Stalin's warmaking—in fact, no restraints at all. For days in a row bombs, explosive or incendiary, are dropped on undefended towns by the hundred. Imagination cannot cope with the horror of it. Bagehot says mankind suffers from lack of imagination, anyway; and in modern times what imagination we have has been blunted by horror piled on horror.¹

The spectacle is watched in Stockholm with increasing apprehension. Swedes are wondering what will happen when Finland is overwhelmed. *Sisu* doesn't allow of tame surrender. But it might be expressed among the Finns by a breaking asunder from Finnish *mores*—by the Finns going berserk.

I have seen such typhoons sweep a more constrained people than the Finns. I have seen them sweep the Chinese. And I can envisage such a happening if the Russians in the spring attempt, say, to set fire to Finland's great forests—the source of Finland's wealth—with their incendiary bombs. Finland is making a desperate effort to prevent any such destruction by cutting lanes through these forests and by

¹ Not war in the technical sense of a declaration, though the Finnish people on January 20 were actually warned on the air from Moscow—in Finnish—that if the Finns didn't stop "stealing" Soviet guns the Soviet would declare war on them!

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other anti-fire hazard precautions. But she can spare neither the men nor the time to take anything like adequate steps to safeguard a country which is two-thirds forest.

The Russians are specialists at this kind of destruction, too. A year or so ago they cleared out the Russian Karelian frontier in much the same way, and the smoke from the destruction, I heard, drifted 120 miles over to the Finnish coast towns on the Gulf of Bothnia. If the Finns see their estate put to the torch in this fashion they might easily break all bounds and run amuck.

Or *sisu* might be overborne by a fighting retreat of Finland's army acting as the rearguard of a hegira of the Finnish population into Sweden. This latter possibility, apparently, was hinted at, as I have written elsewhere,¹ in a London *Times* interview with Premier Ryti.

Either event would mean the break-up of a military organization which is altogether admirable. Only in one sense were the Finns in a technical sense prepared adequately for war with Soviet Russia. And that was in the organization of their small military machine.

I have heard it said that a Swiss army officered by Swedes would be unbeatable. But the Swiss, I am told, are trained to harass an enemy only in guerilla warfare. They cannot be said, I mean, to have a military machine as that phrase is understood by strategists. The Finns, however, have such a military machine.

And that machine is unique. The base is modelled on the German Army and upon German efficiency. But the castings and ball-bearings are French. In other words, a French resiliency marks Finnish military organization—a resiliency standing out in marked contrast to the national character. You will notice this combination from the account of my introduction to Finland's frontier force. Heel-clicking, I noticed, went with a democratic ease in the relations between officers and men. For this coupling of German efficiency and French resiliency the credit must go to the Swedo-Finn Mannerheim. He has created a military instrument which seems to have escaped the eye of most

¹ See Chapter III.

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military experts with whom I have talked over military Europe.

The overwhelming of Finland, it seems to me, would instantly break the century and a quarter of peace for Sweden.

I have suggested in other chapters that Stalin's primary motive in attacking Finland was to seal up the Gulf of Finland as a defence measure against what he conceives to be the world's brooding anti-Stalinism. But momentum has its own laws. And Stalin might go on and try to get the Norwegian outlet to the Atlantic at Narvik and so realize the old imperialistic ambition of Tsarist Russia. In taking Narvik the Russians would then be in a position to close up the main outlet of Sweden's Lapland iron ores. And they would be strategically situated on the Bothnian Gulf to oversee the ore shipments in the ice-free period out of Luleå.

No Scandinavian, at any rate, can ignore the possibility of the Russians dragging the entire peninsula into war directly.

But even without that possibility Sweden couldn't help, as I see it, but be embroiled either by Finland streaming over the Swedish border or by a Bolshevized Finland joined politically with the Soviet through the Aalands and physically at the northern frontier.

A miracle, however, might save Finland from the Soviet hosts. God, in the word of a character in *The Green Pastures*, has 'passed' such a miracle before for the benefit of Finland. In the third chapter I told of how Premier Ryti had said that a miracle was responsible for Finnish independence. The Finns prayed that both sides in the World War—and they meant Russia and Germany—would lose. And they both did lose. Another such miracle might supervene to save Finland again. Certainly the miracle of fighting Finland *deserves* another miracle.

Enough foreign help, for instance.

As I write the Finns think they can hold out over the winter in their present set-up. They feel they could hold out longer if they could get more material of the kind necessary for fighting back the attacks on civilian Finland. This is the only 'victory,' as I have said, that Stalin has scored

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up to date. His airmen have been killing the women and children of Finland and laying waste the country of Finland. Finland doesn't need men for repelling this kind of savage warfare. She needs fighting 'planes and anti-aircraft guns for air defence.

Almost impossible Finnish feats in the air are reported circumstantially. For instance, a foreign volunteer from Finland tells me that before he left Finland he himself saw two Finns bring down nine Russians. Altogether 208 Russian 'planes up to January 20 had crashed in Finland in aerial combat with Finland's guns or airmen. But this is a small inroad into the vast reserve of death-birds which are scattering death and desolation over Finland.

Besides, the Finnish airmen are handicapped by the extreme cold. Unlike the Russians, who fly north from the Esthonian bases, the Finns have to rise from a ground temperature of thirty or so below zero. From such a temperature the machine passes into the warm lower air, and condensation is then apt to set in, so that the airman finds his machine-gun jammed when he meets the enemy. It isn't uncommon in such cases for the flying Finns simply to ram the opposing 'plane. Finland, however, cannot afford the consequent losses.

There are many other possibilities that Finland might yet be saved. Some say that Stalin might call off his aerial bandits. But I hardly think that Stalin can give up this adventure as he has given up similar adventures in the Far East. I know that elsewhere I say that 'face' doesn't count in Stalin's Russia.¹ But so much is at stake for the Soviet that few observers think that he can wind up the Finnish adventure altogether. He may wind it up. But the balance of opinion is against it. It almost seems that towards Finland Stalin is echoing Napoleon's words, "To conquer you now is difficult, but to live without conquering you is impossible."

Still, the price of continuing the struggle might possibly be internal trouble in Soviet Russia. Sabotage is strongly hinted at in the manner in which a Russian division was

¹ See Chapter IV.

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left to be massacred in a fork of Lake Kianta. Russian political commissars and officers, moreover, were shot by their own men when the Russians found themselves surrounded at Suomussalmi.

Truth, furthermore, may even percolate into the Russian vacuum. Stalin, like Hitler, is venerated at home as a man of peace, and if the idea ever dawns upon the Russian people that the Soviet Union deliberately plunged into war against Finland their present unquestioning faith in their leaders might possibly be shaken. The Russian people are not imperialistic, after all. When the Germans in the last war told the Russians of the secret treaties, in which Russia was promised Constantinople, they threw down the few arms they had. This, then, they said, was not a war of liberation, but of conquest, and they were just like the Germans.

It isn't impossible that the same disillusionment might be repeated. The Russians, as I say, are wedded to Stalin because he poses as the anti-imperialist enemy of aggression everywhere. It may yet dawn upon even the Russian people that the Finns hadn't really entertained the slightest desire for deliverance. At any rate, the Finns as I write are aiding in this educational process by dropping leaflets behind the Russian lines.

If a breakdown in Russia doesn't come that way, why not in the form of a foreign diversion? Why not from Turkey? Turkey must be sharing the German General Staff's contempt for the Red Army's performance. Many pundits in Europe feel that the war is going to be an Eastern war, anyway. They point to the heavy concentration of British troops in Egypt and French troops in Syria. And they remind you that under a secret clause in the Turks' British treaty the Turks have been promised a fat slice of Russia's oil-bearing Caucasus. Why, even the recently enslaved Esthonians, a little nation of very good scrappers, are reported to have grown restive at the sight of what their cousins across the Gulf are doing to the 'crack' Red Army.

Of course, the obvious 'miracle' to save Finland is

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the transformation of Fennoscandia into a military reality.

Fennoscandia could not supply the fighter machines. But she could, and is, supplying anti-aircraft guns—the best in the world: namely, the Bofors type. How many are going I cannot say. Sweden certainly isn't sending anything like as many as Finland needs. For Sweden needs them herself, and I have heard that in connexion with her own preparedness she is actually importing Bofors anti-aircraft guns—her own invention—from foreign subsidiaries.

In everything else Sweden is pouring out help to Finland. With less and less hush-hush daily trainloads of volunteers are going across the northern frontier. In Finland at the time of writing there are about 4300 Swedish volunteers, 100 Norwegians, and 30 Danes.¹ Households are ransacking their linen closets for Finland. Women are queuing up at doctors' offices to give of their Nordic blood. Sweden has actually sent so much in hospital supplies that she is herself short of medical bandages. Swedish beauties, I am told, are supplied with knitting while they are having their *coiffures* done at hairdressers' establishments. Skis are going over without stint. Money is being collected in millions of crowns. At one meeting I attended a person in an overflow gathering called upon the people to throw contributions into a barrel. There was a tremendous rush—itself a phenomenon in Sweden. Women threw in rings, men their wallets. On Twelfth Night a hundred thousand workmen in Stockholm decided to work during the holiday and give their day's earnings to Finland. Doctors say, "Give my fee to Finland"; second-hand booksellers, "I'll double the price if those second-hand books are being sold for Finland"; and so on.

In everything else, I say, Sweden is pouring out her sympathy for Finland—in everything else but forthright military intervention.

The Finns say that Fennoscandia with outside help in material (fighters and anti-aircraft guns) could lick the Soviet.

¹ Altogether 5000 volunteers of all nationalities are in Finland to-day. I should call them Mexicans, I suppose, in the best Spanish intervention style.

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Perhaps. But Sweden hangs back, though she is mobilized, with about 200,000 men. A kind of paralysis has Sweden (and, even more, Norway) in its grip, and takes the form of question-asking. Shall it be now? Or shall it be in the future?

This is all the politics there is in present-day Sweden. And even in these crucial times they are not the stern politics that we know in America and England. It is very difficult, indeed, to find any politics at all in a country which seems to govern itself. But at present the anxious Swedes are trying to work up some politics (I mean in the best sense) out of Finland. One school is activist. It is led by the former Foreign Minister, R. J. Sandler, who resigned in mid-December. Sandler prides himself on some sixteenth-century Finnish blood—a possession which gives him some *sisu*. Passivism is led by Premier Hansson.

It is difficult exactly to say what divides the two leaders. In the Riksdag on January 17 Sandler startled the assembly with a sort of personal statement about his resignation. He said that "effective help to Finland would be the best method of preventing Sweden from being drawn into the conflict." He spoke about the "idiocy of neutrality." He charged that merely material and humanitarian help meant "the collapse of co-operation among the Northern countries." As soon as something happened, he said, "Sweden was not prepared to make her contribution." Whereat I and other correspondents expected to see something Churchillian emerge in Swedish politics. Not at all—at least so far. Even before sitting down the ex-Foreign Minister was patting his old chief on the back. And foreign correspondents who chased him later from meeting to meeting trying to find a recognizable schism found themselves lost in a bog of polyverbosities and evasions.

For Sweden it isn't a choice between a battlefield in Finland and a battlefield in Sweden with Russia only as the enemy. Every Swede feels that there is a secret clause in the Hitler-Stalin pact providing for German intervention in Skåne, or Southern Sweden, as soon as Sweden comes out as Finland's military ally.

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"This is the choice," said an official. "If we go to Finland's aid in a formal military sense we should inevitably embroil ourselves with the Soviet's ally in Berlin, and so we should be inhibited from helping Finland as we are now doing in a material and humanitarian way. If we just go on as we are we shall risk being a battlefield just the same. A battlefield now or a battlefield some time soon. That's the choice."

A famous Swedish king once described his fellow-countrymen as a slow race and impetuous. Certainly the slowness has been demonstrated over the potentialities of the Finnish war, though the slowness is not without some warrant in respect of Germany.

Swedes have reason to fear Germany in events and circumstances antedating the Hitler-Stalin pact. The background of their fears is summarized in Hermann Rauschning's book, *Hitler Speaks*. Rauschning writes of a Hitler conversation in 1935 on a possible German descent upon Sweden in the event of European war :

"It will be a daring but interesting undertaking, never before attempted in the history of the world," he pointed out. "Protected by the fleet, and with the co-operation of the air force, I shall order a series of unexpected individual exploits. The Swedes will nowhere be prepared to put up a sufficiently strong defence. But even if one or other of these exploits fail the overwhelming majority of strategic points will be held."

On my expressing surprise he added that to ensure the political success of this enterprise it would be absolutely necessary to possess a close network of supporters and sympathizers in Sweden. Such a coup would lead to the permanent incorporation of the Northern States into the Greater German system of alliances only if the sympathisers gained for National Socialism could force an alliance by overthrowing their Government. He was convinced, he said, that the Swedes would no more wage war now than they had done in 1905, when Norway broke away from the Swedish-Norwegian Union.

"I shall in every possible way make it easy for them to adhere to this determination," he explained, "more especially by declaring that I have no hostile intentions. I should tell

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them I did not wish to conquer them, but wanted only an alliance that was entirely natural and would certainly also be openly desired by Sweden if she were not, out of fear of Russia and Britain, withdrawing into a perfectly suicidal neutrality. I should explain that I came to protect them, and so give the friendly elements in the country the opportunity of deciding according to their own free will."

Maybe it is to this end that German agents are honey-combing present-day Sweden. They are constantly trying to find out details of Swedish mobilization. This is how they work : A German will go along to a high school and try to find out how many students have been called up. Such data are also gathered from factories and all manner of organizations. The Swedes are combating the snooping by the most extraordinary precautions. For instance, every newspaper runs odd paragraphs on almost every page beseeching the Swedes to be discreet. " Don't repeat what you hear " may jump at you half-way through a literary criticism.

Doubtless, in spite of Swedish precautions, the Germans already have got all the data they need. What they haven't got is any idea of how the Swedes would fight. Nor, for that matter, has anybody else. But in these crucial times one cannot help recalling Sweden's warrior history. The Swedes among their other exploits set up the first central Government in Russia, and the best known of their nominees was Rurik, from whom the Russian Tsars were descended. Some Swedes whose opinion in other matters I have proved correct insist that the military preparedness of the Swedes (except, alas! in the air, where the Swedes are no better off than the Finns) and the centuries-old Swedish impetuosity might surprise the Germans. Berlin talks about Swedish softness as it did about British softness. But out of Swedish bones would come, say these Swedes, their old valour, when the Swedes have made up their mind, or had it made up for them. That is for time to prove.

Germany diplomacy, however, is aimed at avoiding trouble with Sweden by persuading, cajoling, and browbeating the Swedes into co-operation with Germany. And to this end they are using for all they are worth Sweden's fears over

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possible German action in reprisal against Swedish help to Finland. Sweden's neutrality, in point of fact, has been battered badly. For instance, her neutral rights on the high seas have been violated by German sinkings of Swedish vessels without any regard for questions of contraband.

One, indeed, can almost hear the Germans exclaim with Gustavus Adolphus, "Neutrality! What is this thing called neutrality? I don't understand it. There is nothing in it."

But the Germans are going further than Gustavus Adolphus. They are eating into Sweden's territorial integrity and threatening her administrative integrity as well.

I will itemize in part the manner in which the Germans have trampled upon Sweden's integrity since I have been observing Scandinavia on the spot.

1. Transport through the Sound separating Sweden and Denmark is now at German mercy. The Germans began to exercise control by mining the narrow international waters in the Sound. At the Baltic end there is a reef which compels Swedish boats to leave their territorial waters and pass through this German-mined zone. Thus the Germans got a grip on Swedish shipping. Then the Germans decided to mine one mile of the four-mile limit of Swedish territorial waters on the grounds that this historic right—*i.e.* of four miles instead of three—had no merit in the eyes of international law. This has completely dislocated all shipping between Baltic-North Sea coasts by preventing ocean-going vessels from passing through the Sound. The German act is almost as bad in its effects as if some foreign Power had suddenly narrowed the Panama Canal.

Sweden retorted by doing two things. First, she began to mine her remaining three-mile limit so as to keep the prowling U-boats offshore. Second, she started work on a canal across the southern tip of Sweden fronting the Sound. However, the work on both projects is being supervised and photographed from the air by German aviators. Germany's object, of course, is to give her own pilots the lay of the sea whenever they take it into their heads to sail in Sweden's territorial waters.

Incidentally, the Germans, with a non-Teutonic sense of



FINLAND'S WOMEN SOLDIERS

A group of "Lottas"

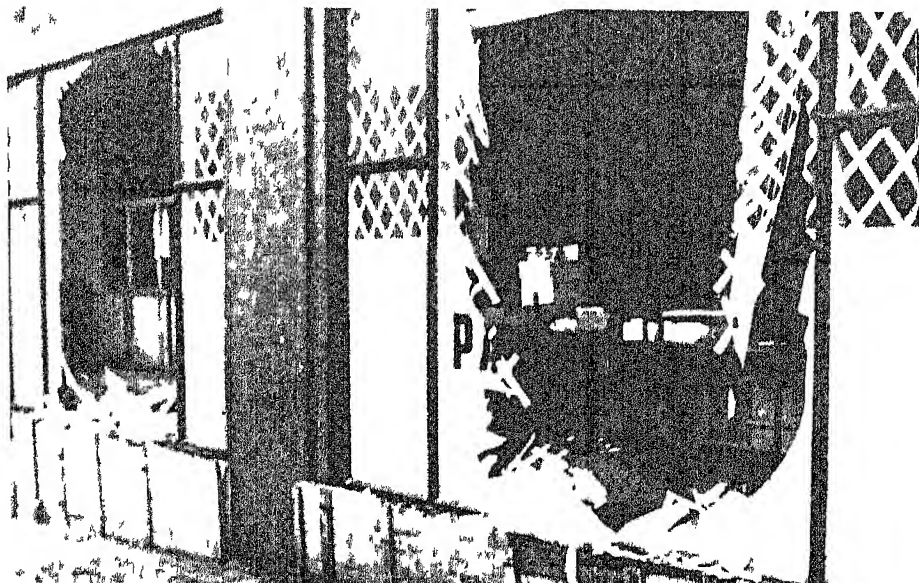
Photo E.N.A.



DESTRUCTION AT VAINO
Photo Taken by Bill St. John

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IN HELSINKI AFTER A RAID
Photo Taken by Bill St. John



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humour, had the impudence to tender for the construction of the canal before the project had been finally decided upon!

2. All along the Baltic coast of Sweden German naval vessels and aircraft have been flagrantly violating the neutrality of Sweden's territorial waters. Around Stockholm naval landings by Germans are almost matter of course. They take the form of exploratory trips on hired yachts through the waterways in the vicinity of Stockholm. Occasionally there are incidents which are more than usually outrageous. Such an incident occurred in December twenty-five miles south of Stockholm. Here there is a fortress called Nynashamn opposite an island strip called Landsort Light. The narrows are, of course, territorial waters, but German U-boats come in with impunity nevertheless. One day Hitler's yacht, the *Gylle*, which has been transformed into an auxiliary war vessel, actually stopped a ferryboat and took off a passenger. The shore batteries, however, didn't fire. The commander simply telephoned to Stockholm, and the Swedes decided to shoo the yacht away with an aeroplane. But by the time the machine got aloft the *Gylle* had steamed away with its prize.

All the way down the coast German officers and men are apt at any time to come ashore. When the authorities complain the Germans merely say they are "stretching their sea legs." Neither territory nor territorial water is sacrosanct to them. Particularly often are German submarines seen entering the territorial narrows south of Landsort Light—the narrows made by the Oland (not to be confused with Aalands) Island and called Kalmar Sound.

These are some of the invasions of Swedish integrity. Such invasions are common gossip. What is happening elsewhere or in other matters may only be guessed. Doubtless it would fill a volume.

In the administrative sphere the list of German invasions of Swedish sovereignty is likewise impressive. Sweden has been 'advised' to adopt the American cash-and-carry neutrality policy as the only true neutrality (interesting, by the way, in view of German statements in America that American cash-and-carry was unneutral). Such a neutrality

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for the trading Swedes would, of course, be quite ruinous. But what is of most concern to the Germans is that it would give the Germans an advantage over the British, because Sweden is more accessible to Germany. Also the German Minister—who, by the way, is a prince—has tried to pull Sweden into a Continental system of trading on the grounds that Sweden thereby might avoid the “dangerous shipping routes in the waters around Great Britain.” These suggestions have been fended off, but Germany was successful in mid-December in getting rid of Foreign Minister Sandler. And in the new Cabinet it got the appointment of an Education Minister who is soft-peddling aid in the schools for imparting British and French culture. The Germans are protesting about something or other in Sweden’s domestic affairs almost every day.

With the utmost, perhaps pardonable, disingenuousness Swedish officials deny the existence of any pressure from either side. This is exactly what Premier Hansson assured the Riksdag on January 17. “It’s just an indiscreet Press campaign without any foundation,” said he, without batting an eyelash. It was a most soothing speech to everybody but the foreign Press. The Press in Sweden seemed in general to find the speech statesmanlike. And the people, naïve in politics, seemed to believe their Premier implicitly. In no other democracy would a Premier have dared to make such a speech.

But the Hansson speech didn’t prevent the clapping on of a censorship—one of those informal ones—which even excised from foreign Press dispatches the title of all the appeals for aid for Finland appearing in the Swedish papers: “Finland’s case is ours.” (“Germany watches everything that comes out of Sweden, you must remember.”) Nor did it help the Swedes to breathe more easily. Nor did it make the Press cease its policing function over the national silence—strange duty for newspapers! Nor did it persuade the German Minister from keeping at his daily post on the doorstep of the Swedish Foreign Office.

These harassments from Germany are coupled with harassments from the Soviet Union. Swedish boats are

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fired upon by German and Russian alike. Swedish aeroplanes too. And in January the Russians so far forgot themselves as to drop a few bombs on a Swedish island off Luleå. True they apologized, but it would have been just the same if they hadn't. The Swedes, in defence of their neutrality, just refuse to be outraged by Nazi or Muscovite. The Russian 'planes they simply call 'unidentified,' and when the island bombing occurred, and the identity of the Russian 'plane could not be hidden, the Swedes themselves explained that probably the 'plane had to drop its load because of the accumulation of ice on the wings!

Still, Finland may wake up one day before it is too late and find that a 'miracle' has happened and that Sweden has decided to ignore German threats, rely upon Britain to cope with them, and go to Finland's help.

The Allies, I suggest, hope so. Nothing in my opinion would please the Allies more than to be given a German opportunity to try conclusions with the Nazis in the Scandinavian peninsula. They are so anxious for the opportunity that on their side they are pressing the Swedes to go to Finland's help in a forthright manner. It is a curious twist to see the British trying to make Fennoscandia a military reality!

So the Swedes might one day see the Germans or the Allies make up their minds for them.

For Finland has become the very centre of the European war complex. When the war in Finland started I wired to my newspaper that Finland was the fulcrum of the Russo-German alliance. It still is that. But it is more. Finland has become the fulcrum of all warring Europe. More and more observers are holding such an opinion. Even those who used to say the war was "an Eastern war" are veering around to think of it as a Northern war as well.

Europe's war is unique in modern wars. As in the Napoleonic wars, the last combinations haven't been seen by a long shot. Moreover, the war is still 90 per cent. diplomacy. War and peace, that is to say, are a continuum. In Stockholm, as we were all talking over possibilities, a well-known British journalist said, "Well, I lost fifteen

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pounds in bets when the war broke out, and I paid up. I bet that war wouldn't break out. Now I'm wondering whether I ought not to get my money back on false pretences. This is a phoney war, as your Mr Borah says. It's really piracy rampant out of chaos—taking advantage of the utter breakdown of world organization. It's phoney as a war that you understand, and I ought to get my money back."

The phoniness is gradually being squeezed out of it, though. We seem to be on the eve of big decisions and real war. Germany and Britain seem to be closing in on each other across that line of neutral territory from Lapland to the Belgian border of France. Hitherto that territory has been used as a German-British chessboard. Now it looks as if it's going to be a battlefield, with Finland playing the rôle of justification, excuse, alibi, stalking-horse—what you like.

In this wider survey one must start on one of the hypotheses of this book: that Hitler got the shock of his life when Britain went to war over Poland. Hitler had saddled on his back an Old Man of the Sea in the shape of his Soviet ally just for the purpose of frightening the British into playing German ball. The British wouldn't play, and instead went to war, while the Old Man of the Sea stayed right on Hitler's back.

The Germans know the reason Stalin signed up with them. *Mein Kampf* says, "One does not conclude a treaty with some one whose sole interest is the destruction of his partner." The Nazis, surely, still believe that. Moreover, I understand from those who know war-time Germany that anti-Russianism is still rampant among the German masses. Soft-peddalling from above cannot drown it. The entire country, Nazis and people, have, in short, every reason to be chock-full of misgivings about Stalin.

Yet Germany finds itself with this Russian as a bedfellow and Britain and France as enemies. The result is that Hitler is being squeezed by his ally as well as by his enemies—and, moreover, by his old Italian ally. Italy is disgusted with Hitler's choice of a Muscovite partner, and Stalin for his part is making Hitler pay and pay.

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The first payment was acquiescence in Soviet suzerainty over the Baltic States. Then came the demand for endorsement of a theft in Finland.

From Germany's standpoint any place in the entire world would have been preferable to Finland as the object of Soviet aggrandisement. Think what Russian fighting in Finland involves for Germany :

1. It shuts off the valuable economic help which Germany had been getting in the normal course of trade from Finland : copper, cellulose, fats, timber. Russia's belligerency thus amounts to a reinforcement of the Franco-British blockade of Germany. It has already put an end to Finnish timber exports to Germany, which in 1938 amounted to twenty million dollars. It has likewise put an end to Finnish purchases from Germany, amounting in 1938 to twenty-five million dollars.

2. It shuts off a good deal of German trade with the rest of Scandinavia because of the Scandinavian necessity for bigger and better self-defence created by the Soviet threat. Iron ore, timber, and foodstuffs come from Scandinavia. German imports of those three products from Norway in 1938 amounted to twenty-five million dollars, from Sweden sixty-five million dollars, and now Sweden is No. 1 seller to war-time Germany. German general exports in 1938 were bigger. To Norway Germany sent goods valued at thirty million dollars, to Sweden seventy million dollars.

3. It shuts off whatever economic help the Germans might have expected from Soviet Russia.

And a successful Russian campaign in Finland would involve other losses to Germany. It would involve specifically :

1. A much greater challenge to German supremacy in the Baltic than is contained in the Soviet domination of the lesser Baltic states of Esthonia, Latvia, and Lithuania. In these latter years we have been apt, perhaps, to overstress the evils of the Versailles Treaty. It shouldn't be forgotten that Germany got a credit out of that treaty as well as many debits. The credit was the expulsion of Russia from the Baltic. That left Germany as the only country with the power and resources one day to take single control.

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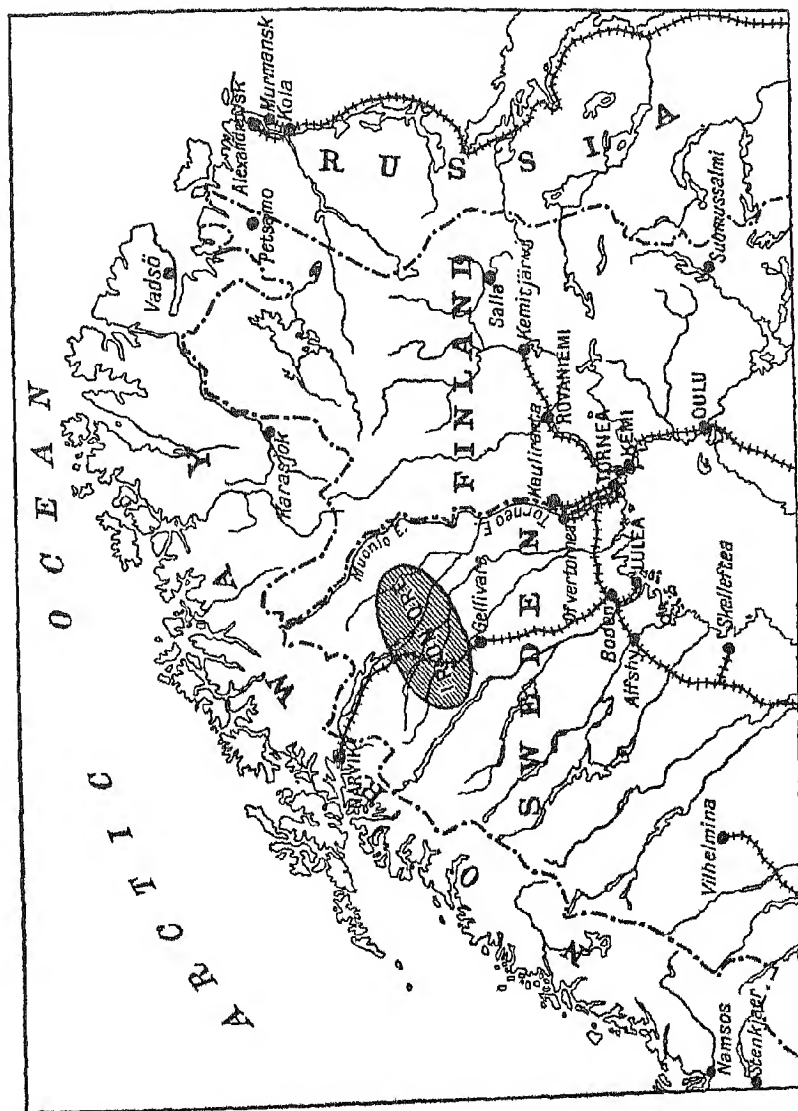
2. The endangering of the trade in Lapland iron flowing down to Germany from the North Swedish port of Luleå, in the Gulf of Bothnia. The smooth passage of this ore down the Gulf and through the Baltic is almost the *raison d'être* of the German Navy in war-time. On it depends the German war effort. Yet, if Stalin is successful, German trade with Luleå as well as Finland's trade would be put at the mercy of Russian guns. Some Lapland ore, it is true, goes overland to the Norwegian port of Narvik, and through the Kattegat to Germany's Baltic ports. (In peacetime it goes to Rotterdam and down the Rhine by barge to industrial Germany.) In winter, when the Gulf is iced over, all the trade goes out at Narvik. But some people fear, and the possibility can't be thrust aside, that Stalin's defence phobia might tempt him on to follow Russia's historic *Drang nach Westen* in search of ice-free outlets to the sea, even to Narvik itself. Some Germans must fear that, too.

3. The spread of Bolshevism.

It is all very well to say that Berlin is so confident of victory against Britain and so sure that Soviet Russia will deal out enough rope to hang herself that Germany can attend to Moscow later. That doesn't make sense for strategists—even for opportunists.

But at the beginning of the Soviet adventure in Finland Hitler had to take the party line. And I know he did his duty to his Soviet ally in Helsinki and in Berlin by advising Finland to acquiesce in Soviet demands. He figured, perhaps, that this was the lesser of the two evils—the other evil being to run the risks of the losses to Germany which would be entailed by Russian fighting. Accordingly the Germans were telling the truth when at the beginning of the war they said they had a “full comprehension of Russian action.”

And they had to keep up their comprehension and support of Stalin. War in Finland produced from them a declaration of “benevolent neutrality.” At the beginning of hostilities they were decidedly benevolent towards the Soviet. I know that from personal experience. On the first day of the war, as I have said, I gave a broadcast to



SWEDEN'S IRON MOUNTAIN—WHERE MOST OF GERMANY'S IRON COMES FROM

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America from the bombed city of Helsinki. But it never got through—the Germans refused to let it go over their land lines for short-wave transmission from Geneva. And later in Stockholm I saw the state to which Sweden was reduced by fear of German intervention in Sweden if Sweden went too openly to Finland's support.

All the time the Germans have been floundering from one expedient to another in trying to arrest the drift to general catastrophe brought on by their initial mistake. In other words, they have been waging a peace offensive *via* the neutrals on Britain, it seems to me.

Pressure seems to have been first felt by the Swiss. Then the Royal Families in the Low Countries appear to have received mediatory suggestions from the Wilhelmstrasse. A feeler towards peace would seem to have been inherent in the succeeding demonstration at the Dutch frontier. That demonstration was advertised too well beforehand to be regarded as anything more than a belligerent olive-branch. Likewise, of course, it served the purpose of testing out the extent of Low Country action in case the worst came to the worst. After that we had the Venlo incident on November 9, when two British officers went to the Dutch frontier and were kidnapped across the border by the Gestapo. A British official put that extraordinary episode to me in these words: "All that happened was that we received a proffer of peace from one German *Amt*, and another German *Amt* got wind of it and pinched our fellows."

Yet none of these feelers brought out the needed peace-maker. And I suggest that, since in all the war-time circumstances Soviet Russia couldn't be restrained, Germany's enforced 'benevolent neutrality' towards the Finnish adventure was thought of or rationalized by the supremely opportunistic Wilhelmstrasse as another possible peace feeler. Making a virtue, as it were, out of necessity.

That sounds very extraordinary, but in this war chaos and Lewis Carroll seem to be kings. To explain: it was felt—and rightly—that the fear of Russia might goad even the shy Scandinavians into becoming go-betweens with

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Britain. Germans seemed to have regarded as possible that a Soviet embroilment in Finland might even land Roosevelt as chief mediator between Britain and Germany. Germans, after all, knew that Finland is dear to most Americans. They knew that a lot of people think (and till the Stalin-Hitler pact they themselves were busy proselytizing the thought) that the entire world is in danger from this spread of Bolshevism. They knew, as the Russians didn't know, that the Finns aren't Poles, and would fight like polecats.

The ultimate of desperate German hopes, therefore, appears to have been that the neutrals, in an effort to save their own skins, and the United States, in an effort to save the heroic Finns, not to mention a world threatened by the spread of Bolshevism, might get together in a peace-making coalition to try to make peace between Britain and Germany.

Even an extension of this thought might have been present in some German minds—an extension from peacemaking between Britain and Germany to the building of a coalition against Bolshevism.

In an evening devoted to the extravagances that might flow out of all such possibilities a foreign correspondent said, "Suppose we all get worked up about the heroic Finns: Americans, British, Germans, Italians, and Swedes. The Swedes have set the style with their volunteers, and, as the movement extends, then Stalin might create the very thing he contemplates, a world coalition against him through the volunteers."

We all broke up and went to bed after that!

Well, no German hope of peace with Britain had been realized by the time these observations were put down on paper.

Abraham Lincoln once told of the pilots on the Western rivers who steer from point to point. It was his justification for the statesmanship of immediacy. Germany is now in charge of such pilots. They have long been hesitating about Finland, and, now there is no sign of Finland producing peace between Britain and Germany, they are hesitating about the possibilities posed by Finland.

Before the war was more than a week old they had shown

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misgivings about the Soviet attack on Finland. Again to revert to a personal experience—they eventually allowed the use of their land lines for my broadcasts from Finland. They even began to put on their radios the official Finnish war news. They allowed Italian 'planes destined for Finland to pass through Germany in sealed cars till the world's Press got wind of the transit and the Soviet protested to Berlin. On December 19 *Dagens Nyheter*, Stockholm's liberal newspaper, printed the following from its Berlin correspondent:

There is reason to believe that the Wilhelmstrasse has begun to discover that the struggle against the Western Powers cannot at present be successful. Germany has to admit with chagrin that nobody is any longer afraid of her great ally.

Later they began to send some war materials to Finland themselves, and it is said that all the wrong-calibred material (for German use) from the Czech Skoda works is going to Finland. German officers speak openly about Soviet *Schweineerei* and give money to Swedish campaign chests for Finland. Finally I am of the opinion that Hitler must have given the Swedes a sort of tacit go-ahead signal when, on Stalin's sixtieth birthday, December 21, the Swedes decided to let the first contingent of Swedish volunteers go to Finland. Latterly the Swedes have become almost venturesome in everything but their censorship of foreign correspondents in saying what they are doing in a material and humanitarian way—and, to repeat, it is enormous—to help Finland.

Will these German misgivings promote an open split between the Nazis and the Soviet Union? This question is discussed in Stockholm sometimes on the heels of the diametrically opposed question: Will the Germans intervene in Finland so as to crush the Finns and so reopen the way to Germany of Soviet supplies? I believe that both questions represent problems that have been weighed in the Wilhelmstrasse. The time, it would seem, may be coming soon when the Germans must contemplate a gambler's throw *somewhere*—if not in Finland, using South Sweden as a base, then in the Low Countries or the Balkans.

Why not in Finland? At this moment of writing I cannot

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think that Finland will be the choice except on invitation from the Swedes or the Finns or on intervention by the Allies. I cannot think that the Swedes will invite the Germans in. Nor do I think that the Finns will do so, though it must never be forgotten that the Finns did precisely this in 1917. And, in return for last-minute help to save themselves again from the Soviet fire and sword, they might forgive even the way the Germans sold them down the river. In such an event the Germans might] be sitting pretty. They would be in a position to go on a crusade which might really unite their country, discomfit the Allies, and entitle them in their own eyes to the gratitude of the world for saving humanity from Bolshevism!

The prospect, rather, is that the Germans may be embroiled in the Finnish situation by Allied intervention. It looks to-day as if the Allies will get off the mark first this time. For the Allies, as I write, are brooding over a 'stroke of the moment' created by Finland. With them, of course, there is no choice about sides—whether to side with Finland or the Soviet Union. They would fight against Russia—or for Finland, as you prefer.

There is the same German pre-requirement of an excuse or an invitation in the Scandinavian peninsula for the big decision. But they might be so un-English as to snatch the initiative themselves. Already there are premonitory signs of action to that spectacular end. One sign seemed to be Mr Leslie Hore-Belisha's resignation in early January from the Chamberlain Cabinet. Here in Stockholm it was said in some circles that, but for the prospect of action opened up by fighting Finland, Mr Hore-Belisha would still be in his place in the Chamberlain Cabinet. The other sign was Winston Churchill's succeeding warning to the neutrals to join the Allies. He almost seemed to add "or else."

Never forget that Winston Churchill carries over from the last war a belief in a Northern diversion. I haven't the record at hand. But the Swedish newspapers dug out the record in their startled evaluation of the Churchill speech.

In *The World Crisis*, as the Swedish newspapers recalled, Churchill shows that in modern warfare frontal attacks are

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hopeless. The victory goes to the side which can essay successfully wide flanking movements, and Churchill cites by way of proof the Franco-Prussian and the Russo-Japanese Wars. In the World War no such movements were possible on the Western Front. But Churchill, with what Meredith calls "the rapture of the wide survey," envisaged the front as the whole of Europe. If one, therefore, thought of all Europe as the battlefield, one could try to outflank the enemy either in the Balkans or the Northern countries. Churchill's view was overborne by the Foch attitude that the Allies should simply hang on and let the blockade bring Germany to her knees.

I should judge that in this war Churchill still holds his old view, and with more reason. What he calls 'sublime' Finland has come as a godsend of a battlefield to him and likeminded tacticians. Moreover, there is a stalemate in the air as well as on land. And finally Churchill is no longer handicapped by the stony belief of the French High Command that reliance upon the blockade is all that is necessary to win the war—*i.e.*, crush Nazism. For Gamelin is no Foch. He may prefer the Balkans or the Low Countries for his diversion, but, judging from the infiltration of French and French orders in Sweden, France is at last taking a very active interest in Scandinavia.

Such a diversion would begin at Norway's Narvik, but, in order to make the whole proceeding more palatable to neutral opinion, would have to begin simultaneously at Finland's Petsamo. I will now itemize the rationale of such an intervention, and show how Allied military intervention leading to Finland, through Norway's Narvik and Finland's Petsamo, would kill many birds for the Allies if it were completed with an attempt to force the Baltic.

1. It would transfer the European war to the Northern countries, and therefore end a stalemate which is demoralizing to any army.
2. It would promote that war of movement which would answer the Gamelin need for some opportunity to provide scope for his highly trained French army.

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Except in Northern Europe there is no opportunity for action, and there may be none for some time. I am writing this before going to France. But the volunteers who pass through Stockholm bring stories of a kind of French itch to launch an attack on Soviet Russia. The French, according to these informants, are more anti-Russian than anti-German.

"This isn't like the last war," one of them said to me. "Many of us would patch up our quarrel with the poor, misguided Germans if we could get them to unite with us against Soviet Russia. Of course, we can't spare many men while the Germans sit there on their Siegfried Line."

This was a private view, of course. Officially the French probably subscribe to the view quoted in a London newsletter called *Memorandum on Foreign Affairs*, January 1940:

With devastating logic the French have reasoned it out that the Northern theatre of war is in reality one of Germany's vulnerable flanks, and that, having regard to the stalemate which exists in Western Europe, the military opportunities which support of Finland offer should not be ignored.

3. It would take away from Hitler the initiative in war which is almost as paralysing to the Allies as was the Hitler initiative in pre-war diplomacy.

Especially is this necessary in view of the feeling that Germany might probably keep the initiative in a bold offensive in a region of her own choosing—which, more likely perhaps, might be the Balkans or the Low Countries, or an aerial bombardment of Britain's coastline, rather than the Northern countries.

4. It might possibly bring Italy in on the Allied side.

Mussolini has constantly called Bolshevism "the mortal enemy of European civilization." He is said to be personally as full of admiration for Finland as a bastion against the spread of Bolshevism as for the fighting prowess of the Finnish soldiers. And the Italians appear to share the Duce's enthusiasm. At any rate, on no other subject are the Italians allowed to speak freely. Thus the near-rift

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that has been caused between Hitler and Mussolini over Finland may become a bridge between Mussolini and the Allies.

Certainly at Helsinki the Italians are close to the Finns. Their 'planes and their nationals are fighting in the Finnish air. And a familiar figure in the Finnish capital is the picturesque Attilo Marabini. Marabini is the evangelist of Latin solidarity who led the Garibaldi legion which fought in the World War before the Italian official entry. Then he went to live quietly in Paris while Mussolini pursued a policy antithetical to Latin solidarity. At the beginning of this war he again offered to mobilize a new Italian Legion for France. But France, at Italian insistence, refused to allow him to go to the front. Instead he was allowed (by both Italy and France) to employ his Italian legionaries behind the French lines.

Then he turned up in Helsinki, and may now become the nexus between Italy and the Allies, as he was in 1914.

5. It would violate Scandinavian neutrality with the minimum risk of setting the Scandinavians against the Allies.

Obviously it would be difficult for the Scandinavians to resist the pro-Finnish or anti-Soviet arguments justifying an Allied landing of troops in view of the fact that the Scandinavians have been urging the world to come to Finland's assistance and to realize that the world is menaced from Moscow.

6. It would enable the Allies to tackle the Germans at the same time as the Russians.

For if the Allies got off the mark first the Germans would be compelled, it would seem, to intervene themselves in the Scandinavian peninsula, as well, perhaps, as go through Holland and attack from the base of the Low Countries.

7. It would be the best chance of fomenting internal trouble in Germany.

If Germany met the Allied challenge, and co-operated actively with Soviet Russia in repelling it, the repercussions

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in Germany might be painful for the Nazis. For, as I have said, the Finns are heroes to Germany as well as to the rest of the world.

8. It would stop Scandinavian trade with Germany, and it would stop in particular Lapland ore shipments from getting to Germany out of the Norwegian port of Narvik.

Jellicoe in the last war said: "We could, I believe, bring the Germans to their knees in three months by the blockade if the Government would face the protests of neutral countries and take a firm stand and risk a war with the United States, Norway, and Sweden." He meant that American trade with Germany through Scandinavia should be forcibly stopped. How this trade fortified Germany may be appreciated from a few figures:

VALUE OF UNITED STATES EXPORTS

	January-May 1914	January-May 1915
To Norway . . .	\$ 3,679,000	\$ 22,478,000
To Sweden . . .	\$ 5,875,000	\$ 52,217,000
To Denmark . . .	\$ 6,421,000	\$ 41,321,000

Obviously this vast increase in Scandinavian imports from America was not due to any sudden increase in Scandinavian consumption. The extra trade was re-routed to Germany. In 1916 the Allies put a stop to this transit trade by rationing the foreign trade of these neutrals and of Holland. And this action hastened the end of the war.

The Allies have been fortunate in this war in the assistance they have received from America's 'cash and carry' neutrality. No longer, moreover, is there any American insistence on neutral rights of war-time trading. This combined policy has enabled the Allies to ration the Northern neutrals without protest from the United States. In this respect the war has started just where the last war left off.

Nevertheless Sweden is the No. 1 supplier of Germany—a real German lung. And its main export is the iron ore

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of Swedish Lapland. In the second chapter of this book an account was given of the value of this iron to war-making Germany. Some observers call Swedish iron Germany's jugular vein. I think myself oil is entitled to that designation, but Swedish iron is immensely important to Germany, as is obvious from any examination of the German position.

More vulnerable, in view of the loss of iron-bearing territory, was Germany's trading position in iron in the opening of this war than it was in the last war. In 1938 approximately 3.3 million tons of ore iron came from home production and 12 million tons from imports. But the imported ore has an average iron content of 55 per cent., as compared with an average of 30 per cent. of iron in domestic production. This means that home production corresponds to only one-fifth of total requirements on the 1938 basis. And no less than two-thirds of German import needs of the actual iron comes from Sweden.

Of course, there are stocks of ore in Germany. Germany entered the war with a *Kriegsrohstoffabteilung* well organized after the old Rathenau pattern. Stocks of iron had been built up as a prime prerequisite. But iron is too bulky to stock in quantity, and neutral experts agree that enough stocks have been accumulated only till June 1940. However, iron can be reclaimed from buildings and so on—it isn't 'used up,' as is the case with oil and coal. Thus, thanks to a highly industrialized life, Germany can always count on a considerable supply of scrap iron.

It is the general feeling, however, that stocks and reserves were piled up if the worst came to the worst for a *Blitzkrieg*. That opportunity has been lost. So that, not only in the air, but in iron, the Germans are at a growing disadvantage, unless they can keep open the way to Swedish iron. "If the Allies succeed in cutting off Germany's metal supplies effectively," says a writer in the *London Times* on January 21, "they have every chance of uncovering Germany's heel of Achilles at a comparatively early date."

A knowing writer, this. What he did not say was that the present is a good time for making the attempt.

For Luleå, on the sheltered Bothnian side of Sweden, is

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now closed by ice till April. Some iron ore is going to Germany from Central Sweden, where the iron-wealthy Swedes also have mines. But Germany at this time of the year is really dependent for imports upon the ore going to Germany out of the Norwegian port of Narvik.

This ore comes out of the fjord at Narvik with a Norwegian pilot aboard.¹ The German boat clings to Norwegian territorial waters, then goes along Swedish territorial waters, and through the Sound to Germany's Baltic ports.

How much is going that way it is impossible to say. No more trade figures are published now by Scandinavians. Swedes, as a matter of fact, would like to dispense with the iron as well as the figures! For they are so troubled by Malmberget ("the Iron Mountain") that they have already dubbed it Sweden's Bilbao. But I know there's plenty of Swedish iron going to Germany. Ask, however, in the course of your journalism, for figures, and you'll get a startled look, and be told that anybody who gave out those figures would be imprisoned for high treason.

British lay opinion thinks that the British blockade is preventing any Swedish ore exports from leaving Narvik, even from Sweden. Within the last week I have read two such statements. One appeared in the *Daily Express*: "The British Navy are stopping Germany from securing supplies of iron ore from Sweden." At the end of the piece there is a tribute to the "vigilance of the British patrol" in stopping the ore shipments. Then the *New Statesman* implies the same comfortable feeling in the remark: "In view of the British blockade how can Sweden continue to supply Germany with large quantities of her ore?" Come to Sweden, and the writer may find out.

The British Admiralty is better informed. And, far from being complacent, it must be furious. For not only is Germany getting ore out of Narvik, but she has actually succeeded in sending to the bottom of the Narvik fjord one of Britain's own ore boats!

¹ This dependence upon Norwegian pilotage, by the way, has lessened the German zeal for sinking Norwegian merchantmen. The Norwegian pilots 'strik' periodically after a sinking is reported.

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In Scandinavia to-day many peculiar things are happening. This was one of the most peculiar. The German U-boat came twenty-five miles into the fjord and right under the nose of the Norwegian coastguard sank the Britisher as she was leaving Narvik port. I point out in the first chapter that occasionally German boats succeed even in coming around England to Iceland and coaling with British coal at Reykjavik before cutting across to Norway.

Official Britain, in view of the necessities of the blockade, had warrant in this action alone for moving to the support of Finland through Norwegian territorial waters *à la* Jellicoe.

So, as I say, Sweden might find itself entangled in an Allied stroke of the moment.

Sweden's situation, indeed, is the most delicate among the situations of all the neutrals in Europe. If you wish to know how many angels can dance on the point of a needle, go to war-time Sweden. Her policy, her future, her inheritance, is on Mr Morgenthau's twenty-four-hour basis, as an official put it to me. "We can't see more than that ahead," he added.

It is all very distressing to the Swedish people. For a century and a quarter they have enjoyed peace and have made the most out of peace in acquiring a national cultivation without equal in Europe. Time which the Great Powers have spent in running Europe they have devoted to social betterment and individual culture.

"We have never been on the European stage for so, so many years," sighed a Swede to me. "Now we are right in the centre. We just don't like it."

If only Great Britain would patch up its wretched quarrel with Germany! This is the Swedish theme-song—the way they are trying to side-step their dilemma.

I said early in this book that in this European war the Swedes were sentimentally pro-British. They were sentimentally pro-British for much the same reason that the Americans are sentimentally pro-British. They don't want to see a world built on the Nazi model. Though they are affinitive with the real Germany, nevertheless they are far

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from Germanic, and even further from Nazi Germanic. The Swede never loses himself, German style, in detail—that's why he is a good inventor. And, far from yearning for authoritarianism in his political relations, he has almost dispensed with them, and is the world's least political animal. Everything that the new Germany stands for is anathema to the Swedish ethos, as a Stockholm overseer discovered who came down to work in some brown jack-boots—the irate Swedish workmen made him go home either to black or change them.

The last straw for the Swedes was when Hitler signed up with Stalin. This agreement broke down even the last sentimental attachment of the Swedish nobility to Germany. In the cautious Swedish way the Swedes had tried to restrain Hitler. For instance, the Swedish-German society on Hitler's last birthday sent him a miniature of the statue of Charles XII in Stockholm with the hand pointing east to Russia.

And yet at the end of this book I am wondering whether Swedish opinion hasn't already undergone a subtle metamorphosis. It is certainly less pro-British, in spite of everything, including the continued German sinking of Swedish boats. It is more xenophobic.¹ No longer can Swedes afford the American luxury of principles in attitudinizing over the European war. Survival itself is at stake. The symptom of Swedish change is an increasing querulousness with Britain for not coming to some peace at any price with Germany. Swedes see go-betweens of the Nazis come back from London with nothing to report but an increasing determination on Britain's part to crush Nazism. Even before the Finnish war that was irritating enough to the Swedes—engaged even then in building bomb-proof shelters. Now it is more than irritating. For the Finnish war has

¹ Stockholm's *Svenska Dagbladet*, leading conservative newspaper in Sweden, later comes along to support this feeling in an extraordinary editorial on January 25, called "Business as Usual." It is a bitter attack on Uncle Sam as Peer Gynt engaged in making a fortune by consigning to the heathen both Bibles and idols in the same ship. With much more point, of course, one could apply the ascription to the trading Scandinavians, both during wars and during the preparatory stages. America in its present neutrality policy, as a matter of fact, is distinctly anti-Peer Gynt. The Swedish comment is very revealing of present-day Swedish psychology.

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sensibly increased the possibility that British (Swedes never think of the French in this war) help will come to Finland in the form of the transformation of Sweden into a *point d'appui* against both Russia and Germany.

"Save us from Finland's friends," groaned a Swedish friend, on the very day that the London *Times* was remarking complacently, "Fortunately there is no chance of British and French action being misunderstood in any of these border countries."

Highly placed Finns will tell you, "If effective aid for the Finns is to come it must come before the spring, and Sweden is the key."

Not that Finland wants to be turned into a European battlefield. The Finns are trying so to condition foreign help as to keep the Finnish war apart from the greater war. When the Allies, looking for a battlefield, ask them, like the Irishman, "Is this a private war, or may anybody join in?" they answer, "It's private." Specifically they are glad to get the British 'planes that are coming across from Narvik in number, even if they are not the latest models. But they don't welcome British pilots. They would prefer to get personnel from the neutrals. Italy, as I have said, is most popular, but the Finns would rejoice if Uncle Sam came to their rescue, of course. As for the smaller neutrals, I don't know what they are doing for Finland, but it could never be enough to pay their debt to the Finns. For fighting Finland seems to be holding up a Soviet attack on several other countries. And Finland also seems to have put the Germans in a tight spot too. It is keeping Russian supplies out of Germany, and it is enveloping German policy in a dilemma with both the Allies and Italy.

However, before the clock strikes twelve the Finns might welcome any kind of aid, no matter whether it has what Cromwell called a 'worm' in it, no matter whether it does absorb the greater war. Better a change in the kind of war than obliteration!

The complications in which fighting Finland finds herself, in conclusion, are Europe-wide. They have brought enough high politics to Helsinki to reach to the sky. But they may

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yet save her from annihilation. They may yet ensure that a free Finland shall not be extinguished. Whatever may happen, this much may be said—that no Finnish Kosciuszko will ever be able to say, as he lies dying on the battlefield, “*Finis, Finland.*” Finland is part of the promise of the next Europe at the end of all the present travail.

STOCKHOLM

January 20, 1940

APPENDICES

I

NOTES EXCHANGED BETWEEN FINLAND AND THE U.S.S.R. IN OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER 1939

THE PROPOSAL OF THE SOVIET UNION DATED OCTOBER 14

IN the negotiations with Finland the Soviet Union is mainly concerned with the settling of two questions:

- (a) securing the safety of Leningrad;
- (b) becoming satisfied that Finland will have firm, friendly relations with the Soviet Union.

Both points are essential for the purpose of preserving against external hostile aggression the integrity of the Soviet Union coast of the Gulf of Finland and also of the coast of Esthonia, whose independence the Soviet Union has undertaken to defend.

In order to fulfil this duty it is necessary:

1. To make it possible to block the opening of the Gulf of Finland by means of artillery fire from both coasts of the Gulf of Finland in order to prevent warships and transport ships of the enemy from penetrating to the waters of the Gulf of Finland.

2. To make it possible to prevent the access of the enemy to those islands in the Gulf of Finland which are situated west and north-west of the entrance to Leningrad.

3. To have the Finnish frontier on the Isthmus of Karelia—which frontier is now at a distance of thirty-two kilometres from Leningrad: *i.e.*, within the range of shots from a long-distance gun—moved somewhat farther northward and north-westward.

A separate question arises with regard to the Kalastajasaarento in Petsamo, where the frontier is unskillfully and artificially drawn and has to be adjusted in accordance with the annexed map.

With the preceding as a basis it is necessary to settle the following questions by having in view a mutual arrangement and common interests:

1. Leasing to the Soviet Union for a period of thirty years the port of Hangö and a territory adjoining thereto situated within a radius of from five to six nautical miles southward and eastward and within a radius of three nautical miles westward and

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northward, for the purpose of creating a naval base with coastal artillery capable of blocking by artillery fire, together with the naval base Baltiski, on the southern coast of the Gulf of Finland, the access to the Gulf of Finland. For the protection of the naval base the Finnish Government should permit the Government of the Soviet Union to keep in the port of Hangö the following garrison:

- 1 infantry regiment,
 - 2 anti-aircraft batteries,
 - 2 Air Force regiments,
 - 1 battalion of armoured cars.
- (Altogether not more than 5000 men.)

2. Granting to the naval forces of the Soviet Union the right of using the bay of Lappohja as anchoring berth.

3. Ceding to the Soviet Union, in exchange for other territories, the following territories:

The islands Suursaari, Seiskari, Lavansaari, Tytärsaari, and Koivisto, part of the Isthmus of Karelia from the village of Lippola to the southern border of the town of Koivisto, and the western parts of the Kalastajasaarento, in total 2761 square kilometres, in accordance with the annexed map.

4. In exchange for the territories mentioned in paragraph 3 the Soviet Union cedes to the Republic of Finland Soviet Union territory of the districts of Repola and Porajärvi to the extent of 5529 square kilometres, in accordance with the annexed map.

5. Strengthening the non-aggression treaty between the Soviet Union and Finland by including therein a paragraph according to which the Contracting Parties undertake not to join any groups or alliances directly or indirectly hostile to either of the Contracting Parties.

6. Suppression of the fortified zones situated on both sides of the frontier between Finland and the Soviet Union and leaving Frontier Guard troops only at the frontier.

7. The Soviet Union does not object to the fortifying of the Aaland Islands by Finland's own work, provided that no foreign Power, Sweden included, has anything to do with the question of fortifying the Aaland Islands.

FINLAND'S PROPOSAL TO THE SOVIET UNION TRANSMITTED ON OCTOBER 23

After having carefully examined the proposal of the Government of the Soviet Union regarding the settling of the relations

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between Finland and the Soviet Union, the Finnish Government hereby define their attitude as follows:

Finland understands the efforts which the Soviet Union is making with a view to securing a more effective defence for the protection of Leningrad. As repeatedly stated before, Finland wishes her relations with the Soviet Union to remain friendly and good. In order to enable both these objects to be achieved Finland for her part is willing to consider means for meeting the requirements of the Soviet Union. Naturally this is conditional upon the requirements of Finland's own security being taken into consideration and upon care being taken to uphold Finland's complete neutrality. By such a policy Finland contributes, in the best of ways, to strengthening the peace in Northern Europe, this policy being in Finland's opinion also the most advantageous to her neighbour the Soviet Union.

The Finnish Government are convinced that by mutual goodwill it is possible without detriment to Finland's security and without violating her neutrality to achieve the objects which are referred to above, and which in the memorandum transmitted by the Soviet Union to Finland are indicated as the basis of the Soviet Union's policy.

For the purpose of achieving these objects the Finnish Government are prepared to agree to the arrangements indicated below, subject to these being approved also by the Finnish Parliament:

1. The Finnish Government are prepared to make an agreement to the effect that the following islands situated in the Gulf of Finland be ceded against territorial compensation to the Soviet Union—namely, Seiskari, Peninsaari, Lavansaari, and the Tytärsaari islands. In addition the Finnish Government are willing to discuss an arrangement regarding Suursaari whereby the interests of both parties are taken into consideration.

2. In view of Leningrad's vicinity to the Finnish frontier, and in order to enable the security of Leningrad to be increased through a frontier adjustment, the Finnish Government are prepared, against territorial compensation, to make an agreement regarding the adjustment of the frontier on the Isthmus of Karelia on those points where from the said point of view the frontier is inconvenient to the Soviet Union. The frontier would run from Rajajoki east of Haapala, straight to the Gulf of Finland on the eastern side of the church of Kellomäki. Thus the so-called Kuokkala Bend would disappear. At the same time the frontier would be moved thirteen kilometres westward on this point. Finland is unable to consider an adjustment of the frontier to the extent mentioned in the proposal of the Soviet Union, because Finland's own position and security

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would be endangered thereby. In addition the territory in question is a very densely populated district of ancient Finnish habitation, and the cession thereof would mean destruction for the homes of tens of thousands of Finnish citizens and their removal elsewhere.

3. With reference to the port of Hangó with adjoining territory and the bay of Lappohja the Finnish Government are bound to uphold Finland's integrity. The cession of military bases to a foreign Power is already incompatible with unconditional neutrality, as this is being conceived in Finland and elsewhere. The idea that armed forces of a foreign Power would be stationed on Finnish territory permanently and for a long period cannot be accepted by Finland; these forces could also be used for attack upon Finland. Such an arrangement would continuously create disagreement and unnecessary irritation, and this would not contribute to improving the relations between the two countries, which is the aim of the present arrangement.

4. The Soviet Union has notified her wish to consolidate the non-aggression treaty between her and Finland in such a way that the Contracting Parties would undertake not to join any groups or alliances of states which directly or indirectly are hostile towards either of the Contracting Parties. However, the Finnish Government are of opinion that Article 3 of the said non-aggression treaty, prohibiting the adherence to agreements of every kind being openly hostile towards the other Contracting Party and formally or materially in contradiction to the said treaty, does already contain everything which states having mutually friendly relations can reasonably claim from each other in this respect, without endangering their good relations with other states and their attitude of strict neutrality. The Finnish Government are prepared, if the Soviet Union so wishes, at any time to give a further assurance that they will honestly fulfil the said obligation. With reference to Article 2, paragraph 1, of the said non-aggression treaty, in which paragraph the Contracting Parties undertake to observe neutrality in cases where the other Contracting Party becomes the victim of aggression on the part of a third state, the Finnish Government in order to show their goodwill could agree to the said paragraph being made clearer and confirmed in such a manner that the Contracting Parties undertake in no way to support such an aggressor state; by "supporting" should not, however, be understood any such attitude which is in conformity with the general rules of neutrality such as continuance of normal exchange of goods and transit trade.

5. The Finnish Government note with satisfaction that the

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Soviet Union does not object to the fortification of the Aaland Islands by Finland's own work. On account thereof the Finnish Government state that it has always been their intention that this fortification should be carried out by Finland's own work and at her own expense and to the extent required for maintaining the neutrality of the said islands, thereby taking into consideration the neutrality obligations of the Convention of 1921 which are still in force.

THE PROPOSAL OF THE SOVIET UNION TRANSMITTED ON OCTOBER 23

With reference to the memorandum of the Finnish Government of October 23, the Government of the Soviet Union beg to state that, according to the views explained in the memorandum of the Government of the Soviet Union of October 14, they have presented their minimum proposal, the said views having been dictated by the fundamental security requirements of the Soviet Union, and particularly of the city of Leningrad, with its three and a half million inhabitants. These proposals were expressly put forward as minimum proposals, and in addition the Soviet Union withdrew their proposal regarding the conclusion of a mutual-assistance agreement between the Soviet Union and Finland in order to enable Finland to maintain her strict neutrality. At the same time the Government of the Soviet Union abandoned their proposal regarding the non-fortification of the Aaland Islands or their fortification in co-operation with the Soviet Union, substituting for these proposals their assent to the fortification of the Aaland Islands by Finland's own work. The Soviet Union made these important concessions as she relied upon Finland's friendly attitude, and also was confident that Finland possibly could agree to the minimum proposals made in the memorandum of the Soviet Union of October 14.

The exchange of views between the representatives of the Soviet Union (Molotoff, Stalin) and those of Finland (Tanner, Paasikivi) on October 23 made it easier for both parties to understand each other's views, but at the same time it revealed that a difference between these views existed. Considering the results of the conversation and in order to pay regard to the Finnish Government's wishes the Government of the Soviet Union notify the following :

1. The Government of the Soviet Union are unable to withdraw their proposal regarding the placing of a naval base at the disposal of the Soviet Union in Hangö, because they

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consider this proposal an absolutely indispensable minimum condition for safeguarding the defence of Leningrad. In this connexion the Government of the Soviet Union, amending their memorandum of October 14, find it possible to keep not more than 4000 foot for the protection of the naval base, and to limit the stationing thereof on the territory of Hangö to the end of the war between England, France, and Germany in Europe.

2. The Government of the Soviet Union find it impossible to agree to the proposal according to which a strip of ten versts of Finnish territory on the Isthmus of Karelia should—as proposed in the Finnish Government's memorandum of October 23—be ceded in return for the territory to be ceded by the Soviet Union, because the Government of the Soviet Union find such a step quite inadequate for guaranteeing the minimal security of the defence of Leningrad at the eastern bottom of the Gulf of Finland. In order to show themselves accommodating towards Finland the Government of the Soviet Union, however, find it possible in the extreme case to amend their original proposal to some extent by reducing, in accordance with the annexed map, the size of the territory on the Isthmus of Karelia to be ceded by Finland to the Soviet Union against territorial compensation; in this connexion the original proposal of the Government of the Soviet Union regarding the island of Koivisto remains unaltered.

3. The Soviet Government find it necessary to stand by the other proposals contained in the memorandum of the Soviet Government of October 14.

4. The Soviet Government accept the proposal of the Finnish Government regarding the amendment of Article 2, paragraph 1, of the non-aggression treaty.

FINLAND'S PROPOSAL TO THE SOVIET UNION TRANSMITTED ON NOVEMBER 3

The negotiations which have taken place between the delegates of the Republic of Finland and the Government of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics with a view to settling the political relations between Finland and the Soviet Union have revealed considerable divergencies between the views held by the two Governments. The opinions of the two Governments have been expressed in the memorandum of the Finnish Government dated October 23 and in the memoranda of the Soviet Union dated October 14 and 23.

The Finnish Government, still anxious to seek a solution to the questions which have been left open, have re-examined the

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desiderata put forward by the Government of the Soviet Union, and in addition to the views previously expressed on their behalf beg to define below their attitude in respect of the said desiderata.

1. The Finnish Government have to persist in the attitude adopted at the very beginning with reference to leasing the port of Hangö and adjoining territory to the Government of the Soviet Union and placing the bay of Lappohja at the disposal of the naval forces of the Soviet Union as anchoring berth. The Finnish Government have to uphold Finland's integrity and neutrality. They are unable to permit any garrison or naval base of a foreign Power being kept in one form or another on the territory of Finland. This would not be in conformity with the sovereignty and the international position of Finland nor with the strict neutrality she has proclaimed. Also the Government of the Soviet Union have in their last proposal recognized the principle according to which Finland shall retain her status of a strictly neutral state.

2. The Finnish Government are still prepared, as stated in their memorandum dated October 23, to conclude an agreement regarding the cession of the outer islands of the Gulf of Finland, Seiskari, Peninsaari, Lavansaari, and the two Tytärsaari islands, together with adjoining territorial waters to the Soviet Union, subject to other territories being received as a compensation. Furthermore, the Finnish Government are prepared to discuss the question of Suursaari in the sense that regard be paid to the points of view expressed by the Soviet Union in respect of the security of the city of Leningrad as well as to the security of Finland. In this connexion the Finnish Government beg to refer the provisions of Articles 13 and 14 of the Treaty of Peace of Tartu.

3. In the memorandum of the Soviet Union of October 23 there is a small adjustment suggested in respect of the frontier line on the Isthmus of Karelia which the Government of the Soviet Union proposed in their memorandum of October 14. As the Finnish Government are anxious to show their understanding of the wishes which the Soviet Union may have with regard to increasing the security of the city of Leningrad they are willing, in order to enable an agreement to be reached, to make sacrifices which are very heavy to the Finnish people. However, the Finnish Government find it impossible to accept the new frontier line which is suggested in the memorandum of the Government of the Soviet Union and the map annexed thereto. This new frontier line would be too close to Finland's biggest port of exportation and the centre of the entire Eastern Finland. In addition to the disadvantages already referred to this would mean a fundamental disregard of Finland's security

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requirements. It would also imply an exception from the principles according to which the purpose of the proposed arrangement shall be to pay regard to the security requirements of both Parties. Having fully considered the matter, the Finnish Government hereby notify their willingness, in return for a cession of territories which they find acceptable, to agree to the cession of a somewhat greater territory on the northern coast of the Gulf of Finland at its bottom than previously suggested. In accordance herewith and as marked on the map annexed hereto the new frontier would extend along the line, the mouth of Vammeljoki - Lintulanjoki - Maukjärvi - present frontier (boundary stone No. 70).

4. The Government of the Soviet Union have intimated as a separate question that they would like the frontier line on the Kalastajasaarento in Petsamo—which in their opinion is unskillfully and artificially drawn—to be moved in a way which would mean the cession to the Soviet Union of the entire western part of the Kalastajasaarento. The Government of the Soviet Union have not referred to security requirements as a reason for making this suggestion, nor have any arguments been put forward which would justify such a cession of territory on the part of Finland or convince the Finnish Government of the necessity of such a frontier adjustment. But in order to show their goodwill the Finnish Government are prepared to discuss the cession to the Soviet Union of the western part of the Kalastajasaarento limited in the south by the fiord of Pummanki, subject to territorial compensation being received. In this connexion it seems advisable to examine the question of revising Articles 6 to 8 of the Treaty of Peace of Tartu. These articles contain provisions which have not been observed in practice or, alternatively, are not any more in conformity with the practical requirements of the present time.

5. Already in their first memorandum the Government of the Soviet Union have intimated that they have in mind as territorial compensation the cession to the Republic of Finland of a territory belonging to the districts of Repola and Porajärvi and marked on a map transmitted to the Finnish Government. When examining the question of territorial compensations the Finnish Government have found it necessary to call attention to the following points of view which have to be taken into consideration in order to arrive at a fair arrangement:

(a) As the Government of the Soviet Union have themselves stated in their proposals, the territories which the Finnish Government have now proposed to cede to the Government of the Soviet Union have quite another value than those territories

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which the Soviet Union has proposed to cede to Finland. Finland would lose areas on the continent as well as on islands and in addition territorial waters of importance to her. To the Soviet Union—as also admitted by herself—these territories are for military reasons of first-rate importance. Finland again would at the exchange of territories obtain districts without corresponding military or economic value. Accordingly these facts have to be borne in mind when fixing the extent of the territorial compensation.

(b) In order to settle this question it is necessary to allow sufficient time for drawing up a list of and evaluating the damages suffered by the Finnish State and Finnish citizens on account of the exchange of territories. On those territories which Finland has proposed to cede to the Soviet Union there is real property belonging to the State: railways, roads, barracks, schools, etc., and other real property of private persons to be ceded together with the territory. Where real property to be ceded with the territory belongs to the State the value thereof shall be taken into consideration when fixing the extent of the territory to be ceded by the Soviet Union. As far as real property belonging to private persons is concerned, the Soviet Union should pay full value therefor in each case to the Finnish Government for remittance to the persons concerned. For the practical settlement of the said questions there should be set up a committee of experts, and this committee should be allowed sufficient time for accomplishing their task.

6. In their memorandum of October 23 the Government of the Soviet Union have notified their approval of the proposal put forward by the Finnish Government with a view to supplementing the provisions of the non-aggression treaty concluded with the Soviet Union. A Draft Protocol is transmitted herewith.

7. The Government of the Soviet Union have suggested that the zone of fortifications along the frontier between Finland and the Soviet Union be suppressed, and that ordinary Frontier Guard troops only should be left there. The measures which the Finnish Government have taken at Finland's frontiers are solely due to defence and security requirements, and therefore Finland is unable to abandon them. The strict neutrality which is guiding the policy of the Finnish Government puts the latter under the obligation of taking care of the protection of Finland's frontiers. The measures of fortification which Finland has taken have been dictated by this fact. In normal time the Finnish Government have only used Frontier Guards as armed forces in the frontier zone.

8. The Finnish Government note that the Soviet Union does

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not object to the fortification of the Aaland Islands by Finland's own work, which has been the aim of the Finnish Government in their efforts to arrange for the neutrality of Aaland being safeguarded.

The Finnish Government have carefully weighed the above proposal. The negative attitude which the Finnish Government have adopted towards some of the wishes of the Soviet Union is not due to any unwillingness on the part of the Finnish Government to understand the intentions which the Government of the Soviet Union may have in order to increase the security of Leningrad. In fact, the Finnish Government have taken them into consideration when accepting, within practical limits, the proposals made by the Government of the Soviet Union.

Thus the Finnish Government, on behalf of the unanimous Finnish people, have given to the Soviet Union positive proof of their desire to understand the security questions of importance to the Soviet Union, and also shown that in their efforts to establish the political relations on a satisfactory basis they have gone so far as is compatible with Finland's own independence, security, and neutrality. The sacrifices which for the purpose of improving the inter-neighbourly relations and of consolidating peace Finland agrees to make for the benefit of the Soviet Union are very heavy to the Finnish people, as they concern areas of very old Finnish habitation—areas which for many centuries have belonged to the state territory of Finland.

Finally the Finnish Government point out that the bringing about of this agreement is dependent upon the assent of the Finnish Parliament being obtained in the order prescribed by the Constitutional Laws of Finland.

COMMUNICATION FROM MR PAASIKIVI TO MR MOLOTOFF ON NOVEMBER 9

At the last meeting a proposal was made by the U.S.S.R. according to which Finland should, if unable to accord the U.S.S.R. a military base at Hangö, accord such a base on the islands situated in the vicinity of Hangö—i.e., Hermansö, Koö, and Hästöbusö—as well as an anchorage in the port of Lappohja.

Having submitted this proposal to our Government, we are now in a position to present its reply. Our Government considers that the same reasons which make it impossible to accord a military base at Hangö apply equally to the islands in question. Finland is not able to accord to a foreign Power military bases on her own territory and within her boundaries. In the course of our previous meetings we have elucidated these reasons on

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several occasions. In the circumstances the Government of Finland does not find it possible to accept this proposal.

MEMORANDUM PRESENTED ON NOVEMBER 9 BY MR MOLOTOFF TO MR PAASIKIVI AND MR TANNER

Having taken cognizance of the memorandum of the Government of Finland which you have to-day (November 9) handed to me, I observe that in this memorandum the declaration of the Government of the U.S.S.R. of the date of November 3 has been interpreted in an erroneous manner.

In fact, the Government of the U.S.S.R. made the following proposals on the 3rd of this month :

1. The Government of the U.S.S.R., taking note of the declaration of the Government of Finland, according to which the latter could not consent to the placing of a garrison or a naval base of another Power "on the territory of Finland," proposed to the Government of Finland that a corresponding piece of territory situated in the environs of Hangö be sold to the U.S.S.R. As the result of this solution the objection that this piece of land formed a part of the territory of Finland would be deprived of validity, since, after having been sold to the U.S.S.R., it would already be Soviet territory.

2. In addition, the Government of the U.S.S.R. declared that it would propose to the Government of Finland that in case for any reason it was not found possible to sell or exchange a portion of land in the environs of Hangö the islands of Hermansö, Koo, Hästöbusö, Långskär, Furuskär, Ekö, and certain other islands situated in the neighbourhood of these should be sold or exchanged, as the Government of Finland has already consented to do in ceding to the U.S.S.R. certain islands in the Gulf of Finland and an area on the Isthmus of Karelia.

By reason of the above I consider that the following objection in the memorandum of Mr Paasikivi and Mr Tanner, dated the 9th of this month, that "Finland is not able to accord to a foreign Power military bases on her territory and within her boundaries," is unfounded, and indicates a false interpretation of the attitude of the Government of the U.S.S.R.

It is evident that in case the region of Hangö or the islands to the east of Hangö were sold or exchanged for a corresponding area in the U.S.S.R. they could no longer be a part of the territory of Finland or be situated within the Finnish boundaries.

In consequence of the above I return to you your memorandum of November 9.

V. MOLOTOFF.

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MEMORANDUM SUBMITTED ON NOVEMBER 10 BY MR PAASIKIVI
AND MR TANNER

*To MR V. MOLOTOFF, President of the Council of Commissars
of the People of the U.S.S.R.*

Yesterday evening we had the honour to receive your letter relative to our current negotiations, as well as the annexed memorandum which we had sent you at the previous session and which you have returned to us. In consequence we have the honour to submit the following :

After the session of the 3rd (or more exactly the 4th) of this month we informed our Government that the U.S.S.R. still desired to obtain a territory on the cape of Hangö for a military base ; the cession of this territory could be achieved in the form of a lease, a sale, or an exchange, according to the choice of the Government of Finland.

Furthermore, we explained that the U.S.S.R. proposed as an alternative and on the same conditions the cession of islands situated in the vicinity of Hangö—*i.e.*, Hermansö, Koö, and Hästöbusö—as well as an anchorage in the port of Lappohja. The attitude of the Government of the U.S.S.R. has therefore been described to the Government of Finland in a perfectly correct fashion.

On November 8 we received a reply, according to the terms of which the Government of Finland does not deem it possible to consent to cede in any form whatever territories situated at Hangö or in other regions on the coast of Finland for the purpose of the creation of military bases. It was on the basis of this directive that we formulated the brief memorandum mentioned above.

The three islands mentioned by the U.S.S.R. at the session of November 3 (4) (Hermansö, Koö, and Hästöbusö) are surrounded by the territory and territorial waters of Finland. They would thus be within the boundaries of Finland even if Finland had ceded them to another Power. As for the other islands (Långskär, Furuskär, Ekö, etc.) enumerated in your letter of yesterday, and which would augment considerably the territory in question, the question of them was not raised at the session of the 3rd (4th) of this month.

In the reply of the Government of Finland dated October 31, 1939, the reasons were briefly expounded why the Government, taking account of the international situation of Finland, of her policy of absolute neutrality and her firm resolve to remain outside of all groupings of the Great Powers as well as the wars and

NOTES BETWEEN FINLAND AND THE U.S.S.R.

conflicts between them, is unable to consent to the cession of Hangö or a number of islands situated in immediate proximity to the Finnish mainland to a foreign Power for the establishment of military bases.

The Government of Finland, moved by a sincere desire to consolidate relations with the U.S.S.R., has declared its readiness to make considerable concessions in order to satisfy the wishes of the U.S.S.R. For this purpose, however, the Government cannot go so far as to renounce the vital interests of the country, which would be the case if it were to grant to a foreign Power a military base situated at the mouth of the Gulf of Finland.

Finally we wish to present on behalf of the Government of Finland the sincere wish that an accord be reached between Finland and the U.S.S.R. on the basis of the concessions proposed by the Government of Finland to the U.S.S.R. and aiming at an understanding between them.

LETTER FROM MR PAASIKIVI AND MR TANNER ADDRESSED ON
NOVEMBER 13 TO MR V. MOLOTOFF, PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL
OF COMMISSARS OF THE PEOPLE OF THE U.S.S.R.

MR PRESIDENT,

Whereas in the course of the negotiations we have conducted with you and Mr Stalin it has not proved possible to find a basis for the projected treaty between the U.S.S.R. and Finland, we have considered it suitable to leave to-night for Helsinki.

In bringing the above to your notice and in thanking you for all the courtesy shown us we wish to express the hope that at a future date the negotiations can be pursued with results satisfactory to both parties.

Please accept, Mr President, an assurance of our most sincere respect.

II

MEMORANDUM PRESENTED TO THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS BY DR. RUDOLF HOLSTI ON DECEMBER 11, 1939

I

IN the peace treaty and the non-aggression pact the Soviet Union of her own free will expressly recognized the political frontiers of Finland. The territorial construction of Finland is in actual fact centuries old. The western part of the frontier across the Karelian Isthmus dates from the year 1323, and the eastern part from 1618; the southern part of the frontier lying north of Lake Ladoga (up to the height of Nurmee) dates from 1618, and the northern part from 1595. An adjustment occurred on the Arctic coast in 1920 when the Soviet Union ceded the Petsamo area to Finland under the terms of a promise made in 1864 as compensation for a strip of territory transferred at that time to Russian state territory; at the same time it was to compensate Finland for the loss of her previous free access to the Arctic Ocean in 1826, when the coast area that had been in the joint enjoyment of Russia, Finland, and Norway was divided between Russia and Norway. During the whole time that Finland was connected with Russia as a Grand Duchy enjoying complete domestic autonomy, thus from 1809 to 1907, Finland had her own strictly delimited frontier with Russia.

In the political negotiations to which the Soviet Union Government on October 5 invited Finland to send her representatives the Soviet Union nevertheless made far-reaching proposals which affected the integrity of Finland's sovereign area.

The Soviet Union gave as the grounds for most of her proposals strategical considerations, which were said to concern the security of Leningrad. This had, to be sure, been taken into account already in the Treaty of Dorpat, which provided for the demilitarization of the outer islands in the Gulf of Finland belonging to Finland and embodied an agreement to destroy certain fortifications in the Finnish part of the Karelian Isthmus and certain stipulations limiting Finland's freedom of military action on the eastern coast of the Gulf of Finland, all of which provisions Finland has conscientiously fulfilled. This notwithstanding, the

MEMORANDUM TO THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

Soviet Union now proposed that Finland should consent to surrender territory to her. The arrangement proposed by the Soviet Union was that part of her territorial demands should be satisfied by the leasing of territory, part by an exchange of territory. In order to reach an understanding with the Soviet Union the Finnish Government adopted, so far as this was practically possible, a sympathetic attitude towards the Soviet Union's proposals. The limit beyond which Finland could not see her way to go was dictated by the following two principles : (a) consideration for the reasons of security professed by the Soviet Union may not be at the expense of the second party's—namely, Finland's security and possibilities for self-defence ; (b) the policy of neutrality followed by Finland, which the Soviet Union herself declared she recognized, may not be imperilled. The standpoint firmly adhered to by the Soviet Union in the case of the cession to her of a naval base on the Finnish coast at the mouth of the Gulf of Finland and of the shifting of the frontier on the Karelian Isthmus to the extent proposed by the Soviet Union would in reality have denoted a denial of these principles.

The positive counter-proposals made by Finland, in which she tried to find new methods of satisfying the Soviet Union's wishes, ultimately comprised—in addition to a partial satisfaction of the Soviet Union's territorial proposals on the Arctic coast—the cession of five islands in the Gulf of Finland and the southern part of Hogland to the Soviet Union, and a shifting of the frontier to a depth of about twenty-six kilometres from the ancient border between the two countries on the Karelian Isthmus in the eastern recess of the Gulf of Finland. The cession of these areas, which are ancient Finnish settlements, would have denoted a violation of that principle of nationality which even the founder of the Soviet Union had recognized ; nevertheless the Finnish Government were ready to make this great sacrifice in order to meet the wishes of a neighbouring Great Power.

There was a limit beyond which the Finnish Government could not go in their concessions. The principle that a Power should have the right because of its size, or because of the size of one of its cities, to demand the surrender of territory from smaller nations is an alien one in Western political life. The very size of a great nation affords adequate protection. The demand that a small nation should yield up its possibilities for defending itself means in substance the destruction of its liberty, for in giving up its means of self-defence it either falls under the authority of the Great Power that expressed the demand or becomes a battlefield

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for Great Powers. The threat of an indirect attack—by a Great Power—through Finland on the Soviet Union is non-existent. A guarantee that such an action would never take place would be to leave Finland in possession of the means—instead of taking them away—for securing, according to the unflinching will of the Finnish people, the realization of her neutrality policy by an effective national defence for the maintenance of her independence.

The negotiations held in Moscow were suspended on November 13. On the Finnish side the express hope was uttered that they might still be continued and carried to a successful settlement. The statement by the Soviet Union that Finland's "unyielding attitude" towards the Soviet Union's territorial proposals was due to the influence of a third Power is as unfounded as any statement can be, for already the most elementary instinct of self-preservation would compel any nation with a stable foundation to adhere to the conditions essential for its defence and integrity. The same instinct of self-preservation also compels every small nation to keep apart from conflicts between Great Powers and carefully to preserve its neutrality. The statement that Finland should have revealed by her "unyielding attitude" hostile feelings towards the Soviet Union is untrue, as Finland has not brought forward any demands or uttered threats, and has moreover been prepared to make sacrifices, heavy both from the national and the military point of view, which should, by all moderate considerations, have been sufficient to assure the security of Leningrad.

II

Already during the Moscow negotiations the Soviet Union Air Force were guilty of numerous violations of Finnish territory. Between October 9 and November 14 the number of these incidents was roughly thirty. Finland drew the attention of the Soviet Union to these incidents through diplomatic channels, but did not wish to make any public affair of them in order to avoid an eventual straining of relations or any disturbance in the proceeding negotiations. After negotiations had been suspended the Soviet Union launched in her Press and on the wireless an organized propaganda campaign against Finland. Nevertheless Soviet action against Finland did not begin to assume its most ruthless forms until November 26, which opened the last phase, extending to November 29, in Soviet Union-Finnish relations before the final attack on Finland.

On the said November 26 the Soviet Union brought forward the accusation that Soviet troops in the vicinity of the village of

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Mainila, on the Karelian Isthmus, had been subjected to artillery fire from Finnish territory. The Soviet Union Government accordingly declared that the concentration of Finnish troops in the region of the frontier constituted a threat to Leningrad and a hostile act towards the Soviet Union. The Soviet Union Government proposed that the Finnish Government should immediately withdraw their forces on the Karelian Isthmus to a distance of from twenty to twenty-five kilometres from the frontier and thus prevent all opportunities for renewed provocation. Finland established on November 27 her innocence in regard to the alleged incident, proposed that to remove all uncertainty the matter should be jointly investigated, notified the Soviet Union that no Finnish artillery was stationed in the immediate vicinity of the frontier, and proposed negotiations for the withdrawal of troops from the immediate vicinity of the frontier. In reply the Soviet Union Government unilaterally denounced on November 28 the non-aggression pact, in violation of clear stipulations in the pact.

Thereafter Finland proposed the adoption of the method of conciliation provided for in the pact, which is to be utilized also in cases where the question is, "Has the pact been violated?" Alternatively Finland declared herself to be ready to submit the matter to neutral arbitration. To afford the strongest proof of her striving to arrive at a mutual understanding with the Soviet Union, and to disprove the latter's contention that Finland had adopted a hostile attitude towards the Soviet Union and wished to threaten the security of Leningrad, Finland declared her willingness to come to an agreement with the Soviet Union about the withdrawal of her defence forces to a distance from Leningrad which would make it impossible for anyone to see in them a threat to Leningrad.

However, before the Finnish Minister in Moscow was able to hand over Finland's reply to the Commissariat for Foreign Affairs, the Soviet Union, on the evening of November 29, broke off diplomatic relations with Finland. The above-mentioned Finnish reply to the Soviet Union's notification of her denunciation of the non-aggression pact was nevertheless conveyed to the Commissariat for Foreign Affairs immediately after midnight on the night of November 29, thus on November 30.

Because of this Finnish Note the Soviet Union Government were fully aware of Finland's intimated willingness to come to an agreement regarding the withdrawal of troops on the Karelian Isthmus in the meaning intended by the Soviet Union. This notwithstanding, the Soviet Union launched on November 30 her attack on Finland.

On the evening of November 29 and the ensuing night Soviet wireless propaganda and other agitation directed against Finland reached its climax. Finland was baselessly accused of several violations of the frontier, although the Finnish troops and frontier defence forces, which were even given orders to withdraw to a specified distance from the frontier in order to avoid frontier incidents, had carefully remained the whole time on Finnish soil and abstained from every kind of military action. On the other hand, Soviet troops crossed the frontier already on the evening of November 29 at Puumanki, in the Petsamo district, where they seized and carried off to their own side of the frontier three Finnish Frontier Guards while they were at their station in a Frontier Guard cabin. On Finland's behalf it was pointed out that same evening that the reports spread by the Soviet Union were unfounded, and an account was given of the said gross violation of the frontier by the Soviet Union. By this time, however, it was beginning to be obvious that the Soviet Union had decided to resort to military action against Finland. Yet it was impossible for Finland to believe that hostilities would break out already the next morning, as no declaration of war and not even an ultimatum had been presented, or that, to crown all, the Soviet Union intended to embark on hostilities against the unprotected civilian population.

On the morning of November 30, after nine o'clock, Soviet aircraft arrived over Helsinki, bombing the town and an aerodrome in its vicinity. The attack was renewed about two-thirty in the afternoon, when some scores of civilians, chiefly women and children, were killed. The bombs destroyed several civilian buildings and caused numerous fires. On the same day Soviet aircraft also bombed many other towns, Viipuri, Turku, Lahti, and Kotka, and various localities in the interior, including Euse. These raids too resulted in losses chiefly to the civilian population and civilian property. Not even such buildings escaped as enjoy special protection under the terms of Article 27 of the IV Hague Convention of 1907, relating to war on land. Thus a church was destroyed in Helsinki by bombs, and at Euse a hospital was set on fire. In these raids altogether eighty-five civilians met their death on the first day of hostilities, of which sixty-five in Helsinki. The following day raids took place on several towns and other populated centres, the number of civilian deaths again rising to some scores, and property losses being similarly heavy. In all probability the main intention with

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these raids was just the destruction of civilian life and property. The losses caused by the bombs can perhaps be declared to be due to stray bombs. Against this it has been established that low-flying aircraft have directed machine-gun fire straight at civilian buildings, including schools, and at women and children who were seeking shelter. Similar cruelty and contempt for the most elementary rules of warfare have been displayed by the Soviet Union land and naval forces, which have fired on women and children and even on civilians struggling for life in water.

For some days now no more air raids have been made on populated centres. The reasons for this have obviously been unfavourable climatic conditions and the heavy losses incurred by these bombing 'planes, and by no means the appeal by President Roosevelt for mercy towards civilians, an appeal which the Soviet Union has already refused, declaring in contradiction to the truth that no bombings of civilians had occurred. Finland, on her part, who had also been handed the same appeal in a spirit of unprejudice, intimated without delay that she had no intention of resorting to such bombing. It is extremely probable that the Soviet Union intends in the nearest future further to inhumanize her methods of warfare by using poison gas, for she has already invented a suitable pretext for such action by declaring, falsely, that the Finnish forces were already using this forbidden instrument of war.

As regards the actual hostilities, these too began already on the morning of November 29, when Soviet troops crossed the frontier and launched an armed attack on Finnish defence forces stationed on the frontier at several different points both in the Karelian Isthmus sector and on the eastern frontier from Lake Ladoga right to Petsamo. Up to now Soviet troops have occupied part of the Petsamo district and various small areas on the Karelian Isthmus, from the defence of which Finland herself, for military reasons, had abstained. Further, a Soviet war vessel has bombarded the Finnish coast at Russarö, but was compelled to retire after suffering damage. Certain outer islands in the Gulf of Finland, which had to be left unfortified and unprotected under the terms of provisions of the Dorpat Treaty of Peace of 1920, which had been included in the treaty at the demand of the Soviet Union, have been occupied by Soviet forces which were able to benefit by these provisions. Hostilities on the frontier continue in their full extent.

It will be seen from the above that the Soviet Union has beyond denial resorted to action against Finland of the nature presupposed in paragraphs 2 and 3 of Article II of the International Agreement concluded in London on July 3, 1933, on the initiative

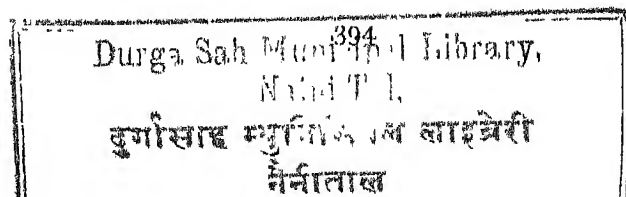
FINLAND FIGHTS

of the Soviet Union, an agreement to which Finland became a party in 1934, so that the Soviet Union must be regarded, in accordance with her own opinions, as the aggressor.

Already the day after hostilities had been begun by her the Soviet Union reported through the medium of her own wireless that she had set up a new " democratic " Government for Finland in the village of Terijoki, situated on the Karelian Isthmus near the Finnish-Soviet frontier. The members of this Government are Finnish Communists who had fled to Russia and are guilty of treason and rebellion, for which certain of them have been sentenced to penalties. Neither Finland nor, in all probability, other nations can place any value or attach the slightest significance to a body of this kind founded by a foreign Power. The lawful Government of Finland, contrary to statements by the Soviet Union Government, is still in the capital of the country.

On the day Soviet troops invaded Finnish territory the United States of America offered their friendly services for the settlement of this conflict by peaceful means. This offer was arrogantly refused by the Soviet Union Government, whereas Finland, in spite of the fact that she was the injured party, answered that she accepted the offer with gratitude and pleasure. Finland has even gone further in her wish to act in the interests of peace in the Northern countries and peace in general. Trying to forget the great wrong inflicted on her and the irreparable losses of human life and property she has suffered, Finland approached the Soviet Union Government on December 4, through the Swedish Minister in Moscow, who had been entrusted with the care of Finnish interests, with a proposal for the reopening of the negotiations. At the same time Finland declared her intention of bringing forward new positive proposals for the satisfactory settlement of the issues between the Soviet Union and Finland. This proposal too was turned down by the Soviet Union with the sole explanation that she would negotiate only with the Government she herself had set up on the Finnish frontier, and that she denied any right on the part of the Swedish Minister to act as a guardian of Finland's interests.

The Soviet Union has thus clearly revealed that she intends in spite of everything and eschewing no means to continue her armed attack on Finland until she is in a position to impose her authority here, and thus to destroy Finland's independence and entire existence, although the Soviet's Foreign Commissar, Molotoff, in an official speech, which he made during the negotiations between Finland and Russia, had given directly opposite assurances.



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